WESTMORLAND,

CUMBERLAND, DURHAM,

AND

NORTHUMBERLAND,

Illustrated.

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY THOMAS ALLOM, GEORGE PICKERING, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY T. ROSE.

——"HILLS WITH MANY A SHAGGY FOREST MIXED,
WITH MANY A SABLE CLIFF AND GLITTERING STREAM.
ALOFT, RECUMBENT O'ER EACH HANGING RIDGE
THE BROWN WOODS WAVE; WHILE EVER TRICKLING SPRINGS
WASH FROM THE NAKED ROOTS OF OAK AND PINE
THE CRUMBLING SOIL, AND STILL AT EVERY FALL,
DOWN THE STEEP WINDINGS OF THE CHANNELL'D ROCKS,
REMURMURING RUSH THE CONGREGATED FLOODS,
WITH HOARSER INUNDATION; TILL AT LAST,
REACHING THE PLAIN, CLEARER THAN GLASS THEY FLOW."

AKENSIDE.

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PICTURESQUE ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

WESTMORLAND, CUMBERLAND, DURHAM,

AND

NORTHUMBERLAND.

LANGDALE PIKES,—WESTMORLAND.

Langdale Pikes, situate at the western extremity of Westmorland, in the immediate vicinity of Bowfell, exhibit some of the principal characteristic features of lake and mountain scenery. Separated by a valley, through which runs the river Brathay, these hills rise on each side to an astonishing height, and form a vast amphitheatre, where the simple beauties of nature unite, in effect,with the loftier and more sublime creations of the Almighty hand.

The highest pike, known in the neighbourhood by the name of Harrison Stickle, is elevated 2,400 feet above the level of the sea; and the other, called Pike o'Stickle, 2,000 feet. From these hills, a fine blue slate is obtained, much of which is sent to London, and other parts of the kingdom.

In the fore-ground of the view, we notice the fragments of rock which follow the windings of the road, and form a romantic entrance to the valley; the guide-post, indicating a connexion with the dwellings of man; and the lone traveller, with his laden beast, home returning, toil-worn and weary. Proceeding onward, we traverse the windings of the Brathay river, which at length terminate in a distant and narrow dell. Here the contemplative angler may enjoy his Walton, and allure the playful trout to his hook; delighted with the strip of verdure that skirts along the stream, from its striking contrast with the barrenness which extends around. The eye then glances, not without interest, on the heathy wilderness that covers the hill-side; and though the distant fires are easily explained, imagination views them as altars whence the circling incense rises, grateful to the genius of the scene.

Feelings of reverence, of astonishment, of undefined pleasure, flow through the heart, as we fix our earnest gaze upon the surrounding hills. The lightnings have furrowed their sides with deep and awful ravines, the thunder-scars of a thousand tempests. Many, many winters have poured the snows upon their heads; as many summers have scorched them with a noon-day sun. Still they remain in their place, asserting the wonders of creative power: a memento of past ages—a record for a future race of men.

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HOWICK HALL,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Pleasantly situated on the Northumbrian coast, at the distance of four miles from Alnwick, is Howick Hall, the seat of Earl Grey; whose family have held possession of the manor of Howick for several centuries.

Sir Henry Grey, Bart., one of the ancestors of the present Earl, erected the parish church; a neat edifice, without a tower, and in the Greek style, standing on the margin of a brook that skirts the lawn of the manorial house. He also founded a free-school for the children of his tenants; and endowed it with ten pounds per annum, chargeable on the Howick estate. This endowment was augmented with a rent-charge of thirteen pounds, by Mrs. Magdalen Grey. The school-room has been recently rebuilt; and in addition to the former grants, the master now receives five pounds per annum from the present Earl.

The old tower of Howick, mentioned by Leland, is entered by a flight of steps, and is still a goodly structure. In its immediate vicinity are the remains of a Roman encampment; and more than half a century ago, many relics of "the eternal city" were here discovered, and removed into the antiquary's cabinet.

Howick Hall, the modern building, was erected towards the close of the eighteenth century, under the direction of Mr. Newton, of Newcastle. Within the last eight years, the furniture and internal decorations have been renewed, and the wings of the edifice united to the centre by intermediate buildings. The gateways have been altered, and new approaches made to the hall; the lawn has also been broken, and disposed in better style.

The west front of this elegant mansion is seen to great advantage in the view before us; and forms, with the wings and connecting buildings, an imposing and splendid *coup d'œil*. The lawn sweeps in a magnificent slope to the margin of a fine trout water; which, after flowing through the shrubberies and plantations, passes away by a gentle fall. The gardens are perfect "realms of fairy," enriched with every species of native flowers and exotics, on which Flora has bestowed a more than ordinary richness of scent, or beauty of appearance.

Into this calm, yet princely retreat, Earl Grey may occasionally retire from the tumult of applauding multitudes, and the fatigues of legislative duty; but again and again he will be called from the scene of quiet, as was the Roman dictator of old, to resume the management of national affairs, and to conserve the interests of his country. In the "Biographical Sketches of the Reform Ministers," Mr. Jones gives a faithful summary of Earl Grey's character in so few words, and in terms so apposite, that with it we conclude our notices of Howick Hall.—"He has, says the author, "eloquence of the highest and rarest stamp—instinct with deliberative wisdom and classic fire, set off by a personal delivery, at once popular and noble; and an exalted integrity of character, upon which calumny has never ventured to breathe."

ALNWICK CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Alnwick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland, occupies an eminence on the south side of the river Aln, directly opposite to the town of Alnwick. It was probably founded by the Romans; but no part of the original structure is now remaining.

In the reign of William Rufus, Malcolm III. of Scotland having laid siege to the fortress, one of the garrison rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of a spear; and presented himself humbly before Malcolm, as being come to make surrender. The latter went forward to meet him, and instantly received a mortal wound; while the assailant, by the fleetness of his horse, escaped through the river Aln. The name of this bold adventurer was Hammond; and the place of his passage was long known by the name of Hammond's Ford. Malcolm's defeat is commemorated by a cross, erected about a mile from Alnwick, called Malcolm's Cross.

In 1750, by the death of Algernon, Duke of Somerset, this ancient edifice, with all the estates of the barony, devolved upon the late Duke of Northumberland, who immediately began to repair the castle. These renovations were conducted with such consummate taste and judgment, as to render this structure a splendid model of an ancient baronial residence.

Nothing can be more striking than the entrance within the walls of this castle, from the town. Passing through a dark gateway of considerable length, the splendid and stupendous fabric, at once bursts upon the sight. It is not possible, in the brief space allotted us, minutely to describe the interior. The saloon is designed in the most magnificent style of gothic architecture. The dining-room and drawing-room are on a similar scale of elegance and grandeur; and the library includes a rich collection of rare and valuable works. The chapel is inimitably fine; and embellished throughout with highly decorative gothic work. The ceiling, copied from that of a chapel in King's College, Cambridge—and the east window, taken from the one in York Cathedral—are most superb. The walls are painted in a manner similar to those of the great church at Milan.

Our view, taken from a woody elevation on the banks of the Aln river, discovers the beautiful gothic bridge erected by the Duke of Northumberland. Raised on a lofty eminence, the castle appears to look proudly down on the surrounding country, as though conscious of having been, for upwards of five hundred years, the residence of the Percys.

CARLISLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Carlisle is delightfully situated on a rising ground in the midst of extensive and fertile meadows, bounded by the distant mountains, and watered by the rivers Eden, Caldew, and Peteril.

Carlisle is still surrounded by the ancient walls, which are entered by three gates, respectively named after the three kingdoms. The castle and cathedral possess a powerful interest arising from historical associations. The former occupies the north-west angle of the city, and consists of an outer and inner ward. Within the citadel is a deep well, traditionally said to have been sunk by the Romans. Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned here, and the apartments she occupied are still shown. The cathedral is chiefly remarkable for its east window, the largest in the kingdom; and for the choir, a beautiful specimen of gothic architecture in the pointed style. Hadrian's wall, better known by the name of the Picts' Wall, extending from the Tyne to Solway Frith, passes Carlisle at the distance of about half a mile on the north. The entrance to the city from the south is rendered striking by two magnificent circular towers, erected on the site of those which formerly defended the English gate of the city. These structures were raised in 1812, from designs by R. Smirke, Esq., architect, and are used as court-houses for the county.

Since the union with Scotland, Carlisle has improved rapidly; and it is now little inferior to any town of similar size in the kingdom. Its manufactures of cotton, linen, woollen, and leather, together with several founderies and breweries, give employment to about two-fifths of the inhabitants. The navigable canal to the Solway, opened in 1823, has added many facilities to the manufacturing and commercial interests. Besides the weekly markets on Wednesday and Saturday, numerous fairs are held in Carlisle for the sale of cattle and agricultural produce. The great show-fair for oxen, &c. takes place in April, when cattle are brought in from all parts of Scotland, and prizes distributed by the Agricultural Society.

The church of St. Cuthbert, rebuilt in 1778, is a fine ecclesiastical edifice. A handsome bridge of white free-stone was, in 1812, erected over the Eden, after a design by R. Smirke, and at an expense of £70,000. Carlisle is provided with a commercial newsroom, an academy of arts, a mechanics' institution, and a theatre.

The illustrative view taken from Etterby Scar, comprehends the castle and cathedral; and discovers the river Eden skirting the eminence, forming the foreground of the scene. "The lowing herd" are ruminating in the rich meadows, bounded by the distant hills; and the patient anglers complete this picture of rural quietude and olden grandeur.

COCKERMOUTH,—CUMBERLAND.

Cockermouth is pleasantly seated in a narrow valley, at the mouth of the Cocker, by which river it is divided into two parts, united, however, by a bridge of one arch. The church, market-place, and castle stand on the east side, and the remaining portion of the town is on the south-west. The buildings and avenues are very irregularly constructed; with the exception of the street ascending to the castle gate, and that leading to Derwent bridge.

The remains of the castle, which appears to have been originally a strong and extensive fortress, stand on the summit of an artificial mount near the junction of the Derwent and Cocker rivers. The period of its erection is considered to be a few years subsequent to the Conquest. This building, with its rich demesnes, had been in the possession of several noble families, when at length it descended, by inheritance, to the late Earl of Egremont. On the tower are five shields, which are said to contain the armorial bearings of the successive proprietors. During the civil contentions, in the reign of Charles I., this castle was garrisoned for the king; falling, however, into the hands of the parliamentarians, it was reduced to a state of ruin, in which it has ever since remained.

The church, first erected in the reign of Edward III., was, with the exception of the ancient tower, entirely rebuilt in 1711, and is now a spacious and handsome edifice.

The trade and merchandise of Cockermouth derive great advantages from its situation in the neighbourhood of three sea-port towns. The chief articles of manufacture are hats, coarse woollens, linens, and leather. The principal market is on Monday, when a considerable quantity of grain is brought for sale; and there is another on Saturday, for provisions, &c. Fairs for cattle take place every fortnight, from the beginning of May to the end of September, besides the one on the 10th of October; and two annual fairs, or statutes for hiring servants, are held in the castle yard.

At the distance of two miles from the town stands the village of Papcastle, so called from a castle, supposed to have formerly been a Roman station.

Cockermouth sends two representatives to the Commons' house of parliament.

The accompanying view is taken from a beautiful woody eminence, bounding the rich cornfields and meadows on the banks of the Derwent. The church and castle, though prominent objects in the distant mass of buildings, appear to occupy but little space in the extensive plain, stretching to the very foot of the mountains. The hills rise up like a fenced wall of colossal dimensions; yet,

> "The barriers disregarding that surround
> This deep Abiding-place, before your sight
> Mounts on the breeze the Butterfly—and soars,
> Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers
> Into the dewy clouds."

HARTLEPOOL,—DURHAM.

Hartlepool is a sea-port town of great antiquity, occupying a peninsular situation on a promontory of the German ocean. It has only one principal street, from which, however, a number of smaller avenues diverge in cross directions. The government of the town is vested, under a charter of King John, in a corporation, including the mayor, alderman, recorder, and common-council.

Few places can convey to the tourist so perfect an idea of ancient fortifications, as Hartlepool. A long-extended wall, with bastions and remains of sally-ports, defended by

turrets, are still visible. The harbour was formerly a fine basin of water within the walls of the town; but the present one, which lies to the south, has been much improved by the extension of the stone pier. The entrance is easy; yet vessels of light burden only can approach.

This town has been much frequented of late years, during the summer months, for sea-bathing. On the south side of the town is a chalybeate spring, which is covered by the sea on every return of the tide; there is also another below the south battery, which resembles, in the properties of its waters, the far-famed springs of Harrowgate.

Hartlepool being included in the parish of Hart, the church is merely a chapel of ease. Of this building, erected in different ages, and in various styles of architecture, the most ancient parts are the nave and tower. In the grave-yard may still be seen some old mutilated monuments, said to be those of the Bruce family; by one of whom the monastery of Grey Friars was established in the thirteenth century, the ruins of which are still visible. In the centre of the town is a well-constructed hall, where the business of the corporation is transacted; the only public buildings beside this, being the custom-house and the free-school. There is a good weekly market on Saturday.

The fishery, which is very considerable, constitutes almost the entire trade of Hartlepool; indeed, if we except the influx of visitors during the bathing season, the inhabitants are nearly all fishermen. These are an athletic and courageous race of men, ever ready to face the storm, when the signal of distress announces a ship in danger; an occurrence by no means infrequent on this coast. The scenery in the neighbourhood is of an interesting character. The rocks which girt the ocean on the north side of the town, have been excavated by the violence of the waves; and many pleasant and romantic retreats are discovered during low water, the most curious of which is Black Hall.

Our engraving exhibits the south wall of the town, and the distant pier. A number of small craft are seen with swelling sails; some approaching the harbour, and others leaving it. In the fore-ground the artist has introduced a variety of detail connected with the fishing trade. The group, at some little distance on the right hand, appear to be assorting their fish; while those immediately before us are busily engaged in their several occupations.

DURHAM.

The city of Durham, capital of the County Palatine of Durham, is romantically situated on a commanding eminence, occupying a peninsula formed by the river Wear. From this elevation, the most picturesque and interesting views are obtained over diversified and far-extended tracts of country. The city is partly surrounded by the ancient walls; beneath which, on one side, are beautiful gardens and plantations, descending to the margin of the river; and on the other, a naked and abrupt descent from the acclivity.

A superstitious legend, (commemorated in some emblematic devices on the east transept of the cathedral,) ascribes the origin of Durham to the monks of Lindisfarne,

who, arriving here so early as the year 995, with the remains of Saint Cuthbert, were directed, by miraculous interposition, to make this place the mausoleum of their patron. Having determined on a permanent settlement, the monks raised habitations round the tabernacle in which they had enclosed the saintly relics; and thus laid the foundation of the Saxon *Dun-holme*, corrupted by the course of time into Durham. William the Conqueror desolated the town and neighbourhood; when a dreadful famine ensued. About 1424, the plague raged violently, and carried off several thousands of the inhabitants.

The cathedral, originally founded A. D. 1093, occupies the highest ground in the city, and, when viewed from the opposite bank of the Wear, bursts upon the eye with imposing grandeur. This edifice was completed towards the close of the thirteenth century. The character of the architecture, though chiefly Anglo-Norman, partakes in a considerable degree of the English or pointed style. At the time of the dissolution, this priory was rated at about £1600 per annum. In 1541, Henry VIII. granted a foundation charter to this church, altering its dedication from St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, to that of Christ and St. Mary. The see of Durham is the richest in the kingdom; and the bishop is invested with higher prerogatives than any of his episcopal brethren. He is perpetual justice of the peace in his own territories, and lord-lieutenant of the county; and to what court of justice soever he comes, within the limits of his diocese, he there sits as chief.

The castle, now the residence of the bishop during his visits to Durham, was first erected, it would appear, by William the Conqueror. At the present time, though accommodated in a great measure to the taste and manners of our own age, this structure discovers many traces of military harshness and feudal barbarity, mixed up with the elegancies and conveniencies of modern improvement. It stands on the north side of an open area, called Palace Green, whence a number of beautiful public walks, kept in repair by the minster funds, lead along the windings of the river.

Durham contains six churches, exclusive of the cathedral. It has a commodious infirmary, and a small square market-place, with a guildhall on the west side, and, in the centre, a fountain, surmounted by a statue of Neptune seated on a dolphin. The trade of this city has declined of late years. There are manufactories for stuff and carpets, and for spinning and combing wool; a brass foundry, two iron foundries, and a hat factory. It has a market on Saturday for corn and provisions, and five annual fairs, for horned cattle, sheep, and horses; that on the three last days of March being accounted the principal. The government of the city is vested in a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, and twenty-four common council men. Durham gives the title of baron to the Lambton family.

In the illustrative engraving, the first object that excites attention is the salmon leap of the river Wear. Framwell-gate bridge assumes a bold and striking character; the elliptic arches of which, span a distance of ninety feet each. On the left hand is seen that venerable and colossal mass of feudal architecture, the castle. The lantern tower of the cathedral, and an oblique glance at the west front, with some few details of lesser note, complete the line of view. The setting sun sheds a warm glow over these splendid

erections of departed days; and the whole scene is calculated to carry back the mind to a remote period, when wine and wassail prevailed at the castle board, and the blended voices of the monks of Lindisfarne, were heard, "glad even, and glad morn," chanting the vesper hymn and matin song.

DUNGEON GILL,—WESTMORLAND.

The beautiful and romantic waterfall of Dungeon Gill is situated in the deep cleft of a hill, in the immediate neighbourhood of Langdale Pikes. The name is compounded of *dungeon*, signifying, in the language of the country, a deep chasm; and *gill*, a valley or dell.

"The quantity of water here," Mr. Baines remarks, "is not considerable, but the fall is exceedingly high and picturesque. It descends in a fine sheet of foam betwixt two walls of perpendicular rock, which I should judge to be more than a hundred feet high. Two enormous rocks, which have fallen into the top of the chasm, hang suspended in a way alarming to the spectator. Trees have taken root in the sides of the cleft, and hang out their branches to receive the perpetual rain of spray from the waterfall."

There is an air of venerable grandeur in the appearance of the rocks, forming a stupendous archway for the rush of waters, and the reflective mind will trace

> "Upon their bleak and visionary sides,
> The history of many a winter storm."

Amid this thought-inspiring solitude of nature, Wordsworth's shepherd boy, perhaps, enjoyed

> "——— the first virgin passion of a soul
> Communing with the glorious universe."

Here, also, it may be,

> "——— he scanned the laws of light
> Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
> From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
> A cloud of mist, which in the sunshine frames
> A lasting tablet—for the observer's eye
> Varying its rainbow hues."

It has been remarked, that the seclusions of nature, are more favourable to pure devotional feeling, than the crowded haunts of society; and few, we believe, will dispute the truth of the observation. The footsteps of Deity are far less discernible in the thickly inhabited city, where every thing that meets the eye is the result of human art and ingenuity, than in the wide theatre of nature, where "littleness is not," and even "the least of things seem infinite."

The engraving is illustrative of an interesting poem, by Wordsworth, founded on the fact of a lamb having fallen into the basin of the cataract, whence it was taken unhurt.

COLWITH FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

At the distance of five miles, west from Ambleside, the tourist discovers a precipitous path leading to Colwith bridge; a rude structure of one arch, thrown across the river Colwith, which, taking its rise in the stupendous fells above, here discharges its waters

down the rocks with a fearful impetuosity. An awful grandeur pervades this scene at all times, but more especially at those seasons

> "When copious rains have magnified the stream
> Into a loud and white-robed waterfall."

The dashing of the waters is heard long before you reach the spot. The dim and woody path leading to it is every way calculated to increase the effect, and when at length an opening in the copse reveals the Force in all its "dread magnificence," the mind is overcome with a mingled feeling of terror and delight.

The total depth of Culleth or Colwith Force, may not exceed 150 feet; but the rocky projections and other obstacles which oppose the waters in their descent, render it eminently picturesque and sublime. After falling successively from one crag to another, the headlong stream plunges into a basin, from the outer edge of which rises a massive fragment of rock. Impeded in their course, the waters rage violently, and shoot with terrific rapidity through the narrow openings on each side, whence they fall, amidst clouds of spray, into a deep and fearful chasm below.

In every period of human history—in the regions of savage and civilized life,—the extent of ocean, the raging of the mountain torrent, the unbroken surface of the quiet lake,—have claimed pre-eminence in the mind of man over all the various phenomena of the natural world. The sacred writings abundantly show, that water, in a state of action or repose, affords the most sublime and comprehensive similes. The Creator, it is said, "sitteth above the water-floods;"—the noise of a multitude, is compared to "the voice of many waters;"—and of the placid streams, we are told that "they make glad the city of God."

BROUGHAM HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

On the east bank of the Lowther river, and at the distance of about half a mile from Eamont bridge, stands Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham and Vaux. Distinguished only by a venerable simplicity of style, this mansion has frequently been designated, from the elevated situation which it occupies, the "Windsor of the North." The terrace, in front of the house, commands a delightful prospect, comprising the river Lowther, and its plumy woods; the village of Clifton, an extended level of rich meadows, and the mountain scenery of Ullswater. Five gothic windows of painted glass, including a great variety of subjects, admit a subdued light into the entrance hall, and cast upon its lofty walls the beautiful tints of an autumnal evening.

The extensive shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, laid out in excellent taste, are esteemed the most exquisite of their kind. Within the former is a hermit's cell, furnished with the usual characteristics of an anchorite's dwelling. A scroll is exhibited in part of the building, with these lines inscribed:

> "Beneath this moss-grown roof, this rustic cell,
> Truth, liberty, content, sequestered dwell:
> Say, you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
> What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?'

Brougham Hall, as shown in the engraving, is seen to great advantage; the rich foliage of the shrubbery being contrasted in a pleasing manner with the simple and antiquated character of the building. The figure in the fore-ground of the view, will be easily recognized, as being that of the modern Gracchus himself.

Possessing talents of the highest order, with the most extensive acquired knowledge, and, superadded to these, a strong feeling of philanthropy and benevolence towards his fellow-men, this illustrious statesman was peculiarly fitted to rise up as the instructor of the people, and the champion of their rights. Swayed by no prejudices, and actuated by no sinister motives, his decisions have in all cases been formed on the broad principle of right and wrong. He is now the caressed of thousands,—the idol of a grateful nation; and, in no case, perhaps, have popular esteem and admiration been more justly conferred.

In the neighbourhood of Brougham Hall are the remains of the ancient castle. History is silent respecting both the architect and the period of its erection; the ruins, however, retain the character of Norman architecture, and appear to be those of a once strong, extensive, and beautiful edifice.

WINDERMERE LAKE,—WESTMORLAND.

Windermere, or Winandermere, the most capacious and extensive of all the English lakes, lies on the boundary line which separates Westmorland from Lancashire. The circumference of this vast sheet of water is something less than twenty-three miles, and the breadth rarely exceeds a mile; the depth varying from thirty to one hundred and twenty feet. It is formed principally by the united streams of the Rothay and Brathay rivers. The waters are finally discharged at Newby Bridge, under the name of the Leven river; which, after a course of two miles, falls into an estuary of Morecambe Bay.

"Diffusiveness, stately beauty, and, at the upper end, magnificence, have been justly considered as the characteristics of Windermere." The extraordinary clearness of this lake is such, that the eye can distinctly view the finny inhabitants of its deep recesses, as they play in shoals, and,

> "sporting with quick glance,
> Show to the sun their waved coats, dropp'd with gold."

This lake suffers little change in its appearance, either from the drought of summer, or the copious rains of winter; almost constantly maintaining a uniform level. It is, however, subject to violent agitation by the winds; and there are times when its disturbed waters bear no indistinct resemblance to a tempestuous ocean. Windermere abounds with trout, perch, pike, and char; and its banks are the favourite haunts of wild fowl, "which add to the scenery of the lake, by the variety of forms in which they appear—sometimes, sitting in black groups on the water, they rise and sink with the waves; at other times in the air, they circle the lake in figured files, or with hesitating wing seize some station on its banks or surface."

In the centre of Windermere are several beautiful islands, the largest of which is Curwen island, so named after the proprietor, Mr. Curwen. "A more sequestered spot,"

it has been remarked, "cannot easily be conceived. Nothing can be more excluded from the noise and interruption of life; or abound with a greater variety of those circumstances which make retirement pleasing."

This island formerly belonged to the Phillipsons, a Westmorland family of some note; and, during the contentions between Charles I. and his parliament, two brothers of this name, one of whom was then proprietor, aided the royal cause. After the war had subsided, Robert Phillipson being on a visit to his brother's house on the island of Windermere, Colonel Briggs, a parliamentarian officer, attempted to secure him, as a person who had rendered himself obnoxious to the ruling powers. Accordingly, he laid siege to the house; but was compelled, by the return of the proprietor with a strong party, to abandon the enterprise. Robert Phillipson had no sooner been relieved by his brother, than he meditated revenge. Advancing with a small troop of horse to Kendal, he there was told that Colonel Briggs had gone to prayers; upon which, he rode directly to the church, and proceeded on horseback through the midst of the congregation. The object of his search, however, was not there; and, the girths of his saddle breaking, Robert was unhorsed by the people, and, but for the timely succour afforded by his companions, would have been destroyed for this impious profanation of the sacred edifice. "The action marked the man. Many knew him; and they who did not, knew as well from the exploit, that it could be nobody but *Robin the Devil.*"

This incident is worthy of remark, from its having been introduced with some poetical embellishment into the "Rokeby" of Sir Walter Scott.

"Through the gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloke, his plume, his steed.
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!—
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third,—he was at Wycliffe's side."

The view of Windermere, shown in the engraving, is taken from the Ferry-house, whence a most delightful prospect is obtained across the lake. The distant mountains are named High Street, Harter Fell, and Hill Bell. The situation of the island previously mentioned, is indicated by the clustering foliage, connecting apparently with the foot of the mountains, yet being in reality far distant from them. Cowper would have been content to forego his "lodge in some vast wilderness," for a convenient dwelling on the banks of Windermere; and the beautiful remark made by Miss Landon on another view of the lake will apply with equal propriety to this: "Here might the weary heart dream itself away, and find the freshness of the spring-time of the spirit return upon it."

NEWCASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Newcastle, a borough and market town, usually designated Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from its situation on the northern bank of that river, was formerly a Roman station; and

some remains of the Piets' wall, which, extending from sea to sea, ran through the town, are still discernible in the vicinity of the Panden Gate. The town originally derived its name from a castle erected in the neighbourhood to check the inroads of the Scots; and, despite of changes and renovations, this noble structure affords strong evidence of its former strength and beauty.

Newcastle contains four churches, of which those dedicated to St. Nicholas and All-Saints are the most remarkable; the former for its lofty and ornamental spires, and the latter for its elegant steeple and beautiful interior. There are also many neat and appropriate buildings for the dissenting communities. The public charities of Newcastle are numerous, and most efficient; including among others an infirmary, a lunatic asylum, a lying-in hospital, and the keelmen's hospital, which last is supported by trifling contributions from the daily earnings of the keelmen. The bridge, an elegant structure, connecting the towns of Newcastle and Gateshead, was erected in 1781, at an expense of £30,000. In addition to other recent improvements, the town is adorned with an exchange, an elegant theatre, and a set of handsome baths. The residences of the higher classes are mostly in the northern part.

Newcastle has long been famous for its coal-trade, of which article it has frequently sent coast-wise, in the course of a year, upwards of 600,000 chaldrons. Here are also several extensive manufactories of glass, cloth, hardware, wrought iron, &c.; and ship-building is carried on to a great extent. Newcastle returns two members to parliament; and by the provisions of the reform bill, the inhabitants are entitled, under certain restrictions, to the right of voting in the election of members for the county.

The view of Newcastle, shown in the engraving, is taken from the Gateshead side of the river. The Tyne, partially covered with small craft, and graced by its elegant bridge, directs the eye to the dense line of erections, receding into remote perspective along the opposite shore. In this mighty assemblage of buildings, we readily distinguish the church of St. Nicholas, the castle, the new county courts, the church of All-Saints, and the exchange. There is an air of commercial greatness in the scene; and the distant shipping, of which the principal part, probably, is engaged in the coal trade, forcibly reminds us of the colliers, to whom a description of the Cimmerians, by Homer, may very well apply:

> "The gloomy race, in subterranean cells,
> Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells,
> Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
> They shun th' approaches of the cheerful light.
> The Sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
> Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets."

NORTH AND SOUTH SHIELDS,—NORTHUMBERLAND, AND DURHAM.

North Shields, Northumberland, forming the principal feature in the illustrative view, is a place of considerable antiquity, standing on the north bank of the river Tyne.

The earliest mention of this place occurs in the reign of Edward I., at which time it consisted only of a few cottages, or *shielings*, inhabited by fishermen. An attempt was made, about this period, by the prior and monks of Tynemouth, to extend the village, and give it a commercial character; for which purpose they erected houses, founded a harbour, and established a market. Newcastle had, however, till then, enjoyed the exclusive trade of the Tyne, and its authorities possessed sufficient influence to thwart these efforts for the advancement of Shields. During the commonwealth, Cromwell used great exertions to remove the restrictions under which the town laboured; but, in consequence of his death, the plan proved abortive, and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that Shields was admitted to the advantages which its maritime situation had so long presented. Since then, however, the population of the town has risen with unexampled rapidity, and its commerce has assumed a most important character. It has a weekly market on Friday, and an annual statute fair on the first Friday in November.

Clifford's Fort, a strong and handsome stone building, well provided with ordnance, stands at the bottom of the town, and effectively secures the entrance to the river. In this fort is the low light, which, corresponding with one more elevated on an adjacent bank, serves as a pilot-mark for vessels entering the harbour.

The staple article of commerce at Shields, like that of Newcastle, is coal, and the number of vessels annually loaded at this port, falls very little short of the shipment from the latter place. The manufactories have reference principally to ship-building. The only ecclesiastical edifice connected with the established church, is a chapel of ease; besides which, there are many places of dissenting worship. Here, also, are several free schools, and charitable institutions, all liberally endowed.

South Shields, of which a distant view is included in our engraving, is seated on the south bank of the Tyne, and forms, with North Shields, a very considerable maritime port. It was formerly celebrated for its salt works; but, at the present time, its commerce is confined chiefly to the coal trade, and to the extensive glass manufactories. The town consists almost entirely of one street, two miles in length, near the centre of which is a spacious square, where a weekly market is held on Wednesday. The ancient chapel was rebuilt, and considerably enlarged, in 1811. South Shields has the honour of being the first place where a society was instituted for the rescue of mariners from shipwreck, by means of the life-boat; of which a beautiful model, presented by the inventor, is preserved in the chapel.

By the late reform bill, South Shields is constituted a borough, and, in conjunction with Westoe, is entitled to the return of one member to parliament.

ULLSWATER,—CUMBERLAND.

Ullswater is usually included among the lakes of Cumberland, though, from its situation on the line of demarcation between that county and Westmorland, it might properly be considered as common to both. The accompanying view is taken from the valley of

Patterdale, on the Westmorland side of the lake, a point happily chosen by the artist for displaying the peculiar features of Ullswater.

This magnificent expanse of water is admitted to be the finest of all the lakes. It does not, like Windermere, present scenes of voluptuous beauty, equal to those which the Arabian prophet has promised shall hereafter be unveiled to the faithful; but a succession of imagery, incomparably grand and sublime. Its waters advance into the very heart of the mountains, which, "lifting their huge forms above the clouds," impend over the lake, and shroud in awful majesty this seclusion of nature. The hill-sides are covered with waving forests; and rich meadows are spread at their feet. At intervals are seen, peeping forth from among the trees, those quiet habitations of rural industry, that captivate the heart of the occasional visitor, and for which he is inclined to think the busy world can offer no equivalent in exchange. In the survey of such a scene, the mind of necessity becomes contemplative, and every feeling of levity subsides into emotions of reverence and admiration; whether it be at a time when the smooth lake "mirrors the Almighty's form," or on those solemn occasions when the echoing mountains reverberate

"——————— his voice, deep, dreadful loud;
Utter'd from forth the rolling thunder-cloud."

Ullswater is nine miles in extent, and, excepting in one part where a rocky projection occurs, above a mile in breadth. "But the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores, and the magnificence of the fells that rise beyond: the proportions, however, are grand; for the water retains its dignity, notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments." This lake abounds with a great variety of fish, including a peculiar species of trout, weighing upwards of thirty pounds; eels of very considerable size, and of the finest flavour, are also readily found.

The village of Patterdale derives considerable interest from a traditional history connected with the Mounsey family. On one occasion, when the Scots had made an irruption into the northern counties, a chief was wanted to lead the herdsmen to battle against the marauders. A peasant of the name of Mounsey, offering his services, was accepted as their leader, and, by great vigilance and warlike ingenuity, he succeeded in putting the enemy to a total rout. As a reward for his valour, he was crowned amid loud acclamations, and proclaimed king of Patterdale; which title, accompanied by a substantial homage, was afterwards enjoyed by his descendants. The kings of Patterdale, however, now exist only in the chronicles of departed days.

DERWENT WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

Derwent Water, not unfrequently called Keswick Lake, from its vicinity to that town, is a beautiful sheet of water, inclining to an oval form, extending about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in breadth. It partakes of the lofty majesty of Ullswater, and the delicious scenery of Windermere; having, like the last mentioned lake, a number of small islands appearing on its surface, and being, like Ullswater, surrounded by an

amphitheatre of rocky mountains, occasionally covered with woods. On the south side of the lake is the cataract of Lowdore, one of the most magnificent water-falls in "this region of the sublime."

Derwent Water gave the title of earl to the Ratcliffe family, in whose possession the lake and adjacent lands continued until the ruin of that noble house, when they were vested in trustees for the benefit of Greenwich Hospital. Castlerigg, or Castle Head, whence the illustrative view is taken, is the site of an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the Earls of Derwentwater; afterwards, however, they had a house on one of the islands of the lake, since named Lord's Island. Castlerigg is further remarkable for the remains of a druidical temple.

The islands of Derwent Water are five in number, of which the principal are Lord's Island above mentioned, and Pocklington Island. The whole are covered with trees, and contribute very materially to the picturesque beauty of the lake. Towards the southern extremity is occasionally seen a *floating island*, the alternate appearance and disappearance of which has given rise to various hypotheses. Mr. Southey, in his "Madoc," thus alludes to this phenomenon, connecting it with the artificial islets which float on the lakes of Mexico and China:

"——————— We reached the shore:
A floating island waited for me there,
The beautiful work of man. I set my foot
Upon green growing herbs and flowers, and sate
Embowered in odorous shrubs: four long light boats,
Yoked to the garden, with accordant song,
And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake."

The mountains of Skiddaw and Helvellyn sinking the neighbouring elevations into comparative littleness, give a dignified character to this scene of natural beauty. Of the former, Mr. Wordsworth has spoken in glowing terms:

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty,
Our British hill is fairer far! he shrouds
His double-fronted head in higher clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly."

It has been recommended to tourists to survey the romantic scenes of Derwent Water by moonlight. Of its effect upon the lake, Mr. Southey thus speaks:

"The moon arose; she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and cast
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade."

A night-view of Derwent Water, it might be supposed, would call up devotional feeling in the bosom of an atheist. Every object is invested with a mantle of soft light; the broad shadows of the mountains give indefinite extent to those parts over which they extend; and the solemn voice of the waterfalls, and the echoes of the mountains, fall upon the ear in sounds not altogether of earth.

"In expatiating over the vastness of the scene," Mr. Baines justly observes, "the mind rises far above the insignificant works of man, and delights to feel itself at liberty, unconstrained by the observations of others, to range and exult on the magnificent temple of nature."

LAMBTON CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Lambton Castle, the seat of Lord Durham, occupies an eminence on the north bank of the river Wear, the identical site of Harraton Hall, anciently the residence of the D'Arcys and Hedworths. This edifice, erected by Bonomi, is pleasantly situated in an extensive park, seven miles in circuit, and intersected by the river Wear, over which is thrown a simple, yet elegant bridge, of one arch. Though not entirely free from incongruities in the design and execution, the Castle presents a magnificent appearance; and the judicious improvements that have been effected by the present noble proprietor, add greatly to the chastity of the mansion, and to the beauty of the park. The library, a quadrangular apartment of good proportions, contains a choice selection of literature, and several family paintings of excellent character. The grounds are disposed in the most effective manner; and the ride, through a hanging wood, on the south bank of the river, is beautifully romantic. Races were annually held in the park, in October. They were commenced in 1821, by Mr. Lambton, (now Lord Durham,) for the amusement of himself and friends; and, in consequence of the general interest excited, his lordship threw them open to the neighbouring gentry: but from the ill health of the noble proprietor, and a residence abroad, these races have been discontinued.

The illustrative View of Lambton Castle is taken from the south bank of the Wear. The foliage skirting the margin on either side, is effectively relieved by the bridge. The deeply-toned shadows in the foreground give distance to the Castle, which is here shown to great advantage, on the summit of an eminence, and completely embosomed in rich and massive woods. The name of Lambton is connected with a marvellous legend, of an enormous worm, that infested the banks of the river Wear, and which was at length overcome by a hero of this family. This tradition, veiling some mystery which has not descended to us, is a strong testimony to the antiquity, the valour, and prowess of the party whose achievements it perpetuates. Indeed, both history and tradition, uniting with the common consent of the present day, bear witness, that with the house of Lambton has ever been associated those lofty qualities which ennoble high birth; and whence are derived the highest advantages to a people, for whom their inheritor may be called to legislate.

RAVENSWORTH CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Ravensworth Castle, the seat of Thomas-Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth, is situate westward of the river Team, on the site of the ancient castle, a fortress of very great antiquity.

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LAMBTON CASTLE, DURHAM.

THE SEAT OF THE RT HON. JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON, EARL OF DURHAM

"The present edifice stands proudly in its park, at the distance of three miles south-south-west from Newcastle."

"In the oldest records concerning Ravensworth, the village is written *Raffenswarth*, and the castle *Raffenshelm*, the first signifying the *estate*, and the second the *fortress* of *Raffen*, which, being the name of the Danish standard, shews that they were anciently possessed by the Danes, who were probably the founders of the castle."

The manor of Ravensworth was purchased by an ancestor of the Liddells in 1607. "Sir Thomas Henry Liddell, the *seventh baronet*, and present possessor of the estates of this family, was raised to the peerage in 1821, by the title of Baron Ravensworth." By this nobleman, the old castle was, in 1808, taken down, and a new erection begun. The works were placed under the superintendence of Mr. Nash, the architect; and an excellent white free-stone, obtained from a quarry in the park, was used in the construction of the edifice. The mansion is sheltered on the north and west sides by a fine forest of oaks. Towards the east it commands an extensive view over Lamesly vale; and immediately opposite, in the distance, is seen "the wild and shaken ridge of Gateshead Fell, covered with a multitude of rude hovels." The contrast between these humble dwellings and the magnificent castle by which they are overlooked, might induce the observer to lay too great a stress on the disproportionate allotment of temporal good: the Latin poet, however, takes occasion to shew how shadowy is the difference made by wealth and title between man and man:—

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres.———

This superb Gothic structure unites nearly all the warlike features of the ancient baronial residences with the elegance and splendid refinement of modern times. As we look upon it, the mind, without laborious effort, recurs to the olden time, when the Raven standard was here unfurled, and the walls rung with the rejoicings and laughter of the Danish chiefs. We pause: a thousand years have passed by—the invader is gone—a renovated, rather than a new edifice rises before us—and the barbarous manners and usages of the period we had contemplated, retire before the superior influence of a more refined and enlightened age.

"Near to Ravensworth Castle is a stone column, concerning which there is a tradition, that it was one of the *crosses* erected to hold markets at, during the great plague at Newcastle in 1645, when the produce of the county was not allowed to be exposed for sale at a less distance than three miles from that town."

CORBY CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Corby Castle, the seat of Henry Howard, Esq., stands on the summit of a cliff, on the east side of the river Eden, at the distance of about five miles from Carlisle. This mansion, though now bearing no resemblance to a fortress, occupies the site of an ancient castle,

"and actually consists in part, of the very walls of a large square tower, such as was not an unfrequent object upon the marches in early times."

The rocky but richly wooded banks of the Eden, in this neighbourhood, have long been the theme of universal admiration. David Hume visited this part of the country, about 1750; and the following lines written by him upon a pane of glass at the Old Bush Inn at Carlisle, were communicated to Mr. Howard, by the late lamented Sir Walter Scott:—

> "Here chicks, in eggs for breakfast, sprawl;
> Here godless boys, God's glories squall;
> While Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall:
> But *Corby's walks* atone for all."

The natural scenery in the neighbourhood of Corby Castle has been greatly increased in effect by the tasteful and judicious management of the pleasure-grounds. "From the castle, a flight of steps, hewn out of the natural rock, and overshadowed with lofty trees, leads to a long walk on the margin of the Eden, where a number of caves and grotesque apartments have been scooped with considerable labour, and great taste. Concealed by umbrageous foliage, is a singular colossal statue, standing in a romantic spot, beneath a lofty rock, nearly opposite to which are erected *wears* for catching salmon, and affording an easy communication with a long wooded island in the middle of the river." These delightful grounds are opened to the public on Wednesdays, when the visitor to the north is at liberty to wander, free from restraint, amid scenes of more than Arcadian beauty.

In 1813, the castle, which had till then been an irregular building, was made uniform, and cased with stone, according to the Grecian Doric order of architecture. The apartments are elegantly furnished, and contain many fine paintings and relics; amongst the latter is a gold chain worn by Mary Queen of Scots, and the claymore of Major Macdonald, the Fergus Mc. Ivor of Waverley.

ULLSWATER,—WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND.

The upper reach of Ullswater lies wholly in Westmorland; but, from the curvature at Glencoin, the boundary line between the two counties passes down the middle of the lake.

The head of Ullswater is situated amongst majestic mountains, interspersed with several glens, or small valleys, and having their sides embellished with a variety of native wood and rocky scenery. The general character of this lake was slightly sketched at page 18; and the upper reach differs from the lower parts, only in exhibiting the characteristic features under the most striking combinations. "This reach of the lake is a piece of water scenery, that can scarcely be surpassed in grandeur, and which displays itself to the eye in a majestic sweep around Place Fell, a lofty mountain on the opposite shore."

The rocks in the neighbourhood of Ullswater are remarkable for the grandeur and variety of their echoes. The firing of a cannon causes an awful uproar, as if the foundations of every rock on the lake were giving way. A few wind-instruments produce an

entirely different effect: the most ravishing sounds fill the air, and form a thousand symphonies playing together from every part. Such is the illusion of the moment, that "the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aërial beings, answering each other in celestial music."

Between Ullswater and Windermere there is this difference; the former will be most attractive to the deeply-contemplative mind, and the latter to the young and the volatile—to those who had rather be pleased than astonished. Solitude has placed her throne on the mountains of Ullswater; if, indeed, we may call it loneliness, to range amid the magnificence of nature, and "hold high converse with her charms:"—

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled."

"But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!"

The boatmen who ply on the lakes have learned, by observation, from what point, a view appears to most advantage; and they frequently endeavour to keep the visitor ignorant of their intention, till, by a skilful manœuvre, they have brought the object immediately before his eyes. Mr. Baines, jun., in his "Companion to the Lakes," relates a circumstance of this kind, which occurred in passing up Ullswater.—

"At the desire of the boatman, we crossed to the side of Gowbarrow Park, just where it terminates in the deep and secluded valley of Glencoin, which contributes its streamlet to the waters of the lake. He contrived that we should creep along the shore, till we came close under a lofty crag, enveloped from the base to the summit in natural wood. Then, turning the head of the boat from the land, and desiring me to pull as strongly as I could, whilst he directed us all to keep our eyes on the crag, we shot out towards the middle of the lake. The effect was magical. The naked peak of a mountain, before concealed, seemed to rise up swiftly out of the woody eminence from which we were receding, till it stood in its just proportion before us, and appeared many hundred feet above our heads, leaving at its base the bold crag from under which we had darted."

WARKWORTH CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The magnificent and extensive ruins of Warkworth Castle occupy a bold eminence, near the little river Coquet. This fortress is said to have been erected by the Bertram family. The Percy arms are seen on different parts of the building, whence some have thought that it was built by an ancestor of that house; whilst others contend that these armorial tokens appear to have been inserted long after the completion of the structure.

The keep stands on the north side, on an artificial mount; and the masonry in this part of the building is in such excellent preservation, that a few ordinary repairs only would be sufficient to restore the numerous apartments to their ancient state. Indeed, the present noble proprietor, the Duke of Northumberland, has invariably shown a disposition to preserve this grand specimen of the ancient baronial mansions of England, from reckless dilapidation and decay. "The area of the keep has been enclosed within a wall thirty-five feet high, a great portion of which is still standing: the principal gateway has been a stately edifice, but only a few of its apartments now remain. Near to the draw-well, in the great area, are two subterraneous apartments."

On the north bank of the Coquet, at a short distance west of the castle, is the Hermitage, which is indebted for much of its celebrity to the beautiful Northumbrian ballad, entitled "The Hermit of Warkworth," written by Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and published in 1771. This sacred edifice, hewn out of a solid freestone rock, is embosomed in the foliage of venerable trees, "impending from the top of the precipice and fissures of the cliffs." The Chapel adjoins the Hermitage, and is curiously decorated in the ancient style of Gothic architecture. "In a niche, near the altar, is the representation of a table monument, with a recumbent female figure; and at her feet the figure of a hermit, in an attitude denoting grief." This cenotaph faintly shadows forth the touching incidents connected with the Lord Percy and the fair Maid of Widrington, to which the author of the ballad, before-mentioned, has imparted so intense an interest. The first resident in this hermitage is said to have been a member of the Bertram family, who, to expiate the double murder of his rival brother and "faithless fair one," renounced all intercourse with the world, and here devoted himself to a life of abstinence and solitude.

Warkworth Castle continued, for several ages, to be a favourite residence of the Percy family; the Earls of Northumberland usually residing here, when circumstances required their presence in this county. Alnwick Castle appears to have been used rather as a military fortress, than as the palace and domestic abode of the Northumbrian lord.

SCOTSWOOD BRIDGE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Scotswood Suspension-bridge, erected over the river Tyne, about three miles above Newcastle, was begun in August, 1829, and opened, with great ceremony, on Tuesday, the 12th of April, 1831. The design was furnished by Mr. Green, architect, of Newcastle; under whose direction and superintendence the works were conducted.

The two piers are built in the Norman style of architecture; and, together with the land abutments, are constructed of solid ashlar masonry. The distance between the points of suspension is 370 feet, with two half arcs of 130 feet each, making the total length of the bridge 670 feet. There are four suspending chains, each consisting of four flat bars, in ten-feet lengths, (four inches by one inch,) coupled together with five plates, eight inches broad and one inch thick, with strong connecting bolts.

The roadway, 22 feet in width, is constructed with Memel timber, having a strong longitudinal beam on each side, with transverse joists bolted on to the same, and overlaid with strong planks, upon which is spread a composition of prepared tar and gravel, which renders it impervious to water. The masonry work was executed per contract by Messrs. Welsh and Son, Gateshead; and the chains by Messrs. Walker and Yates, at their iron-works, near Birmingham.

The estimated expense of the bridge was £12,900, within which sum the contracts were all performed; but in consequence of the unforeseen difficulties in the foundations, which required the piling and masonry of the piers to be founded at a greater depth, and thereby rendered an additional quantity of timber and labour necessary, both for the foundations and construction of the coffer-dams, the total expenditure amounted to about £15,000.

From the unfavourable nature of these foundations, the progress of the work was unavoidably protracted beyond the time at first expected; the able architect, however, aided by the prompt energies of an active and spirited committee, in carrying into effect those plans which he found necessary to adopt, was enabled successfully to overcome every obstacle, and place the structure on a firm basis, and that within the time limited by the Act for the erection of the bridge.

We refrain from any eulogium on the zeal and ability of Mr. Green, the architect. The proprietors of the beautiful structure, brought to completion under his superintendence, are the best judges of his deserts; and their opinion of his merits is evidenced by the presentation of an elegantly-formed silver claret jug, as a testimonial of respect for his eminent services.

A situation more picturesque and striking than the one it occupies, could scarcely have been selected for the site of this beautiful bridge, had it even been designed for no other purpose than to adorn the noble Tyne. The country on each side is a chosen spot for pleasurable excursions, and is enriched with "all the attractive charms which nature yields;" while the river itself adds an exhaustless variety of feature to the landscape.

BOWNESS AND WINDERMERE LAKE,—WESTMORLAND.

Bowness, which has been not inaptly termed, "the capital port town of the lakes," forms part of the parish of Windermere, and is situated on the eastern shore of the Lake. It has a few fishing vessels, and enjoys a considerable trade in charcoal and slate; but the chief support of the town is derived from the vast conflux of visitors, by whom, during

the season, the numerous pleasure boats are constantly kept in hire. A small market, principally for butcher's meat, is held every Wednesday.

Of the Fisher family, formerly of considerable note in this place, and from whom the proprietor and publisher of this work is descended, tradition records many remarkable incidents and anecdotes during the turbulent reign of Charles I., and through the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

The church at Bowness, an ancient edifice, with a square tower, is chiefly remarkable for "a large and curiously painted east window, the coloured glass of which was brought from Furness Abbey."

This window is divided into seven compartments, including scriptural subjects, Catholic superstitions, ancient legends, and armorial bearings of several noble families. The interior of the church bears strong resemblance to that described in the "Excursion."

"Not framed to nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy, for duration built:
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless under-boughs, in some thick grove,
All withered by the depth of shade above."

"——— Marble monuments were here displayed
Upon the walls, and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven,
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid."

We must not omit to mention, that within this church lie the earthly remains of Bishop Watson, a man by whom human distinctions were valued merely as an enlarged means of doing good. The only memorial inscribed over "the illustrious dead," is a small plate, containing a brief record of his name, age, and death.

The rectory house is pleasantly situated in front of the lake:—

"A house of state,
——— One, beneath whose roof, methinks,
A rural lord might dwell.

"*There* abides,
In his allotted home, a genuine priest,
The shepherd of his flock; or, as a king
Is styled, when most affectionately praised,
The father of his people."

The verdant mounds scattered over this "church-yard in the mountains," to mark the hallowed spots where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," more deeply impress the mind, than the most elaborate trophies which human ingenuity has been able to erect in loftier temples:—

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

The illustrative view, taken from an eminence, presents a bird's-eye view of Bowness, and the Lake of Windermere. Rural dwellings, the abode of honest industry; the church, "a happy beacon, visible to all;" the lake, "calm and placid as a good man's hopes;" the mountains, clad in aërial vestments, and towering to heaven;—these are the varied objects which compose the scene—a scene, of all others, perhaps, the most replete with associations on which a well-regulated mind delights to dwell.

KENDAL,—WESTMORLAND.

Pleasantly situated in the vale of the Kent, on the west side of the river, is Kendal, the largest town in Westmorland. It is intersected by four principal streets; one of which, running north and south, extends a mile in length, and leads northward to the lakes. Kendal is a place of great antiquity; but the re-erections and enlargements which have taken place within the last forty years, have given it an entirely modern aspect. The building material, obtained from Underbarrow Scar, on the west side of the town, will receive a polish nearly equal to that of marble. The white appearance of the houses is effectively relieved by a number of Lombardy poplars, and towards the west by a long range of hanging gardens. The beautiful stream of the Kent river skirts the town, and is crossed by three substantial bridges.

In the fourteenth century, some Flemish weavers settled, by invitation, at Kendal, and founded the woollen manufacture, to which the town has long been indebted for its prosperity: latterly, however, owing to the competition in Yorkshire, the trade in coarse woollens has not increased so rapidly as formerly. The manufactures of Kendal now consist principally of fancy fabrics for waistcoats, carpets, worsted, and leather. In a neighbouring fell, several varieties of marble are found, the cutting of which forms a lucrative branch of trade.

The Castle occupies a grassy hill on the east side of the Kent. Of this structure, four broken towers, and part of the outer wall only, are now remaining. This fortress was the ancient seat of the barons of Kendal, and the birth-place of Catherine Parr, the last wife of Henry VIII. "The Castle is well worth visiting, both from the situation, and from the interest always attaching to the venerable relic of former days. Its appearance, however, is more imposing from a distance than close at hand."

The Engraving exhibits a portion of the ruins of the Castle; beyond which is seen the river Kent, winding its course through rich and fertile meadows. The town of Kendal is partly concealed by the foliage in the foreground.

BRANCEPETH CASTLE,—DURHAM.

The village of Brancepeth, pleasantly situated at the distance of four miles and three quarters south-west by west of Durham, is said to have derived its name (a corruption of *Brawn's-path*) from a brawn of vast size, which in ancient times laid waste the surround-

ing country. After committing many ravages, it was at length destroyed by "*Hodge of Ferry*," whose prowess is celebrated in the "Superstitions of the North," whence the two following stanzas are extracted:—

"The muse may sing how in a northern wood
In olden time, a bristled brawn was seen,
Of giant size, which long the force withstood
Of knight well arm'd with club or dagger keen.

"And how, when Dian held her nightly reign
And silv'ry moon-beams slept on Vedra's breast,
The monster scour'd along the silent plain,
And, roaring loud, disturb'd the peasant's rest."

Brancepeth Castle, the magnificent residence of William Russell, Esq., anciently a seat of the Earls of Westmorland, stands a little to the south-west of the village. The old castle, originally erected by the Bulmer family, previous to the Conquest, was strongly fortified, and defended by towers and a moat; this was, however, nearly all taken down by the late Matthew Russell, Esq., and the present structure erected on its site. The modern edifice is deemed equal in magnificence and grandeur to any of the baronial residences in this part of the kingdom.

That part of the ancient building which was suffered to remain entire, contains, besides several fine apartments, the Barons' Hall; which last was, in 1821, lighted at the sides by stained-glass windows; and at the west end, by a beautiful painted window, representing, in three compartments, so many different views of the memorable battle of Neville's Cross.

Considerable alterations and improvements have been made in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of the Castle; and the well-stocked park was, a few years ago, enlarged by the addition of more than a hundred acres.

The illustrative Engraving presents a north-east view of the Castle, including a great portion of the park, through which runs the Stockley rivulet, a considerable stream, uniting, in the parish of Brancepeth, with the river Wear. The Church, which is here shown embosomed in foliage, stands at the south end of the village, and is the burial-place of several members of the Neville family.

CASTLE EDEN HALL,—DURHAM.

The village of Castle Eden, formerly called South Eden, is situate on the high-road between Stockton and Sunderland, at the distance of little more than two miles from the sea. At the time of the dissolution of monasteries in England, this parish belonged to the prior and convent of Guisborough. Subsequently, however, the church and manor were purchased by Rowland Burden, Esq., whose descendant, of the same name, is the present possessor.

Castle Eden Hall, a spacious and elegant structure, stands on the summit of a woody precipice, which forms the southern boundary of Castle Eden Dean, and commands an extensive prospect over sea and land.

"The Dean (written in Saxon *Den*, or *Dene*, and signifying a valley, or woody place, that suddenly sinks from the common level of the country, and cannot be seen till the spectator is close upon the borders) extends about three miles from its entrance on the sea-shore, takes a waving course, and constitutes some of the finest scenery in the county, being deep, rocky, and sylvan." Appearances would argue, that this defile was originally formed by some great convulsion of nature, which tore the rocks asunder. The tourist, as he passes along the road which has been made through it, is delighted with the various beauties which present themselves before him in this singularly wild and romantic valley. A beautiful cascade, issuing from the crevice of a rock at the head of the dell, falls at length into a basin called Gunner's Pool.

In the accompanying View, we obtain a glimpse of the Hall, throned on a lofty and woody eminence, at the foot of which is seen the southern extremity of the Dean. The artist has here introduced, with considerable taste and good effect, what is called a gypsy party. Within this sylvan retreat, the wanderers of a day appear to have acquired a flow of spirits, and a degree of enjoyment, that has banished the *ennui* consequent upon the monotony of the drawing-room.

BLEA TARN,—WESTMORLAND.

Tarn is the name applied to a small lake found at a considerable elevation amongst the mountains.

Crossing the valley of Little Langdale, the tourist ascends a slack, (or defile formed by the dip of two contiguous hills,) which leads to Great Langdale. "In this slack, between two considerable mountains, faced with tremendous crags, lies Blea Tarn, with a single farm-house near it, and a plantation of fir and larch on each side." Wordsworth has made this wild and lonely region the residence of his hermit.

"We scaled, without a track to ease our steps,
A steep ascent; and reached a dreary plain,
With a tumultuous waste of huge hill-tops
Before us; savage region! which I paced
Dispirited; when, all at once, behold!
Beneath our feet a little lowly vale,
A lowly vale, and yet uplifted high
Among the mountains, even as if the spot
Had been, from eldest time by wish of theirs,
So placed,—to be shut out from all the world!"

* * * * *

A quiet, tree-less nook, with two green fields,
A liquid pool that glittered in the sun,
And one bare dwelling; one abode, no more!"

WINDERMERE, FROM LOW WOOD INN,—WESTMORLAND.

Low Wood Inn, distant about two miles from Ambleside, is delightfully situated on a small bay, whence the head of Windermere opens magnificently. Beyond, lie Brathay Park, and the valley of Great Langdale; the mountains of Langdale Pikes, Loughrigg Fell, and Fairfield, with others in the remote distance, forming the back-ground. This Inn is a favourite residence of visitors to the lakes. A grand annual regatta is held on Windermere at Low Wood, and another at the Ferry Inn, early in September. These delightful exhibitions attract most of the families of distinction, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring county, to the lake, which on these festive days is literally covered with boats and barges, forming splendid aquatic processions, attended by bands of music, and crowded with gay and mirthful parties. A more enlivening spectacle cannot be conceived: the sublime scenery, the music with all its soul-enchanting echoes, the variety of costume, and, "prime ornament of all," the enrapturing smile of many an "English flower"—these together convert the charming solitude into a high festival, of which, even the legends of fairy-land can furnish no example:

Low Wood Inn commands a view of the whole upper part of the lake; the prospect extending towards the south, so far as Curwen's Island. The appearance of Windermere from this station cannot be adequately described. The lake spreads out into an extensive plain of water, which "may be compared to a mirror of vast size and rude shape, set in a huge frame of grotesque figure, adorned with the grandest carvings and lace work, in a variety of the richest colours, and altogether bearing the negligent air of nature's original workmanship." On the opposite shore, the gradually sloping hills display a mixture of woodlands and beautiful farms. Some of the mountains surrounding the head of Windermere are clothed with wood, and others, of a dark slaty colour, extend their bases into the lake itself. "Indeed, the vicinity of Low Wood presents numerous charming views of the lake and surrounding country; but of the beauties of this situation, a true idea only can be formed by him, who has time to explore the various elevations, who considers the different points of views, and who suffers no accidental circumstance to escape his observation."

Not far distant from Low Wood Inn, is a gentle eminence leading to the village of Troutbeck. From this acclivity the spectator surveys all the prominent beauties of the surrounding landscape. The stupendous chaos of rocks, terminating the northern shore, might be mistaken for the Pyrenean chain, and "a very moderate exertion of the fancy would transport the beholder to the borders of the Leman Lake."

In the neighbourhood of Low Wood Inn, is a commodious pier for the accommodation of water parties. Cannon is kept at this place, to gratify visitors with

T. Allom.

the surprising reverberations of sound that are produced amongst the mountains by its discharge.

"The cannon's roar
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore:
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills.
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from afar,
Now rages near the elemental war:
Affrighted echo opens all her cells,
With gather'd strength the posting clamour swells,
Check'd or impell'd, and varying in its course,
It slumbers—now awakes with double force,
Searching the straight and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze, and rises in the gale:
Chorus of earth and sky! the mountains sing,
And heaven's own thunders through the valleys ring."

"In no part of the world are tourists treated with more respectful attention, and on more reasonable charges, than at this health-restoring portion of the British empire."

TYNEMOUTH PRIORY,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Early in the seventh century, Edwin, king of Northumberland, built a small chapel, of wood, at Tynemouth, in which his daughter Rosella took the veil. This humble structure, to which, however, the Priory of Tynemouth owed its origin, was rebuilt of stone, by St. Oswald, the successor of Edwin. It was dedicated to St. Mary; and, in the course of a few years, so great was the sanctity which it obtained, that the illustrious dead were brought from various parts to be interred within its sacred precincts. During the infuriated career of the Danes, this edifice, in common with most other religious houses and monasteries in the kingdom, was plundered and destroyed. Tostig, Earl of Northumberland, is said to have rebuilt the monastery from the foundations; and his successor, Waltheof, about 1074, gave it, with all its possessions, to the monks of Iarrow. In 1090, Earl Mowbray, a patron of this house, having conspired against William Rufus, converted the building into a fortress, which, after a siege of two months, was taken by storm. After an ineffectual attempt to secure his safety by flight, Mowbray returned to take refuge in the ruined sanctuary, whence he was dragged forth, and consigned to a dungeon.

Twice after this period, the Priory was subjected to spoliation and ravage: in 1306, by a victorious band of Northumbrians; and, in 1389, by the Scots, to whose outrages the northern parts of England were so much exposed. A high degree of sanctity, however, continued to brood over the edifice; and it was not unfrequently the temporary residence of royalty. On the dissolution of religious houses, the prior of Tynemouth, making a virtue of necessity, surrendered his monastery; when an annual pension of £80 was assigned to him, and smaller stipends to the other members of the convent. The possessions of this richly-endowed priory were granted, by Edward VI., in 1550, to John

Dudley, then Earl of Warwick; but, on the attainder of that nobleman, they again reverted to the crown, and, in 1567, were enumerated among the queen's possessions in Northumberland.

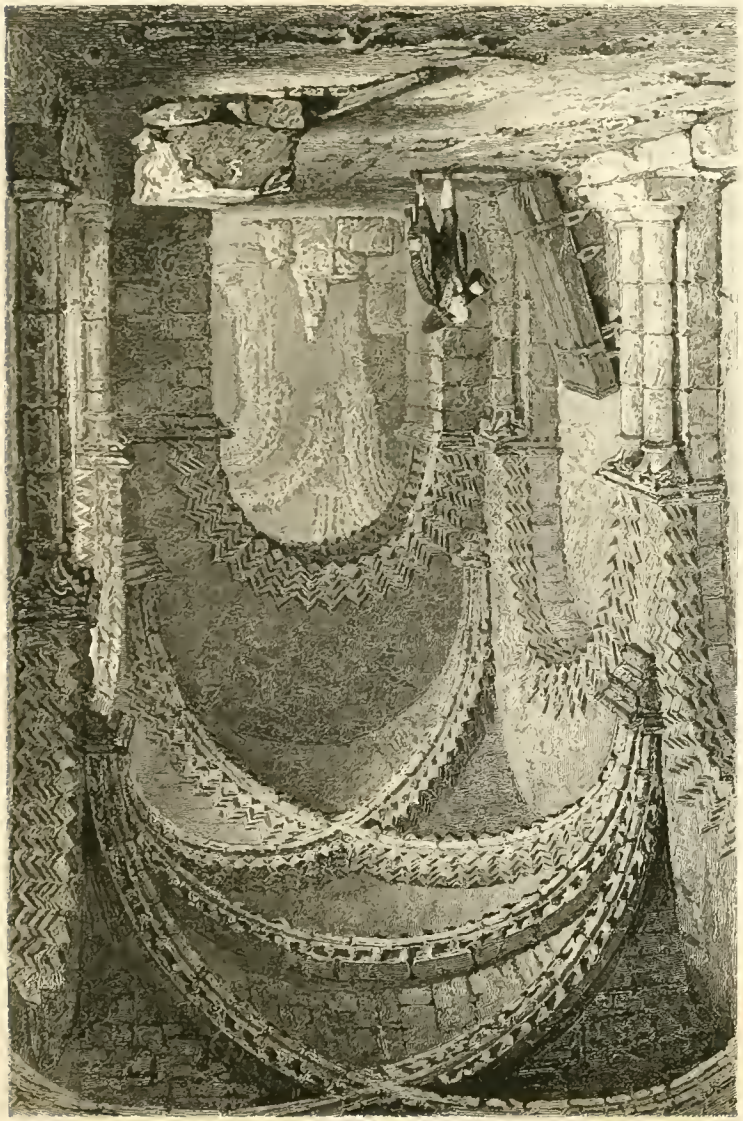
Though sufficient is still remaining to show its former extent and grandeur, this beautiful structure has, since the dissolution, suffered greatly from the ravages of time and military occupations. "The little oratory of the Virgin, at the east end of the chancel, which, till of late years, was preserved in great perfection, has been converted into a magazine for military stores, and has had its windows walled up. The cemetery of this venerable ruin still continues to be used, by the parishioners of Tynemouth, as a place of burial. The remains of the priory stand at the east end of the town, on a peninsula formed of stupendous rocks, on the north side of the mouth of the Tyne, against which the heavy seas break with great vehemence and tumult." They are approached from the west by a square gateway, at the north-east corner of which is a circular exploratory turret. This tower has been modernized, and converted into barracks, capable of accommodating a considerable force. Tynemouth Castle (the title of Priory being now inapplicable) has been made a depôt for arms and military stores, under the superintendence of a governor and lieutenant-governor.

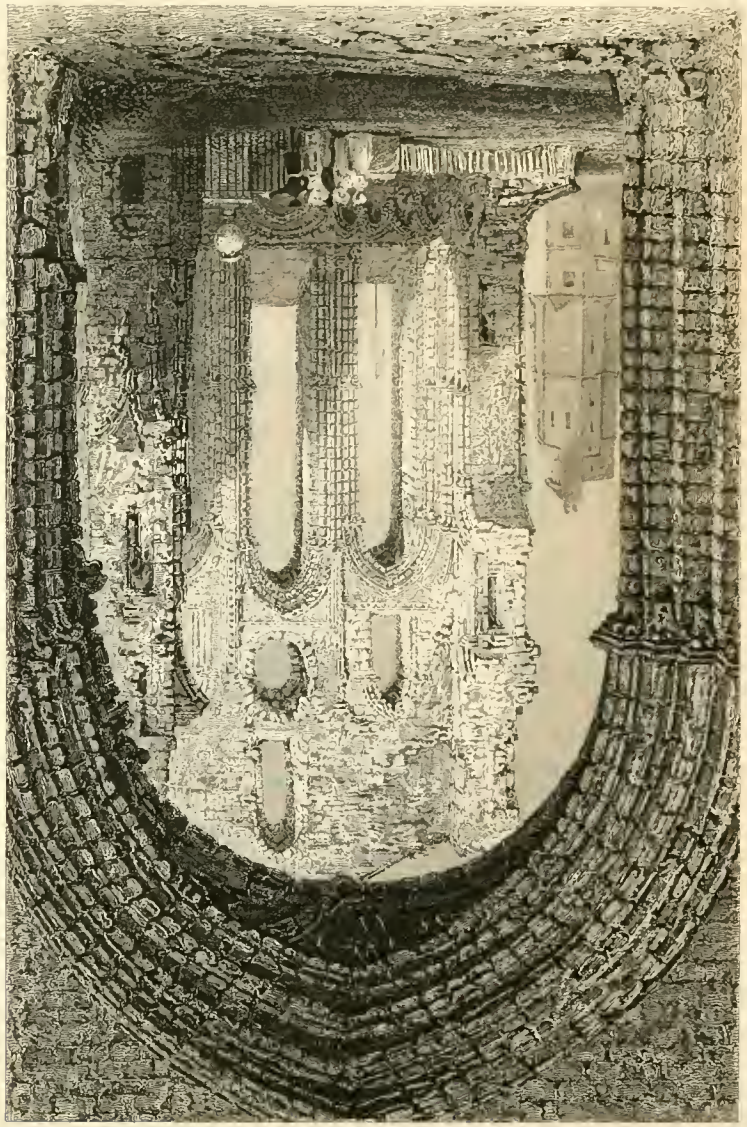
The dim obscurity which gathers upon the past, imparts to every thing that carries back its original to former times, a peculiar degree of interest, varying, it is true, in extent and character, with the nature of the subject by which it is called forth. The splendid and venerable ruin, shown in the Engraving, is a stupendous memorial of departed years. Whether it be viewed as the altar on which a maiden sacrificed her earthly hopes, thither led by an enthusiastic and mistaken zeal; or as the once impregnable fortress of an imperious churchman, who strangely blended piety with warfare, and religious services with the shock of arms—it calls up visions of other days, on which the poet, the philosopher, and the historian delight to dwell.

> "Ruin sublime! Oh! who could gaze on thee
> Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimmering dreams
> Of long departed years?"—

INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE CHAPEL, NEWCASTLE.

The building of the Castle, and surrounding fortifications, at Newcastle, is ascribed, by historians, to William the Conqueror. It seems probable that he contemplated, and even commenced the work; but there is good reason to believe, that these erections were carried on and completed by William Rufus. According to some writers, Rufus was despatched by his father against an insurgent army, commanded by the Duke of Northumberland, who were then in possession of Prudhoe Castle, situated about ten miles west of Newcastle. Not thinking it advisable to commence the siege of that fortress till the ensuing spring, Rufus garrisoned his troops for the winter in Newcastle. He employed his soldiers, during this cessation of arms, in building the Castle; remarking on the occasion, "if we





cannot take the *old*, (meaning the Castle of Prudhoe,) we will at least build a *new* Castle." Thereafter the town, previously known by the appellation of *Monkchester*, received the name of Newcastle.

In early times, social life was rendered so insecure, by a system of predatory warfare and intestine strife, that a town usually either owed its origin to the erection of a strong fortress in the immediate neighbourhood, or, at least, continued of no importance, so long as this necessary protection was wanting. After the completion of the Castle, the town of Newcastle increased rapidly; and many privileges and immunities were conferred upon it by the Conqueror, and the monarchs who succeeded him.

The Castle, of which it is our business more particularly to speak, is a fine specimen of Norman military architecture, occupying a lofty and natural eminence on the river Tyne. The height of the tower, to the tops of the lowest battlements, exceeds 97 feet; and the base covers an area of 62 by 66 feet. The walls, having chambers within them, are nearly 15 feet in thickness at the top, and 17 feet at the bottom. A bold and spacious winding staircase, in the north-east corner, leads from the ground-floor to the top of the keep. The grand entrance led immediately into the state apartments, some of which display much antique grandeur. After entering the inner wall, that enclosed the keep, a flight of stairs, of which nineteen are still in existence, led to the second portal, of prodigious strength, from whose top the besieged had great power to annoy assailants. This fortress stands on the site of the Roman station, *Pons Ælii*.

The Engraving exhibits the interior of the Castle Chapel, Newcastle. The characteristic features of Norman architecture are strongly developed in the circular arches, their intersections, and zig-zag ornaments. There is a mixture of rudeness and grandeur, of barbarity and solemnity, in the appearance of the edifice. It may be said rather to resemble a prison than a temple of peace; it serves, however, to impart a vivid impression of those unsubdued times, when the warrior kneeled at the altar with his breast-plate girded on, and when the chance of sudden assault obliged him to make the sword and shield, companions of devotional hours.

DURHAM, FROM THE SOUTH.

The city of Durham, and its environs, from what point soever they may be surveyed, present an unique and striking appearance. The public buildings exhibit a degree of magnificence not expected at so remote a distance from the metropolis; and the situation and ichnography of the city have, from their peculiar character, obtained it the name of the *English Zion*. From the legend of St. Cuthbert, (written and published by Robert Hegg, in 1626,) the following passage, referring to the cathedral and city of Durham, is extracted:—"This reverend and aged Abbey is seated in the heart of the citty, advanced upon the shoulders of an high hill, and encompassed againe with the higher hills, that he that hath seene the situation of this citty, hath seene the map of Sion, and may save a

journey to Jerusalem. Shee is girded almost round with the renowned river Weer, in which, as in a glass of crystall, shee might once have beheld the beauty, but now the ruine of her walls."

On approaching this place from the south, the attention of the traveller is arrested by the elegance of its situation, and the venerable appearance of the castle and cathedral, rising from an eminence enclosed within the remains of the old city walls. The long expanse of the river Wear, crossed by Framwell-gate bridge, is adorned, on the east side, with sloping gardens; and on the opposite banks, which are high, rocky, and scattered over with trees, is Southwell-street. Newton Hall, with the adjacent plantations, occupies the middle distance; behind is a fine, cultivated country, extending the prospect to the distance of ten miles and including, among other beautiful objects, a view of Painshaw Hill.

In an ancient Saxon poem, the city of Durham is thus described:—

"This city is celebrated
In the whole empire of the Britons.
The road to it is steep:
It is surrounded with rocks,
And with curious plants:
The Wear flows round it,
A river of rapid waves."

The poet adds—

"There is in this city
Also, well known to men,
The venerable St. Cudberth."

We are not to understand that the patron saint was living at the period when this poem was written. The writer merely alludes to the commonly received opinion, that the body of this holy man had not undergone the corruption which ordinarily attends the remains of mortality.

William the Conqueror, returning from an expedition against Malcolm, king of Scotland, sojourned at Durham. Resolving to ascertain the fact of "the incorruptibility of the saint's remains," he ordered the officers of the church to open the sepulchre; but, at that instant, he found himself, says the chronicle, smitten with a burning fever. This circumstance obtained for St. Cuthbert's shrine, a still greater celebrity than it had before enjoyed.

FINCHALE PRIORY,—DURHAM.

The ruins of Finchale Priory are situated in a secluded spot, in the parish of St. Oswald, on the western side of the river Wear, at the distance of nearly three miles from Durham. This place appears to have been of some note in the time of the Saxons; a synod having been held here so early as 792, and another, as Leland states, in 810. This Abbey is rendered famous by the austerities of St. Godric, born at Walpole in Norfolk, who, after

twice performing the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, came, directed by a vision, to Finchale, where he erected a chapel and hermitage. Here he resided sixty-six years, practising "unheard-of austerities," which, in the eyes of a superstitious and ignorant people, were sufficient to invest his character with a high degree of sanctity. The mortifications to which he subjected his body, if not laudable, were extremely severe. He wore an iron jerkin, mingled ashes with the flour of which he made his bread, and, not unfrequently, passed whole nights at his devotions, immersed up to his chin in water. He died in 1170, and was then admitted, on account of his uncommon penances, and the great miracles he is said to have performed, into the calendar of the saints.

About the year 1118, Bishop Flambard granted the hermitage of Finchale to the monastery of Durham. In 1196, a priory of Benedictines, subordinate to the church of Durham, was founded at Finchale, by Henry, son of this prelate. At the dissolution, it consisted of a prior and eight monks; and its revenues were valued at nearly £147 per annum. It was shortly afterwards granted to the see of Durham, and is now appropriated to the support of a prebendary in that cathedral.

The remains of this abbey, which "cover an extensive plot of ground, are so much dilapidated, that the original appropriation of their respective parts can with difficulty be traced, and several portions of the walls are hid beneath a profusion of ivy,

> "——— which now with rude luxuriance bends
> Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space,
> O'er the green window's mouldering height ascends,
> And fondly clasps it with a last embrace."

These ruins, in conjunction with the opposite cliffs of Cocker, compose a peculiarly fine and interesting scene. In the summer months, excursions are frequently made to this delightful place, which cannot fail to afford high gratification to those who are able to appreciate the grand and the sublime. Though now a refuge for the solitary owl, with only a few shattered walls remaining, legendary lore and historical associations so closely connect themselves with this edifice, that the mind of the spectator is crowded with memories of the past. By an illusion peculiar to itself, the mind's eye conjures up the ancient resident of this hermitage, and sees him "in his habit, as he lived." The ear joins in this delicious mockery, and discovers low sounds, as of the brotherhood chanting their evening service. The past then merges into the present: the visitor deplores the credulity and superstition of past ages, but congratulates his country, that the day-spring of knowledge has visited her shores, and dispelled for ever that "palpable obscure" in which her earlier sons were left to grope "their uncouth way."

STOCK-GILL FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

Within the distance of a mile from Ambleside, is Stock-Gill Force, the most beautiful waterfall amongst the lakes, if we except the far-famed cataract of Lowdore, in the

neighbourhood of Keswick. The torrent which supplies this cascade, rises in the neighbouring mountains, and flows in a confined channel, through a chasm in the rocks, partially concealed by the foliage of overhanging trees. Mr. Baines appears to have contemplated this sublime spectacle from the identical spot whence our view is taken: we, therefore, borrow from his "Companion to the Lakes," the following animated description of the scene:—

"We had pursued our course up the glen for some time, when, on climbing a sharp ascent, and going to the edge of the chasm, the cascade burst upon us in all its splendour. It was immediately opposite to us, and we were about mid-way between the top and bottom, its height being one hundred and fifty feet. The stream is divided into two portions, by a huge crag interposed just in the centre of the precipice over which it flings itself, and covered with bushes and trees; yet both branches of the fall are visible at once, and the division heightens its beauty. They do not reach the abyss at a single leap, but, after falling about half the depth in smooth lines of silver, they meet with a projecting rock, from which they rebound in large volumes of flashing foam and spray, uniting at the bottom in a very deep but clear basin."

This waterfall, as indeed do all the others at the Lakes, varies exceedingly, according to the weather. In time of drought it is reduced to an insignificant rill, but after a heavy fall of rain it becomes an overwhelming torrent.

The most elaborate effort of art is frequently only a feeble approximation to the realities of nature. The poet may describe a scene of beauty in rich and animated language, but the mere glow of words cannot bring it immediately within our sight; and though the painter has an advantage over the poet, inasmuch as he can produce a perfect delineation of his subject, still he is unable to communicate motion, sound, the momentary variations of light and shade, and all those accidental circumstances which so greatly contribute to picturesque effect. The artist has, however, in the scene before us, done all that art can do; and it is with a feeling of admiration, not of disappointment, that we adopt the exclamation of the poet—

"Ah! that such beauty varying in the light
Of living Nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone,
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And, in his mind, recorded it with love."

LOWER FALL, RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

The Falls of Rydal Water, in the grounds of Rydal Hall, are two highly-picturesque Cascades. Though inconsiderable, by comparison with others, in extent and magnitude, they are invested with an air of romantic grandeur, and apparently identified with tales of mystery, that impart to them all the magic influence of a theatrical scene.

The Lower Fall (of which a beautiful and correct representation appears in the Engraving) is an object of intense interest to every lover of the picturesque. "The approach to it is through a narrow glen, till you come to a little thatched summer-house, standing on the banks of the Rothay, and which, from the date upon one of the window-shutters, would seem to have been erected in the year 1617. On entering the room of the summer-house, the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye. The suddenness and velocity of the impressions which the mind receives, defy every attempt to describe the effect produced on the spectator. The momentary effect is electrical. The noise of the torrent, and the dark shade of the overhanging and surrounding trees, form a scene which inspires a variety of pleasing yet melancholy sensations." Mr. Gilpin, one of our most distinguished topographers, observes, with reference to this cascade, that, "though a miniature only, it is so beautiful, both in itself and its accompaniments, as to deserve a particular notice. The water falls within a few yards of the eye, which, being rather above its level, has a long perspective view of the stream, as it hurries from the higher grounds, tumbling in various little breaks through its rocky channels, darkened with thicket, till it arrives at the edge of the precipice, before the window, whence it rushes into the basin, which is formed by nature in the native rock." Another writer remarks—"Nature has here performed every thing in little, that she usually executes on a larger scale; and on that account, like a miniature painter, she seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner. Not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has a picturesque meaning, and the little central current, dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those usually dropped in the Opera House."

After the glowing descriptions we have quoted, it can scarcely be necessary to dwell longer on this unique and singularly interesting cascade. Nature, in her happiest mood, produced this scene—

"In lofty minds to nourish high romance;"

and we would ask, who—

"if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained."

UNDERLAY HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Underlay Hall, the princely residence of Alexander Nowell, Esq., is situated in an extensive park, about half a mile northward of the town of Kirby Lonsdale.

This structure is of very recent date, and is built of the finest stone, principally in the old English style of Gothic architecture, that prevailed in the reign of James I., but with a rich and massive Grecian portico. Objection has been taken to the site of this edifice, as

not commanding those extensive and delightful prospects, which other and neighbouring situations afford. However this may be, the view which is here given of it can scarcely fail to raise a longing in the mind of the spectator, that this splendid fabric, with its magnificent lawn and gardens, were his "allotted home." "Shrined in its own delicious seclusion," Underlay Hall resembles the palace of the Happy Valley, where the Abyssinian princes reside during their minority, and to which they would willingly retire again, after brief experience of the world's tumult, and the ceaseless anxieties which gather round a throne.

The artist has thrown a broad and vivid light upon the building, giving distinctness to that minute and decorative finish, the prevailing characteristic of the style in which it is executed. Over the lawn and gardens—

"Behold, the shades of afternoon have fallen"—

and the massive shadow affords a decisive and pleasing contrast to the brilliancy and lustre which invest the mansion.

LOWTHER CASTLE,—WESTMORLAND.

This majestic structure, the magnificent residence of the Earl of Lonsdale, stands in an extensive park, comprising six hundred acres of land, four miles and a half south of Penrith, on the east side of Lowther vale. The site of this mansion had attracted the notice of Lord Macartney, who, whilst describing a beautiful and romantic scene in China, observed, that "it reminded him of Lowther in Westmorland, which, from the extent of prospect, the grand surrounding objects, the noble situation, the diversity of surface, the extensive woods, and command of water, might be rendered, by a man of sense, spirit, and taste, the finest scene in the British dominions." Whether his Lordship's opinion influenced the Earl of Lonsdale in his undertaking, we are not able to say; but certain it is, that this nobleman, by the erection of the present Castle, and by a tasteful and judicious arrangement of the grounds in its vicinage, has nearly, if not entirely, realized the suggested scene.

The Lowther family is of great antiquity. The names of William and Thomas de Lowther are subscribed as witnesses to a deed executed in the reign of Henry II.; there can, however, be little doubt that they were located here previously to the Conquest, as their name is evidently derived from the Lowther river, which in the ancient British language is *Gled-dwr*, signifying a limpid stream. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Richard Lowther, Knt., was appointed Lord Warden of the West Marches, and had the custody of Carlisle Castle, and of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotland. In addition to the manor of Lowther, this house is now possessed of many other extensive demesnes, formerly belonging to the ancient families of Westmorland and Cumberland.

Lowther Castle, the erection of which was begun in 1802, occupies the site of the old hall, which was nearly destroyed by fire so far back as the year 1720. This noble

structure is built of pale freestone, and combines the majestic effect of a fortification, with the splendour of a regal abode. The north and south fronts are of a widely different character, the former presenting the appearance of a castle, and the latter that of a cathedral. The view exhibited in the Engraving is taken from the south, and discovers the highly decorative Gothic work in this front of the building. The surrounding scenery "accords well with the solemn character of the edifice, being a lawn of emerald green and velvet smoothness, shut in by ornamental trees and shrubs, and by timber of the loftiest growth." The prospect from the north front is more extensive, and that from the great central tower is extremely grand, being shut in by the mountains Skiddaw and Helvellyn.

The interior of the Castle is fitted up in a style of splendour, corresponding with the richness of the exterior, and exhibits a plentiful use of British oak, beautifully carved, in the wainscotting and furniture of the rooms. The grand staircase has an imposing appearance. The apartments are enriched with a vast quantity of massive plate, and contain several pictures of great value.

The monastic character of the south front almost identifies the structure with our ancient abbatical residences; while the aspect of the northern front recals the glorious days of chivalry, when "the feast was kept right merrily," and the castle walls echoed back the song of the minstrel:—

> "The minstrel! wandering on from hall to hall,
> Baronial court or royal; cheered with gifts
> Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise;
> Now meeting on his road an armed knight,
> Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
> Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey's roof
> One evening sumptuously lodged; the next,
> Humbly, in a religious hospital;
> Or with some merry outlaws of the wood;
> Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell."

DERWENTWATER, AND LOWDORE,—CUMBERLAND.

The view which is here presented of Derwentwater differs widely in its character from the one already described, at Castle-head. In the latter, the mountains, stretching along the western shore of the lake, rise smooth and uniform; several islands variegate the surface of the water; and the whole scene reposes in quiet and pleasing majesty. Surveyed from the north-west, the stern and rugged features of the southern boundary arrest the sight. The spectator gazes in silence on the scarred and tempest-worn rocks, beyond which are seen a series of broken mountainous crags, soaring one above the other, and overshadowing the dark winding deeps of Borrowdale.

The southern extremity of Derwentwater is shown in the accompanying view. This portion of the lake, usually called the Bay, includes in its scenery a picturesque, though distant view of the Lowdore cataract, issuing from a chasm in the rear of a small hamlet,

which takes its name from the waterfall. Much of the wild sublimity that characterises this region, is produced by the vast and awful crags which rise on either side of the torrent. At the foot of these stands the hamlet of Lowdore, in which is a well-conducted inn, for the reception and accommodation of tourists. In the meadow, descending to the margin of the lake, an extremely fine echo can be heard, proceeding from the enormous fells above.

The lake scenery of England is in no degree monotonous: when the visitor has contemplated with a mingled feeling of reverence and delight any one of those romantic and mind-ennobling prospects which it affords, he must not conclude that he has seen all the combinations of form that "mountain, flood, and vale," can assume. Even amid those scenes where beauty seemeth to repose "in the lap of horror," the naked crags and gloomy recesses of the overhanging mountains are surveyed with emotions of pleasure, rather than of pain;—for, stern and awful as their appearance may be, they image forth a majesty more solemn, a magnificence infinitely greater than their own:—

> "These craggy regions, these chaotic wilds,
> Does that Benignity pervade, that warms
> The mole, contented with her darksome walk,
> In the cold ground."

The meditative wanderer lingers in these deep retirements of nature "from morn till dewy eve," and at length leaves them with regret. He views them as the sacred haunt of superior intelligences,—beings with whom his soul claims kindred, and to whose "high converse" he hopes to be admitted. He feels—

> "How divine,
> The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
> To roam at large among unpeopled glens
> And mountainous retirements, only trod
> By devious footsteps, regions consecrate
> To oldest time! While the streams
> Descending from the regions of the clouds,
> And starting from the hollows of the earth
> More multitudinous every moment, rend
> Their way before them—what a joy to roam
> An equal amongst mightiest energies,
> And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
> Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
> By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
> 'Be this continued so from day to day,
> Nor let it have an end from month to month.'"

THIRLMERE, OR WYTHBURN WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

The lake of Thirlmere, which is also called Wythburn Water, and occasionally Leathes Water, lies along the foot of the Borrowdale Fells, and extends nearly three miles in

length; the shores, however, approach so near to each other in the middle, that a bridge has been thrown over the strait, which divides the lake into two distinct parts.

On its eastern side, Thirlmere skirts the vast base of Helvellyn; and the numerous torrents that rend their way down the sides of this mountain contribute their copious streams to the lake. A deep brown shade is imparted to the waters by the surrounding hills; and there being little or scarcely any verdure on the banks, and no hanging woods to cast a rich shadow on its surface, this mere presents an almost uniform air of wildness and desolation. The predominating features of the scene are greatly heightened by the vast crags apparently hanging on the sides of Helvellyn; from which, it is probable, they have been torn by some convulsion of nature. The western shore of the lake forms a small promontory, adorned with a neat manor-house enveloped in trees, and a picturesque group of rocks, some of which are pyramidal, and mantled with wood to their summits, while others boldly project their grey and naked sides. Thirlmere exceeds in its elevation that of any other lake, being five hundred feet above the level of the sea: the greatest depth of its waters is ascertained to be eighteen fathoms.

In some measure connected with our present subject, is the mournful catastrophe of a young gentleman, who, in the spring of 1805, lost his way in the mountains, and perished beneath "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." He had left Patterdale without being able to procure a guide, and was proceeding to Wythburn; contrary, however, to the advice of those acquainted with the dangers of the road, by whom he had been strongly persuaded to wait till a conductor could be procured. It began to snow heavily a short time after his departure, and to this circumstance his unhappy fate was, no doubt, mainly attributable. The mountain passes are, on such occasions, rendered unusually perilous, and the greatest circumspection is required, even in those who are not ignorant of their route. His remains lay undiscovered for three months; when, at length, they were found guarded by a female terrier, the companion of his rambles.

Sir Walter Scott, and the author of the "Excursion," have given a permanency to this touching incident; the former by his poem—"Helvellyn," and the latter, by a beautiful composition, entitled "Fidelity."

In "Helvellyn" are the following exquisite lines:—

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart!
And, Oh! was it meet that, no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,—
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart."

Different in poetical character, but not less beautiful and affecting, is this extract from "Fidelity:"—

"The dog which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes, proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate."

On the eastern side of Wythburn water is a rock, projecting into the lake, known by the name of "Clarke's Leap." It acquired the appellation from the circumstance of a person, bearing this name, having, in deference to the suggestion of his wife, precipitated himself into the mere. This singular instance of *complaisance*, it has been remarked, can find few, if any, parallels in ancient or modern times.

SKIDDAW, FROM APPLETHWAITE,—CUMBERLAND.

Applethwaite, a hamlet in the township of Under-Skiddaw, is situated on the south side of the mountain, at the end of "a deep and wild chasm;" and is distant from Keswick about a mile and a half towards the north. Ormathwaite Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood, belongs to Sir John Walsh, Bart., together with the extensive surrounding estate. In Applethwaite is a large woollen manufactory.

Skiddaw, as seen in the illustrative view, is too distant to give a just idea of its stupendous height and extent. It will, however, form the subject of another Engraving; we may, therefore, refer to the present one as merely exhibiting, from a commanding point, the picturesque features of a mountain village:—

"Seemingly preserved
From the intrusion of a restless world,
By rocks impassable and mountains huge."

AIREY FORCE,—CUMBERLAND.

Airey Force, situated in a deep and winding glen, in the neighbourhood of Gowbarrow Park, is an extremely fine and picturesque object; contesting the palm of beauty with Stockgill Force. A delightful winding path leads up the rocky vale to the waterfall, and after making a sudden turn, so as to come into a nook of the glen, the visitor arrives in

front of the cataract. The water rushes through a chasm in the rocks, divided at the top by a narrow ledge; but the stream thus broken, unites again before it has fallen half way down. The descent is not less than eighty feet perpendicular; and the sun's rays, falling upon the clouds of mist, produce several concentric rainbows, which brighten and fade alternately, according to the greater or less density of the spray. The waters plunge into a deep basin, whence they issue forth in a rapid and transparent stream. The rocks and trees, surrounding the Force, render it perfectly secluded, and invest it with the deep privacy of those mountain retreats, where—

"Once, while the name Jehovah was a sound
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard,
To the inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnized—"
* * * * * * * *
"rites of such strange potency,
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
Though high enthroned in noontide brightness."

Seen from the highest point of rock, whence the fall commences, this cascade assumes an appearance yet more striking than when viewed from below. The yawning gulf, and perpendicular channel, excavated by the continual passage of the waters, have something terrific in their character, and cause the spectator powerfully to feel

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low."

ULLSWATER, FROM POOLEY-BRIDGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Pooley-Bridge, a village at the foot of Ullswater, has a comfortable inn for the reception of tourists; and boats can always be obtained here for voyaging the lake.

The mountains surrounding Ullswater, in the neighbourhood of Pooley-Bridge, do not rise to so great a height as those which extend along the middle and upper reaches; the general features of the lake are, however, distinctly charactered. Here, as at Patterdale, and in the vicinity of Gowbarrow Park, the mountains wear not the aspect of peaceful majesty, but the stern frown of demons sullenly brooding over the waters. The scenery of the lower reach is enriched by the river Eamont, a clear and rapid stream, into which the lake discharges its contents; and by the steep, conical, wood-covered hill of Dunmallet, at one season of the year wearing a mantle of the richest foliage, and at another assuming the mellow tints of autumn.

The Engraving exhibits the lake of Ullswater under an aspect entirely different from any in which we have before seen it. The glassy surface of the waters is broken up, and

in its place a thousand waves are rolling and tossing over each other. The trees bend beneath the fury of the winds, and "howl a mournful requiem in the blast." The accumulated clouds roll heavily along, and, descending by the sides of the mountains, increase a thousand-fold the awful grandeur of this solitude :—

"The stormy winds
Are working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand, thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, and driving clouds on clouds
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags.'

A tempest is at all times, and under any circumstances, a solemn and awakening occurrence; but in those chaotic wilds, where humanity shudders at its own helplessness, the mountain wanderer gazes with fearful interest on "the war of elements," till at length appears the token of returning peace—

"Bright apparition, suddenly put forth—
The rainbow!—smiling on the faded storm."

When the thunders have ceased to lift up their voice—when the tumultuous echoes of the hills are hushed again to silence, and the dark clouds which overshadowed the spirit of the storm, are broken and dispersed—should the sun at this instant be near his setting, a scene of overpowering splendour bursts upon the sight :—

"Rays of light—
Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
Retired behind the mountain tops, or veiled
By the dense air—shoot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
* * * * * *
Innumerable multitude of forms,
Are scattered through the circle of the sky.
* * * * * *
That which the heavens display, the liquid deep
Repeateth, but with unity sublime!"

LANERCOST PRIORY,—CUMBERLAND.

Lanercost Priory, giving the name of Abbey Lanercost to a small hamlet in its neighbourhood, stands on the north bank of the river Irthing, at the distance of about twelve miles east-north-east from Carlisle.

This Priory appears to have been founded about the year 1116, for the reception of a brotherhood of the Augustine order, by one Robert de Vallibus, who endowed it with "all the lands lying between the Picts' Wall and the Irthing." Liberal donations, and progressive extension of territory, had enriched this monastery so greatly, that at the dissolution it was enjoying a yearly income of nearly £80—a considerable revenue in those days.

The edifice, in its present state, includes the remains of the conventual church, a portion of the cloisters, and part of the walls of the refectory and other buildings. The west end being used as the parish church, is preserved from dilapidation; but the tower, chancel, and cross aisles have long been roofless, and the beautiful Gothic work displayed on the walls is nearly hidden beneath a profusion of ivy. At the extremities of the cross aisles are several tombs, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Dacres and the Howards. These memorials of departed greatness, now mutilated and overgrown with moss, refer to a period when the structure flourished under the auspices of papal authority, when

"The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find."

Hutchinson relates, on the testimony of an aged person living near the Abbey, "that, some years ago, one of the sepulchral vaults fell in, when several bodies were found entire; one in particular with a white beard down to the waist, but a few days reduced them to dust." The cemetery-grounds have been converted into gardens; and many stone coffins and inscribed monuments may still be seen lying amongst the trees.

This Priory, with the adjacent lands, was granted by Henry VIII., in 1543, to Thomas Dacre, a descendant from the founder. He repaired the conventual mansion for his residence; and here his descendants remained, till, by a failure of male issue, the building and its demesnes reverted to the crown. It is now in the tenure of the Earl of Carlisle.

The Engraving exhibits the richly-ornamented gateway at the west end, consisting of a circular arch of many members, supported by pilasters. Three lofty Gothic windows confer dignity on this front of the edifice; and in a niche immediately above them, is a statue of Mary Magdalen, the tutelary saint of the Priory. The structure, both in itself and in its scenic accompaniments, is exceedingly picturesque; and of Lanercost Abbey, as of the far-famed Melrose, it may be said, in the glowing language of the Northern Minstrel:—

"Wouldst thou view this fair Abbey aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray;
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Gleams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die."

RABY CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Raby Castle, situated within the parish of Staindrop, on the east side of an extensive and beautiful park, is the magnificent seat of the Duke of Cleveland. This nobleman became Earl of Darlington on the decease of his father, in 1792; he was created Marquis in 1827, and has subsequently been elevated to a Dukedom. The site of this edifice is pastoral rather than romantic; being in the vicinity of a richly-cultivated country, which exhibits all the gratifying results of agricultural art. The prospect is bounded on the east and west by distant hills; and towards the north "the nearer parts of the horizon are beautifully verged by plantations, raised by the late Lord Darlington, who, in every part of his extensive property, gave the highest proof of his attention and taste."

This "noble pile of stately towers, retaining all the appearance of antiquity, and giving the most perfect idea of a great baron's palace in feudal ages," is supposed to occupy the site of "Canute's Mansion." Great part of the present Castle was built by John de Nevill, to whom, in 1379, license was granted to castellate and fortify the same. Its pristine appearance remains uninjured to this day; the recent repairs and additions having been made in strict conformity to the character and original design of the building. The possession continued in the Nevill family till the forfeiture by Charles, sixth Earl of Westmorland, in 1570, when it fell to the crown. In the reign of James I., the manor and castle of Raby, with their appendages, were purchased by an ancestor of the present noble proprietor.

The south front of the edifice is extremely beautiful, and the windows are truly elegant in their style and proportions. The great hall, or "rendezvous apartment," is 120 feet long by 36 feet broad; and is crossed at the west end by a gallery, which, in olden times, was appropriated to orchestral purposes, and those exhibitions of mimicry in which our ancestors took so great delight. To this room are attached historical recollections of the proudest character. Here were celebrated those baronial festivals, at which were assembled full seven hundred knights, who held their estates of the Nevill family: here, at intervals, when the laughter and loud merriment of the feast were suspended, the minstrel told his legendary tale, and aroused the lofty valour of the warriors, as he swept with aged hand over the sounding strings, and alternately sunk the chords to the ecstacies of love, or swelled them to the thunders of battle.

The different towers are said to derive their names from the various distinguished personages to whom, during the periods of civil war and Scottish incursions, their government was consigned. The dining-room in Clifford's tower is ornamented with a large music-piece, containing the group of figures placed by Rubens in the centre of "the Marriage-feast of Canaan," in which he introduces himself and his contemporaries as musical performers. In this room, also, and in other parts of the Castle, are many excellent portraits of personages connected with the present family.

SUNDERLAND,—DURHAM.

"Sunderland and Bishop Wearmouth, on the south side of the river Wear, together with Monk Wearmouth, on the opposite shore, are connected by a handsome iron bridge, and form one populous commercial town and sea-port, pleasantly situated near the confluence of the Wear with the German Ocean."

Early in the seventh century, a monastery was founded on the north side of the Wear, in which, according to the testimony of Bede, a religious society assembled under the superintendence of St. Bega. A more splendid foundation, however, was laid about the year 674, by Biscopius, who, having obtained from King Egfrid a grant of land on the north bank of the Wear, built an abbey, which he dedicated to St. Peter. In 786, the Danes plundered and destroyed this monastery; and when, after a lapse of five years, it had been rebuilt, another religious institution had also been founded on the south side of the Wear. From the contiguity of these two edifices, considerable confusion arises in their history. At the dissolution, the whole yearly revenues did not amount to more than £26. 9s. 9d.; which, though an important sum at that time, was trifling when compared with the resources of other monasteries.

Monk Wearmouth is a place of great antiquity, and appears to be coeval with the monastery; but Bishop Wearmouth is not mentioned in history till the year 930, in the reign of Athelstan. The first authentic record which speaks of the port and borough of Sunderland, is dated in the close of the twelfth century. It is probable, however, that the coal-trade, from which Sunderland has derived great part of its wealth, did not reach the Wear until the reign of Elizabeth, or of James I. In 1634, the burgesses and inhabitants were incorporated under the title of "mayor, aldermen, and commonalty of the borough of Sunderland;" and a privilege was granted for holding annual fairs and a market. A progressive increase of population and commerce has, by a natural consequence, brought about very considerable improvements in this port, as well in its maritime appendages, as in the extent of the streets, and the character of the buildings. Besides the parish church, there is one erected so recently as the year 1827, in St. John Street, by order of the parliamentary commissioners, together with many dissenting chapels, and a considerable number of charitable institutions. By the provisions of the Reform Act, Sunderland has been erected into a borough, and returns two members to Parliament.

The iron bridge, which crosses the river Wear at Sunderland, is beautifully simple in its construction, having only one magnificent arch, spanning a distance of nearly 237 feet: the centre of the arch is elevated almost 100 feet above the water, when the tide is down; and vessels of 200 to 300 tons burden can pass under with only striking their top-gallant-masts. This structure was begun in 1793, and opened on the 9th of August, 1796, in the presence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and a vast multitude of spectators. In the centre, on each side of the bridge, is the motto—"*Nil desperandum auspice Deo.*"

The imports of Sunderland are numerous, as are also the exports; but of the latter, the principal article is coal, the trade in which furnishes employment for a vast number of keels and vessels. Lime and glass form important articles of commerce in this port, and ship-building is carried on to a very great extent.

That terrible visitation, the cholera morbus, after having traversed Asia, and great part of Europe, at length reached Hamburgh; it then passed across the German ocean to Sunderland, whence it spread itself through great part of the United Kingdom.

DERWENTWATER, FROM APPLETHWAITE,—CUMBERLAND.

In this View, the spectator, standing with his back towards Skiddaw, enjoys a fine prospect, including the beautiful and romantic hamlet of Applethwaite, the northern extremity of Derwentwater, and the lofty range of mountains forming the south-western boundary of the lake.

The lovely and sequestered dwelling-place, in the foreground of our View, by "circling mountains sever'd from the world," appears to be a spot peculiarly suited to the rich and glowing visions of young romance.

"There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the Muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray."

The distant lake reposes in calm and silent majesty:

"Time writes no wrinkles on its azure brow!"

The hills, patriarchs of the solitude! decked with their coronets of mist, and "gleaming with purple"—

"like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

KESWICK, FROM GRETA BRIDGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Keswick, a small market-town of neat appearance, consisting of one long street, is delightfully situated near the foot of Derwentwater, at the distance of eighteen miles from Penrith. Tourists to the Lakes are here provided with every accommodation, both as respects domestic comfort, and the requisites for their pleasurable excursions. An annual regatta is held on the last Thursday and Friday in August, when the several sports of horse-racing, rowing, and wrestling are maintained with great spirit.

The Town-hall was erected in 1813: on the ground-floor the meal, butter, egg, and poultry market is held; and the upper part of the building forms a commodious court-room, in which the Governors of Greenwich Hospital sit as lords of the manor of Castlerigg and Derwentwater. The principal manufactures in Keswick consist of coarse woollen goods, and black-lead pencils; and in these a considerable portion of the inhabitants

find employment. The population at this time can scarcely be estimated at less than from two to three thousand.

There are in Keswick two museums, exhibiting, in addition to many foreign curiosities, the natural history and mineral productions of the surrounding country. At each of these, the visitor can purchase interesting specimens, illustrating the geology of the neighbourhood.

With the accompanying view before him, the reader need not be told that the situation of the town is beautiful and romantic. From the spirited delineation here given, the eye is enabled to convey to the mind a vivid impression of "this scene sublime:"—

"Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A minster to her Maker's praise."

On the mountains forming the back-ground of the view, the history of centuries is characteered; and whilst viewing them, the question suggests itself,—

"Yon beetling brow,
In craggy nakedness sublime,
What heart or foot shall dare to climb?"

The following extract from "The Lady of the Lake," beautifully describes the natural phenomena so frequently observable in a mountainous neighbourhood:—

"The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothe the mountain's lofty range,
Now leave their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl,
Or on the sable waters curl,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl,
Dispers'd in middle air.

And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower
Pours like a torrent down;
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam, a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown."

Keswick offers a delightful and halcyon retreat, suitable to many occasions in life. The young bride who has unreluctantly parted with "her maiden gladness, for a name and for a ring"—the happy family circle, desirous of collecting a store of amusing incidents and useful information, to enliven the winter evenings at home—the citizen who can assure himself, that labyrinths of brick and mortar are *not* the most picturesque features in nature, and that an echo heard in the mountains, discourses music not less eloquent than "cent per cent" whispered on 'Change—for each and all of these, Keswick and its neighbourhood affords the varying prospect, "ever charming—ever new," fanned by breezes pregnant with health, and redolent of balmy odours, more grateful and refreshing than the rich fragrance "of Araby—of Araby the blest."

BOTHAL CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The ancient village of Bothal is seated in a romantic and picturesque amphitheatre, on the north bank of the river Wansbeck, three miles from Morpeth. The church contains black-letter tablets inscribed with the genealogy of the Ogles, and also an alabaster monument, bearing recumbent figures of a lord of this family and his lady.

Bothal Castle stands between the river and the village, on the brink of a rock whose foot is washed by the Wansbeck. Of this edifice, a large tower gateway, and several fragments of the outer walls, are still remaining. The former of these, with its strong lofty towers, appears to be the most modern part of the castle, and bears several shields of arms, besides the figure of a man in the attitude of sounding a horn, and another effigy representing a man holding a ball in his hands. This part of the structure is referred to the time of Edward IV., and several of its apartments are still in a state of good preservation.

The lordship of Bothal having been made a barony by Richard Cœur de Lion, was held *in capite* by Robert Bertram, on the service of three knight's fees. In the reign of Edward III., a descendant of the same family obtained the royal permission to make a castle of his manor-house at Bothal. His daughter and heiress conveyed the barony in marriage to Sir Robert Ogle, Knt., whose family had long enjoyed considerable influence, and held large possessions in Northumberland. It subsequently came into the possession of the Duke of Portland; by whom a court-leet and baron is held annually in April and May.

It has frequently been remarked, that the ancient baronial structures have, written upon their walls, a brief history of the most remarkable characters and events that are to be found in the annals of their country. Bothal Castle is not wanting in proud associations: Richard, the lion-hearted, conferred upon it marks of royal favour; and with his memory are connected the crusades against the Saracens, the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of chivalrous enterprise, and (resulting from the last of these) the earlier dawn of national refinement. Edward III. granted permission to castellate the edifice. With his name are associated the "harde foughten fieldes"—Cressy and Poictiers. The mention of Edward IV. refers us to those scenes of carnage with which the rival princes of York and Lancaster, in an age when freedom had not reached maturity, were permitted to "affright the peaceful land." Our ancient structures, therefore, whether lay or ecclesiastical, are sacred depositories of national history;—either records of glorious achievements and eventful periods, or venerable witnesses against tyranny and injustice, and the lawless aberrations of regal sway. If such be their uses, wisely may we adopt the prayer of the poet,—

"that no proud, insulting foe
May ever lay these temples low,
Or violate these fanes;
No moody fanatic deface
The works of wondrous art that grace
Antiquity's remains."

MORPETH,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Morpeth is a well-built town, pleasantly situated on the north side of the river Wansbeck, at the distance of nearly fifteen miles north from Newcastle, in a warm and sheltered vale, surrounded with a rich, cultivated country. The name is, perhaps, derived from More-path, or the road through the moor; and if so, its corruption by the course of time is comparatively inconsiderable. Under the Saxons and Danes this town arrived at no great importance; but after the Norman Conquest it was erected into an honour and styled the Barony of Morpeth or Merlay, from its possessors the Lords Merlay.

The borough of Morpeth first sent members to parliament in the reign of Queen Mary, since which time it has continued to send two representatives to the Lower House. By the recent act for amending the representative system, the borough is now, however, restricted to the return of only one member. In Leland's Itinerary, it is spoken of as being "a far fayrer towne *then* Alnwicke;" but the improvements which have been wrought by time in the latter place have brought them nearer to an equality. Morpeth retains its ancient consequence; and exhibits in its southern suburbs many handsome houses of modern erection.

The view of Morpeth, illustrating this description, exhibits the bustle and activity which prevail at the weekly market, held on Wednesday. The market place is conveniently situated near the centre of the town; but so numerous are the droves of cattle exposed for sale, that more space than it affords would be desirable. The cross is a commodious structure; and was built in 1699, at the joint expense of the Hon. Philip Howard, and Sir Henry Belasyse, Knt. The clock-house, a square tower, near to the market place, contains a clock, and a good peal of bells. The utility of this erection arises from the parochial church being situated at some distance from Morpeth, in the township of High Church.

On the west side of the market place stands the town-hall, built in 1714, by the Earl of Carlisle, whose eldest son takes the title of Viscount Morpeth. The lower part of the edifice is occasionally converted into a theatre, and the upper story has been appropriated to the courts of sessions, and to other public uses. This structure has a rusticated piazza, and is decorated with turrets and a pediment. Between the town-hall and the bridge stands the county gaol, a decent and substantial building.

The Grammar-school, an ancient building, coeval with many other similar institutions, was founded in the reign of Edward the Sixth; by whom it was endowed with the lands belonging to two dissolved chantries in Morpeth, and one at Nether Witton.

Morpeth has been the birth-place or residence of many eminent individuals, amongst whom is Robert Morrison, the celebrated Chinese linguist and missionary.

THE MILL ON THE STOCKGILL,—WESTMORLAND.

This view has been selected on account of its wild, romantic, and melo-dramatic character; and not with reference to any historical incident, or traditional legend connected with it. To the tourist, this Mill, with its accompaniments, presents a beautiful and highly interesting scene; and the visitor to Stockgill Force would deprive himself of a gratification, if he were not to include it among the *noticeable* objects in the neighbourhood of that cascade.

Unobtrusive, however, as the Mill on the Stockgill is, the most interesting associations are connected with it. The Mill itself is the offspring of mechanical art, and an accessory of commerce; but the situation which it occupies is in the midst of those solitary retreats where the eagle builds her eyrie, and in which other sounds than those of the torrent and of the echoing hills are seldom heard.

UPPER FALL, RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

Of the Lower Fall at Rydal, a beautiful representation, accompanied by a description, has already been given. The Upper Fall being more extensive, its beauties are of a very different character; and whilst the former is surveyed with an unmingled feeling of delight; the latter inspires sensations of astonishment bordering on fear.

The cascade exhibited in the engraving, is in a glen, at a short distance from Rydal Hall, whence a convenient path conducts the spectator at once to the most picturesque point of view from which the Fall can be seen. On arriving at a turn in this road, the eye is arrested by a considerable stream of water, descending in one unbroken sheet from a rock of great height into a basin below; and the ear is at the same time stunned with the roar of the torrent, which produces a concussion that appears to shake the very mountain itself. The grandeur of the spectacle is considerably increased by the foaming and struggling of the waters over a rocky bed previously to their reaching the basin.

The beautiful and well-known description of a waterfall, by Thomson, applies with singular fidelity to this cascade:—

> "Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
> Rolls fair and placid; where, collected all,
> In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
> It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
> At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
> Then whitening by degrees as prone it falls,
> And from the loud-resounding rocks below
> Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
> A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower."

MITFORD CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The village of Mitford, pleasantly situated at the confluence of the rivers Wansbeck and Font, is distant two miles west from Morpeth. The church is an interesting and ancient edifice; the advowson and impropriation of which were granted by Edward I. to the Priory of Lanercost, in Cumberland. Within the chancel is the tomb and effigy of Bertram Revely, of Mitford Castle, who died in 1622.

The ruins of Mitford Castle stand upon a lofty eminence on the south side of the Wansbeck. These remains lie scattered in confused heaps, and occupy nearly an acre of ground, skirted on the south and west by a deep ditch or moat.

The manor of Mitford, so early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, gave name to its proprietors; and shortly after the Conquest, William I. conferred the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Mitford on Sir Richard Bertram, one of his Norman adventurers, by whom she had two sons, William and Roger. The former of these succeeded to the manor and castle, which were erected into a barony by Henry I., and subsequently forfeited in the reign of Henry III. In 1316, this Castle was in the possession of Gilbert Middleton, a noted freebooter, who, for his daring outrages, was executed in London. Two years after, the structure was seized and dismantled by Alexander, king of Scotland; when the whole barony was held by the Earl of Pembroke, an unworthy favourite of the unfortunate Edward II. In the reign of Henry VIII. these demenses were possessed by Lord Brough, whose descendant granted them, in the time of Queen Mary, to Cuthbert Mitford and his heirs for ever; reserving, however, to himself the site of the castle and its royalties. These last having devolved on the crown, were given by Charles II. to the representative of the Mitford family, with whose descendants they have ever since remained.

Mitford Castle has never undergone repair since its destruction by the Scottish monarch; and the ravages of time during a lapse of five hundred years, it may well be supposed, have contributed, in no slight degree, to its utter demolition. The remains which do exist, however, have a two-fold interest, arising from their antiquity, and a close connexion with the national history. Time is "the beautifier of the dead:" it shrouds the frailties of departed greatness,—it throws a mystic veil over the ruined edifice; and men, the beings of a day, approach with reverential awe the dilapidated tomb or structure that rolls back upon them long departed ages, and reveals, it may be said, the history of a bygone world.

The accompanying view is taken from the east. The road across the bridge leads to the church and parsonage house. Along the side of the Wansbeck, the scenery is exceedingly picturesque; and from the turnpike road to the north of the Castle, a beautiful prospect is discovered, including a noble vista of trees, the river, and an elegant modern edifice erected by Mr. Mitford, the present proprietor of the manor.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, NEWCASTLE, Tyne,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

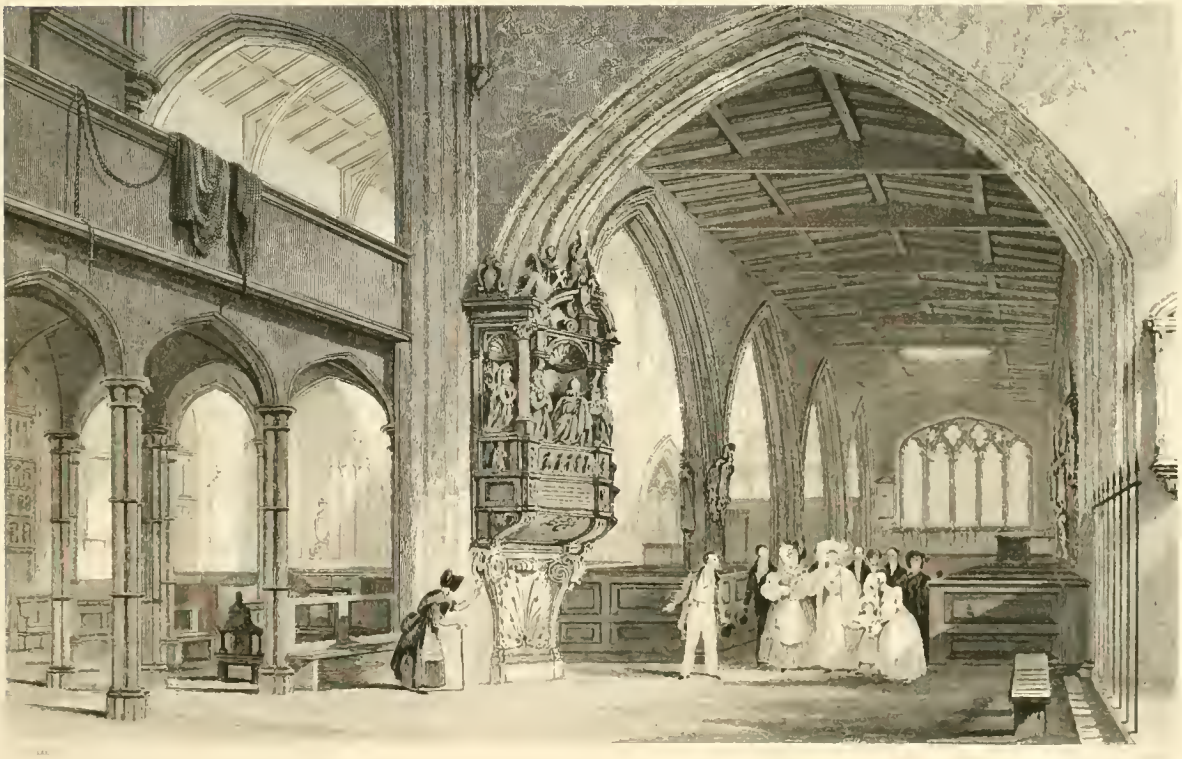
This ancient and beautiful edifice was founded in the year 1091, by Osmund, bishop of Salisbury and Earl of Dorset, a follower of the Norman conqueror. Henry I. gave it, with others, to the church of Carlisle; in the patronage of which see it still remains. Though the presentation to the living, however, is vested in the Bishop of Carlisle, the vicar of St. Nicholas claims jurisdiction over the other three parochial churches in the town, and their benefices are in his gift.

The original structure was burnt down in 1216, and the present edifice erected in 1359; since which period it has undergone frequent repairs, and been rendered eminently beautiful. It is now universally allowed to be a most magnificent building; and its situation, on the crown of a bold eminence, rising abruptly from the river nearly to the centre of the town, is the most advantageous position that could have been selected. The exterior dimensions of the church are,—eighty yards in length, twenty-five in breadth, and sixty-four in height, to the extremity of the steeple. From the square tower rise two bold stone arches, supporting a large and beautiful lantern, crowned with a tall spire, and decorated with a number of rich pinnacles. The steeple is the admiration of all strangers visiting Newcastle.

The interior of this church presents a most solemn and imposing appearance. The nave measures nearly 110 feet in length, and about 74 feet in breadth; while the choir, from the organ gallery to the east window, extends something more than 110 feet, and is 63 feet and a half in width. In 1783, a subscription, amounting to upwards of £1200, was formed, for the purpose of making such alterations, as should give this church the air and character of a cathedral. The chancel was accordingly thrown open, the communion table removed under the great east window, and the erections at the west end cleared away to afford space for the purposes of sepulture. Many of the ancient monuments were destroyed by the Scots; and others were unfortunately much broken and defaced during the progress of the renovations. The church, however, contains several fine specimens of modern sculpture; the most interesting of which are those erected to the memory of Sir Matthew White Ridley, Lord Collingwood, the Rev. Hugo Moises, and Calverley Bewicke, Esq. The figure of Religion on the tomb of the Rev. H. Moises is much admired; as is also the group in the monument of Colonel Bewicke.

An admirable painting on glass, (executed by John Gibson, Esq., of Newcastle,) representing our Saviour bearing the cross, was placed in the great east window in 1827.

Our view, taken from the entrance to the south aisle, extends to the great east window, and conveys a perfect idea of the interior of this noble ecclesiastical edifice. The monument, forming a prominent feature of the engraving, is that of a former mayor of Newcastle; and round the lower part of the cenotaph are carved the effigies of his children. It is deemed a fine specimen of funereal architecture, belonging to the era of James I.



WOOD HALL,—CUMBERLAND.

This mansion, delightfully situated on the banks of the river Derwent, in the parish of Bridekirk, overlooks the fine venerable ruins of Cockermouth Castle; and commands the most picturesque views, comprising magnificent scenery in mountains, rivers, and woodlands.

Wood Hall, together with the manor of Bridekirk, was at an early period vested in the Priory of Guisborough; but when, at the dissolution of religious houses, this, with other monastic estates, was seized upon by the crown, Henry VIII. granted them to Henry Tolson, Esq., and to his heirs for ever, to be held *in capite*, by the twentieth part of a knight's fee, on yielding to his majesty's successors the annual rent of twenty-six shillings. A descendant from this proprietor enfranchised the manor in 1701; and six years afterwards, it appears, sold the estate of Wood Hall to Mr. Grisdale, the ancestor of the present possessor, J. S. Fisher, Esq., who resides at the mansion. Major Richard Henry Tolson, F.S.A. is the existing representative of the ancient family, named above.

This elegant structure is a modern erection; but the original edifice occupied part of a Roman station. It subsequently became the retreat of Henricus, a Saxon; one of those who excelled in olden magnificence, by having a *dais* in the hall for the reception and entertainment of his guests, and, at the lower end, a bower, or recess, where he retired to rest. In a stream of water which ran through the premises into the river Derwent, he is also said to have baptized his children. Near the windows of the hall, the *vallum* and walls were sufficiently thick to form a vestibule, in which conversation might be held, yet not be heard in the room.

The building, exhibited in the engraving, is a truly enviable retreat; seated on a considerable elevation, in the midst of a picturesque amphitheatre, it commands the most delightful prospects, bounded by wood-covered eminences, or terminating with the distant mountains. The tortuous windings of the Derwent enrich the landscape, and confer upon it an air of surpassing loveliness. The river itself is not monotonous in its beauty: the glassy surface that, with the fidelity of a mirror, reflects the objects extending along its banks, is occasionally broken and relieved by the trout-leap foaming over its stony bed.

To those, if any there be, who have no relish for the charms of nature, as developed in the scene before us, the poet addresses a powerful remonstrance:—

> "Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
> Of charms, which nature to her votaries yields!
> The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even."

CRUMMOCK WATER,—CUMBERLAND.

This Lake, situated between the lofty mountains of Grasmoor and Melbreak, is distant two miles east from Lowes Water, and extends within about three quarters of a mile of Buttermere. On its surface are three small islands, one a naked rock, and the other two covered with wood: owing to their contiguity to the shore, they contribute but little to the beauty of the lake. The head of Crummock Water is exceedingly fine; the middle part is remarkable for bold and naked grandeur; and at the foot is spread a rich profusion of wood. Like Buttermere, and many of the other lakes, it is well stocked with trout, &c. &c.

This romantic solitude is invested with a sublimity attributed by fable to the regions that "mortal foot hath ne'er profaned;" and were it not for the shepherds and their faithful assistants, gathering their scattered charge, and the diminutive sails visible on the deep-shadowed wave, we might justly deem it the peculiar abode of silence, and

> "The broad blue lake, extending far and wide,
> Its waters dark beneath the light of noon,"

would picture to the imagination the classic Lethe.

If to "look through nature up to nature's God" is the legitimate object of refined and sensitive minds, in their contemplations of material beauty, scenes similar to that which we have described, cannot fail to excite emotions of reverence, and give enlarged conceptions of Deity. To recognize a supreme Power in the dark cloud and in the stirring wind, is not the mere simplicity of an untutored mind. Standing in those cloud-roofed temples "that human hands have never helped to pile," the philosopher and the peasant are alike compelled to acknowledge the presence of the "God of the mountains,"

> "at whose will the clouds
> Cluster around the heights, who sendeth them
> To shed their fertilizing showers, and raise
> The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty vale
> Spread their green freshness; at whose voice the hills
> Grow black with storms."

The illustrative Engraving exhibits the central portion of Crummock Water, and is taken from a point between Scale Hill and Scale Force. The vast mountain of Grasmoor, its barren sides streaked with beds of shale, is seen robed with the thunder-cloud; and immediately in front, is the comparatively low but abrupt hill, called Randon Knot, extending a bold promontory into the lake. In the centre of the Engraving appear the rugged heights of Honister Crag; and the acclivity, in the foreground, on the right hand, is part of the Red Pike mountain. The foot of this hill, and the road along it, are merely sheep tracts, and form by no means a convenient route for the pedestrian tourist. He, however, who travels "in search of the picturesque," will not regard obstacles of this nature; a good staff, strong shoes, and a little patience, will enable him to make his way.

EPISCOPAL PALACE AT BISHOP-AUCKLAND, DURHAM.

This is the usual residence of the Bishop of Durham; the Castle, at the latter place, being only occasionally occupied by the right reverend prelate during his visits to the seat of his diocese. The present edifice, like that at Durham, is known indifferently by the name of the Castle, or the Palace. The original building is said formerly to have been a manor-house belonging to the see; afterwards castellated by Bishop Bek, who also built a large hall, and adorned it with pillars. During the commonwealth, this structure was placed in the hands of a violent partizan, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg; who, after demolishing nearly all the buildings, produced a magnificent mansion out of the ruins. At the Restoration, Bishop Cosins, who had been ejected from his palace by the puritans, was restored to his diocese; and by him the lordly erection of the before-named fanatic was levelled with the ground. The materials were then once more applied to their ancient uses, and great part of the now existing palace produced.

The building is somewhat irregular in its character, owing to the different periods in which the several parts were completed; and, having lost its castellated form, it now bears strong resemblance to some of the magnificent foreign Abbeys. The approach to the edifice is by an elegant gothic gateway, and skreen, erected by Bishop Trevor, after a design by James Wyatt, Esq. The principal apartments in the Palace are, a spacious old hall, and a magnificent dining-room, ornamented with excellent paintings of Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs. The wainscoting, in one of the lower rooms, is decorated with the armorial distinctions of many potentates, contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth, together with those of sixteen peers attached to her court; and over all are emblazoned the heraldic bearings of every bishopric in England.

The approach to the Park, in which the Palace is situated, is particularly beautiful; the scene being varied by verdant slopes, rising grounds, woods, and deep precipices impending over the Wear, and enriched with landscapes composed of wild and irregular woodlands, bold cliffs, and eminences, mingled in the most picturesque manner.—It has been remarked, that "language is too weak, and but few pencils are sufficiently powerful to delineate the rich scenery of Auckland Park." From a descriptive poem, by one of Bishop Trevor's domestics, the following lines, happily illustrative of the subject, are extracted:—

"When Spring, advancing, clothes the laughing grove
In robes of green, embossed with blossoms pale;
When Autumn tinctures every fading leaf
With vivid dyes, from the refulgent gold
To the full-bodied tint of russet brown;
Say, can the pencil's warmest touch convey
The varied richness of the glowing scene?"

BARNARD CASTLE,—DURHAM.

Barnard Castle, a market-town and township in the parish of Gainford, situated on the southern declivity of a hill, descending to the river Tees, is distant twenty-five miles south-west from Durham. It is a place of great antiquity, and, in common with many other ancient towns, originated with the fortified erection in the immediate neighbourhood.

About the year 1093, William Rufus gave to Guido Baliol, a follower of the Conqueror, "the forests of Teesdale and Marwood, together with the lordships of Middleton, in Teesdale, and Gainsford, with all their royal franchises, liberties, and immunities." A descendant of this knight, in 1178, erected the Castle, which, after the name of its founder, was called Barnard Castle. By him the inhabitants of the adjacent town were invested with certain privileges, which his son afterwards enlarged and confirmed by a written charter. The estates and liberty of Castle Barnard remained in the family of Baliol till the time of Edward I., when John Baliol, king of Scotland, having forfeited the possession, Edward bestowed them on Guy Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in whose line they continued for five descents. They subsequently reverted to the crown in the reign of Henry VII.; and were afterwards granted by James I. to the unfortunate Robert, Viscount Branspath, Earl of Somerset. Ultimately they were purchased by an ancestor of the Duke of Cleveland; and they now confer the title of Viscount Barnard on a member of that family.

The ruins of the Castle enclose an area of about six acres and a half. The strongest portion of the walls stands on the verge of a cliff, rising precipitously from the Tees to the height of seventy feet, and commanding a rich and extensive view of Teesdale. During the periods of feudal commotion, this fortification was a post of great importance. It is defended by a semicircular tower, the broken walls of which exhibit some appearance of maskings and outworks. In the area are the remains of several edifices; the most prominent of which is "Brackenbury's gloomy weed-capt tower," so named after the Lieutenant of the Tower of London, in the reign of Richard III. An arched vault, open in front, is all that now remains of the once darksome dungeon. The principal strongholds of the Castle stand on an elevated ground, surrounded by a dry ditch or covered way; with small gateways through the intersecting walls, and terminated by two sally-ports. At the north-west corner of this area is a circular tower of excellent masonry, having a vault thirty feet in diameter, with a plain roof, without ribs or central pillar. This tower is in a fine state of preservation, having, some years ago, been repaired and fitted up as a shot manufactory. The inner area of the castle has been dug up, and converted into a spacious garden. At the present time, though the owl may occasionally sing her watch-song amid the ruins of Barnard Castle, the structure no longer wears the aspect of entire desolation; taste and industry have rendered it a pleasing seclusion, where the contemplative idler may sit and muse upon the past, and discover a local habitation for those things that have fallen away into a by-word and a tradition.

The church of Barnard Castle, occupying an elevated ground, is a spacious building, in the form of a cross, with a detached tower. The interior has a very neat appearance; and an elegant organ of fine tone was erected near the south window in 1823, by voluntary subscription. The living is a curacy in the patronage of the vicar of Gainford. The Wesleyan Methodists, and the Independents, have each a place of worship; to which is attached Sunday schools for the education of nearly 600 children. A national school also exists here for boys and girls, who receive gratuitous education.

Barnard Castle has long been famous for the manufacture of imitative Brussels and Kidderminster carpets; and for the fabrication of plain and fancy worsted stuffs. The water of the Tees is supposed to be the best in England for the process of dyeing, and in consequence the goods manufactured here are much esteemed. The market day is on Wednesday; besides which there are four annual fairs, and a fortnightly fair for the sale of cattle held every alternate Wednesday.

The bridge, crossing the Tees at Barnard Castle, and dividing the counties of Durham and Yorkshire, obtains celebrity from the following incident, taken from Sir C. Sharp's History of Hartlepool. "Alexander Hilton, curate of Denton, left a son named Cuthbert, of great notoriety, who, having taken orders in *no* church, but having been trained as bible clerk under his father, came to Barnard Castle, and celebrated illicit marriages upon the centre of the bridge. The old rhyme made use of by him on these occasions, after having made the parties leap over a broomstick, is still remembered—

"My blessing on your pates,
And your groats in my purse:
You are never the better,
And I am never the worse."

Barnard Castle has given birth to several eminent characters; amongst whom we may particularize William Hutchinson, Esq., F.A.S., author of the "History and Antiquities of Durham,"—George Edwards, Esq., M.D., writer of several works on political economy, —and Mr. G. Layton, who in 1823, conferred distinction on his native place by the publication of "Castle Barnard, a poem."

MARDALE HEAD,—WESTMORLAND.

Mardale is a chapelry in the parish of Bampton, and forms part of the Earl of Lonsdale's forest of Thornwaite. The chapel of ease stands on an eminence, one mile south of the head of Haweswater, in a beautifully picturesque and fertile situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells.

Among the mountains which form the southern boundary of Haweswater is Mardale Head, a wild and solitary region, wherein nature, working with a master hand, seems to have produced the very beau ideal of romantic grandeur and sublimity. The beautiful representation which the artist has given, renders description almost needless, and almost

impossible. The reader may look on the bold delineation before him, and realize the very scene itself; but language is cold and feeble when attempted as the medium for conveying to the mind's eye perfect ideas of objects so vast and overwhelming. The view is taken from the side of the river flowing into Haweswater. This stream issues from a tarn in the distant central mountains, across which is the pass of Nan-bield leading to Kentmere. Salset-brow appears on the left. The mists gather suddenly and with great density on the mountains in this neighbourhood; and woe to the traveller, who, relying on his knowledge of the road, suffers them to overtake him in his journey.

The clouds gather round the mountains, and hang poised and motionless upon their heights. The gushing streams descend from the hills,—

> "Still gathering, as they pour along,
> A voice more loud, a tide more strong."

To the master spirits of poësy we are indebted for those glowing descriptions, which almost nullify the remark lately made, that language is inadequate to portray the beauties of nature. Apposite to our present subject are these splendid lines of "Caledonia's much lamented son:"—

> "The western waves of ebbing day
> Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
> Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
> Was bathed in floods of living fire,
> But not a setting beam could glow
> Within the dark ravines below,
> Where twined the path in shadow hid,
> Round many a rocky pyramid;
> Shooting abruptly from the dell
> Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
> Round many an insulated mass,
> The native bulwarks of the pass,
> Huge as the tower which builders vain
> Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain."

GRASMERE LAKE AND VILLAGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The parish of Grasmere, anciently written *Gresmere* and *Grismere*, a name derived from the *grise*, or wild swine, that formerly abounded in these parts, was once a chapelry attached to Kendal, but is now a rectory. In the reign of Henry VIII., the right of advowson was sold by the crown to Alan Bellingham, who afterwards disposed of it for £100 to the Flemings of Rydal. The church is a burial place of the last-named family.

The lake of Grasmere, situated at the lower end of a valley, whence it obtains its name, is about four miles in circumference. From whatever point it is viewed, nearly the whole of this lake can be seen at once. A small green island partially covered with wood adorns the centre, and the head is decorated with the church and village of Grasmere, behind which rises the lofty pyramidal hill called Helm Crag.

Helm Crag is a solitary conical mountain, which, at its highest point, is said to bear a striking resemblance to an "ancient woman;" and Mr. Wordsworth alludes to the circumstance, whilst noticing the effects of an echo in the neighbouring hills:—

"When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again:
That ancient woman, seated on Helm Crag,
Was ready with her cavern: Hammar Scar,
And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth
A noise of laughter: southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice;—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head."

The highest part of this mountain is covered with fragments of rock, which give it the appearance of a grand ruin occasioned by an earthquake. The summit is very difficult of access; yet, when attained, the prospect thence discovered amply repays the tourist for all the toils of his ascent. The scene comprises "the whole of Windermere, Esthwaite Water, and Grasmere, with the intervening valley, divided into rich and highly cultivated enclosures, and seeming to contain almost every thing that can be beautiful in rural miniature."

"From an eminence, a little distance from the church," says Mr. Hutchinson, "we viewed the whole circle, delighted with the scene. All the fields were clothed in fresh verdure; the vale was graced with some humble cottages, dispersed on the borders of the lake, among which the sacred fane, with its white tower, stood solemnly superior. The hills were here and there patched with a few trees, and their slope enlivened by flocks of sheep that broused on each declivity. This seemed to us to be the vale of peace." The matin hour is beautiful upon the hills—when "the gray mist leaves the mountain side," and over rock and vale the morning splendour breaks:

"The rocks, and shores,
The forest, and the everlasting hills,
Smile in that joyful sunshine, and partake
The universal blessing."

The accompanying Engraving discovers the head of Grasmere lake, with the village and its peaceful residences, behind which rises the Helm Crag mountain. The time selected by the artist for taking the view is shortly after sunrise, when

"Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sows the earth with orient pearl."

APPLEBY,—WESTMORLAND.

Appleby, the capital of Westmorland, is an ancient market-town and borough, consisting of two parishes, lying on opposite sides of the Eden; Appleby St. Lawrence being on the west bank of the river, and Appleby St. Michael on the east. It is distant twenty-four miles from Kendal, and two hundred and sixty-six miles from London. This borough is now disfranchised; but, until lately, it had returned two representatives to parliament, from the time of Edward I. The town received a charter of incorporation at a very early period; this having been long since lost or destroyed, the corporation still exists by prescription. The charters of this borough were all surrendered to James II., by whom they were partially restored, and the corporation made to consist of a mayor, twelve aldermen, and sixteen capital burgesses, besides inferior officers.

The church of Appleby, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is a fine gothic structure, erected in 1655, by the Countess of Pembroke, and consists of a nave, chancel, side-aisles, and a square tower. The chancel contains a beautiful marble effigy of Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, and an elegant altar-tomb, in memory of her daughter, the before-mentioned Countess of Pembroke. The Wesleyan Methodists have a chapel in this town.

The illustrative View is taken from the side of the river, to the north of the town. The river Eden, which flows between the parishes, nearly surrounds that of Appleby St. Lawrence, and is crossed by a plain stone-bridge of two arches. The road, on the left, along which cattle are seen passing, leads to Penrith. In the midst of the woody eminence, southward of the town, stands the castle of Appleby; and the beautiful gothic church, forming a prominent feature in the engraving, terminates the view on the right.

The weekly market, held on Saturday, is remarkable for the supply of corn. A fortnightly market for cattle is held at the High Cross. Besides which, there are three annual fairs, for the sale of horses, sheep, merchandise, &c.

LEVINS HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Levins Hall, the romantic seat of the Honourable Fulke-Greville Howard, stands on the eastern side of the river Kent. This venerable mansion is deeply embosomed in wood, and commands, from its towers, extensive prospects of the surrounding country. It has been frequently repaired and beautified; and presents an interesting object for the attention of antiquaries, and the lovers of picturesque architecture. The gardens, by which it is surrounded, are cultivated in the German style; and the grotesque figures formed in the foliage of the trees, give to the edifice a character of wild and indefinite romance. In these sylvan shades, on the 12th of May, the mayor and corporation of Kendal, together with the friends of the house of Levins, spend the afternoon (after having proclaimed the fair at Milnthorp) in eating radishes, drinking *morocco*, (a very strong old ale,) smoking, bowling, and a variety of other amusements.

The interior of Levins Hall exhibits a great diversity of elegant carved work, which abounds throughout the house, with the exception of the new tower recently erected. The carving represents a great variety of figures, emblems and ornaments said to have been bestowed on the building in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In the north dining-room, so rich and expensive is this work, that it has been valued at three thousand pounds, according to the present scale of wages. The carved chimney-piece in this apartment, dated 1586, is supported by large figures of Samson and Hercules, and bears, in its several compartments, beautiful emblematic representations of the five senses, the four elements, and the four seasons, with a poetical inscription. In another room are seen rich specimens of gobeline tapestry, exquisitely finished, and illustrative of a pathetic tale from one of the Italian poets. The entrance-hall is decorated with relics of ancient armour of various dates, "bearing the bruises of war, and the rust of time;" and contains a costly saddle of red velvet and gold, which formerly belonged to Elphi Bey. The drawing-room, and library also, display most beautiful specimens of ancient carved work in the chimney-pieces.

The view from the lower apartments is not very extensive; but the propect on every side is rendered agreeable by the noble avenues and clumps of trees—patriarchal in their age, and flourishing in strength. The park is well stocked with fallow-deer, and acknowledged to be one of the most delightful spots that fancy could imagine. Rocks, wood, and water combine, in beautiful assemblage, and endless variety.

CATARACT OF LOWDORE,—CUMBERLAND.

This Cataract, formed by the Lowdore river flowing out of the valley of Watendlath, aided by numerous tributary streams from the mountains, discharges its waters into the lake Derwent Water. The character of this fall varies considerably with the season. Though at all periods an object of great interest to the tourist, it is only after a heavy fall of rain that the grandeur and sublimity of the torrent can be justly estimated. Then, when the thousand streams of the mountains are let loose, the cataract appears in all its majesty: rushing down an enormous pile of protruding rocks, it rolls along with uninterrupted volume and impetuous velocity, "and shakes the country round." The scene is fearfully magnificent; and the deafening tumult of the raging waters can, it is stated, in a serene evening, be distinctly heard at the distance of twelve miles.

The Lowdore waterfall forms a splendid adjunct to the scene, when viewed from a distance in connexion with other objects; but it *requires* no accompaniments to heighten its effect: it exhibits in itself the most stupendous dignity—a wild and varied grandeur—an overwhelming sublimity of sight and sound—

> "Where the proud queen of wilderness hath placed
> By lake and cataract her cloudy throne."

The spectator grasps instinctively the straggling shrub, or projecting branch, that meets his hand, fearful lest the resistless torrent should bear him away in its course, as he stands

> "Gazing on pathless glen, and mountain high,
> Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown,
> Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry,
> And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky."

The stream falls between two perpendicular rocks, the intermediate parts of which, broken into large fragments, form the rough bed of the cascade. Some of the fragments stretch out in shelves, and hold a depth of soil sufficient for large trees; among these the stream hurries along through a fall of at least one hundred feet. Towards the bottom, also, the ground is much broken, and overgrown with wood: here the water reaches an abyss, whence it finds its way through deep channels into Lake Derwent.

The View, which accompanies this description, is taken from a ledge of rocks about the centre of the stream, and is the most extensive survey of the cataract that can be taken from one point.

SCALE FORCE,—CUMBERLAND.

This cascade, distant about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere, exceeds, in extent of fall, the renowned Niagara; yet, owing to a difficulty of access, it is frequently neglected by the tourist. The most commodious route for the visitor is, to engage a boat at Buttermere inn, and, crossing the lake of Crummock Water, land at the foot of the mountains in which the torrent is situated. The journey on foot is both dangerous and inconvenient, leading over a rapid river, with only a single plank laid across, and continuing over a boggy pasture along the foot of the Red Pike mountain. The tourist, however, who can set at nought the difficulties of the journey, will be gratified by the wild sublimity which surrounds his path, apparently leading into the heart of the mountains.

An opening between the hills of Mellbreak and Blea Crag, shows the course of the waterfall. A large fissure here presents itself, extending nearly one hundred feet into the mountains. Passing through this chasm, which is about four or five yards wide, and fenced on each side by perpendicular rocks, the visitor discovers the torrent rushing down a height of nearly two hundred feet. The steep on each side is covered with foliage, nourished by the spray from the falling waters. Several large trees, growing in the fissures near the summit of the mountain, cast a deep shade on the cavern below.

Scale Force should be visited on the day succeeding a heavy rain; it will then appear in all its grandeur. On such an occasion, the volume of water fills the whole chasm; the rocks and the torrent struggle fearfully together, and seem to shake the mountain, while the noise of the fall, loud as that of a peal of thunder, carries dismay into the most intrepid heart.

VALLEY OF TROUTBECK,—WESTMORLAND.

The Troutbeck is a tributary stream to Windermere, and falls into the lake at a short distance from Calgarth. The valley of Troutbeck, "a favoured spot of earth," is fertile and lively; and the village, which stands on the side of a hill enclosing the vale, is beautifully picturesque. In the midst of the valley near to the beck, stands the chapel; a neat, unpretending edifice, a simple rural shrine, every way suitable for the mountain worshipper.

"Many a year ago,
That little dome to God was dedicate;
And ever since hath undisturbed peace
Sat on it, moveless as the brooding dove
That must not leave her nest."
* * * *
"Ah me! how beautifully silent thou
Didst smile amid the tempest! O'er thy roof
Arch'd a fair rainbow, that to me appeared
A holy shelter to thee in the storm,
And made thee shine amid the brooding gloom,
Bright as the morning star. Between the fits
Of the loud thunder rose the voice of psalms,
A most soul-moving sound. There unappall'd
A choir of youths and maidens hymn'd their God,
With tones that robb'd the thunder of its dread,
Bidding it rave in vain."

The Beck is a favourite resort for trout anglers; the sport is good, and the surrounding scenery possesses that picturesque and contemplative character which the disciple of Walton deems essentially necessary to enhance his enjoyment. The "summer beauty" of this delightful vale, annually desolated by the winter storm, brings to mind that exquisitely fine passage in Ossian: "The thistle is there on its rock, and shakes its beard to the wind. The flower hangs its heavy head, waving, at times, to the gale. 'Why dost thou awake me, O gale?' it seems to say: 'I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come; he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, but they will not find me.'"

The scenery of Troutbeck is exceedingly varied: in some parts the stream is enclosed between high and rugged rocks, and in others is beautified with woodlands; whilst occasionally its banks spread out into green meadows and pastures.

"Nature casts forth her gifts with lavish hand,
And crowns, with flow'ry luxury, the land."

Referring to the View, we notice the Troutbeck mills standing on the woody declivity that confines the stream. In the distance appears the head of Windermere, shining like "a burnished silver sea," and adorned with islands, of which the most conspicuous is Belle Island. The promontories stretching out into the lake are decorated with Storrs Hall (the seat of Colonel Bolton,) the Ferry, and the Station House. The line of mountains on the right form part of the boundary of Lancashire.

A scene, such as is here presented, clothed in all the beauty and magnificence of nature gives additional energy to the passionate appeal of the poet:—

> 'Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said—
> This is my own, my *native land?*"

Whether "our steps are on the woody hill" that shrouds this vale of peace, when the brightness of the sun-beam is streaming round us, or in that more quiet time when "heaven burns with all its stars,"—

> "With what attractive charms this goodly frame
> Of nature touches the consenting heart
> Of mortal men! And what the pleasing stores
> That beauteous imitation thence derives,
> To deck the poet's or the painter's toil!"

STICKLE TARN, LANGDALE PIKES,—WESTMORLAND.

Stickle Tarn is discovered when crossing the Pikes from Great Langdale. It is elevated about 1700 feet above the level of the sea, and is formed of numerous tributary streams flowing from the mountains. This Tarn passes off in a rivulet, which composes the picturesque waterfall of Dungeon Gill.

> "This is the solitude that reason loves!
> Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
> And hears a music in the breath of man
> Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
> Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
> Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
> Devoutly blending in his happy soul
> Thoughts both of earth and heaven!"

The accompanying View is taken from the foot of Pavey Ark, a perpendicular rock, appearing in the foreground on the right. Next to it rises the lofty pike called Harrison Stickle, having a pile of stones on the top, to which it is customary for every visitor to add one. The mountain of Wrynose occupies the centre of the distance. Between Stickle Tarn and the first range of hills lies Blea Tarn, of which a view has already been given in this work.

The neighbourhood of these Tarns is singularly wild, romantic, and solitary. With the exception of the enterprising angler, or the wandering shepherd, little is to be seen that does not indicate utter loneliness.

"By the lake side, on a stone,
Stands the heron all alone,
Still as any lifeless thing!
Slowly moves his laggard wing,
And cloud-like floating with the gale,
Leaves at last the quiet vale."

"When the day hath gathered his legions of light," and hasted away to other lands, an air of deep melancholy is cast over this tranquil wilderness:—

"For the sadness of a fallen throne,
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone;
And the tarn, and the hills, and the misted stream,
Are shaded away to a mournful dream."

The solitary character of the scene is powerfully described in the following lines:—

"Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar."

BUTTERMERE FROM THE WOOD,—CUMBERLAND.

The lake of Buttermere, which affords excellent sport for the angler, reposes in the bosom of a vale of the same name. This is one of the smallest lakes, extending about a mile and a half only in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth; of an oblong form, and sweeping at one end round a woody promontory. The neighbouring scenery is eminently grand and picturesque. Along the western side, an extensive range of mountainous declivity stretches from end to end, and, to appearance, every where falls precipitately into the water. The eastern side is woody, and forms a rich and beautiful contrast to the other. The vale of Buttermere is rather confined in that part which the lake occupies, but at the outlet it opens, and extends to a considerable distance.

The village of Buttermere is situated on the eastern border of the lake, between it and Crummock Water. At a time when the lakes were less frequented, the inhabitants were

purely rustic; some of the men found employment in the neighbouring slate quarries, and the women occupied themselves in spinning woollen yarn. In the history of Buttermere, the beauty and misfortunes of Mary Robinson, better known as "Mary of Buttermere," form a very interesting feature. She was the daughter of an innkeeper, and had long lived in this sequestered spot; her beauty was celebrated in the shepherd's song, and her unsullied virtue was the theme of universal admiration. But, alas! "All that's bright must fade." In 1802, she had the misfortune to bestow her hand on a person of the name of Hatfield, an outlaw and a fugitive from justice, who, having long violated the laws of his country, eventually (in 1803) suffered death for his offences. Some time after, she re-settled in her native valley, and having married a young man from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, undertook the management of the inn, that had formerly been kept by her father. "Sorrow," however, to use the beautiful language of Ossian, "sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shaded her soul."

The point whence the illustrative View is taken, is distant not more than a hundred yards from the inn. The distant central hill is Honister Crag, down whose sides the ceaseless cataracts are pouring, that assist in forming the lake below. Red Pike mountain is seen rising behind the foliage on the right of our View.

THE VILLAGE OF ROSTHWAITE, BORROWDALE,—CUMBERLAND.

In the valley of Borrowdale, one mile beyond the Bowder Stone, stands the village of Rosthwaite, in the midst of an amphitheatre, sheltered by mountains, and arrayed in unequalled loveliness and grandeur. This hamlet forms part of the township and chapelry of Borrowdale, and is distant rather more than six miles south from Keswick, in the parish of Crosthwaite.

Our View is taken at a point in the road from Watenlath, and discovers the romantic valley of Borrowdale, with its lowly and peaceful dwellings, rich meadows, and fertilizing streams. The vale is beautified with two winding rivers, which, uniting at a short distance from Rosthwaite, form the silver Derwent. On the left, appear Seawfell Pikes, the highest points in England, the rolling clouds clinging around them; and immediately beneath, we discern a small white structure, which is the chapel-of-ease belonging to the whole township of Borrowdale. Adjoining Seawfell Pikes is seen the hill of Sty Head; and in this neighbourhood are some of the *wad* mines, to which the artist is indebted for that valuable drawing implement, the black-lead pencil. The hamlet of Rosthwaite is denoted by the clustered dwellings standing on the margin of the nearest stream. In this Engraving, every object shewn, every accident conceived, it must be admitted, subserve the general design; and even the peat-burners' fire becomes, under the judicious management of the artist, a powerful auxiliary to picturesque effect.

HEXHAM ABBEY CHURCH,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The remote history of this edifice commences in the year 673; when St. Wilfrid, under the pious auspices of Etheldreda, wife of King Egfrid, began the erection of a church and monastery at Hexham, the beauty and splendour of which were the wonder of the age, and the admiration of all historians. This was the fifth stone church built in England, and the first which had been constructed with chancel and aisles. In 678, Hexham was erected into an episcopal see, and so continued, under the pastoral care of twelve successive bishops, till the year 821, when the prelacy gave way before the cruel ravages of the Danes; and at length, in 876, the church and town of Hexham were completely destroyed by "the terrific sea-kings of the Baltic."

The diocese of Hexham was, in 1112, appropriated to the formation of a prebendal stall in York cathedral; and in the following year, the archbishop, *pro tempore*, commenced the restoration of the church, of which, time and the ravages of war had left but few remains. In 1296, the Scots invaded Hexham, and destroyed the nave of the Abbey; and this portion of the edifice was never afterwards rebuilt.

The inhabitants of Hexham, opposing themselves to the innovating principles of the Reformation, continued to cherish the ancient faith; and the surrenders which were extorted from the monasteries, so highly provoked their indignation, that they excited the principal religious houses to insurrection. This struggle was of short duration: fire and sword, the ready weapons of religious zeal, completed the destruction of those men who, excited by party strife, could discern in the reformation of religion nothing but disappointed avarice, and the reckless licentiousness of a turbulent prince.

The Abbey Church of Hexham, as it exists in the present day, consists of a transept and choir; the former 156 feet, and the latter 70 feet in length. From the centre of the edifice rises a square tower, 90 feet in height. For the want of a nave, both the exterior and interior of the building are rendered less striking in their appearance than they would otherwise have been.

The principal entrance is by a modern door at the north end of the transept, opening at once into this portion of the structure. The spectator beholds "one lofty aisle, open on all sides, grand in its pristine nakedness, pleasing in its simplicity, and astonishing in the magnitude of its proportions and the unity of its parts. At equal distances from the centre, four light and lofty arches spring from as many masses of tall clustered columns, supporting the tower, and opening into each division of the edifice. The west side is one wall, pierced, however, into galleries, and lighted by many lancets. At the north end is the wood work of the large door, above which the gallery is continued beneath a long range of pointed windows. With this the south end corresponds, excepting that the place of the gallery is supplied by a huge balcony, and a heavy flight of steps connected with the spiral stairs, that lead to the gallery of the choir, to the belfry, and

the battlements of the tower. Beneath this balcony is the cemetery of the Blackett family." A threefold screen, principally remarkable for an antique painting, called "Death's Dance," divides the transept from the choir, which is now used as the parish church, and consists of one aisle divided into three. It is to be lamented that sufficient funds are wanting to render the choir more consistent with the general design and character of the building. The great east window is spacious and well executed, and, before its mutilation, was probably very beautiful. Above the entrance to the choir, is the organ and choristers' gallery. Standing near the altar, among other relics and memorials of ancient time, is the celebrated *Freed Stool,* to which offenders used to flee for refuge, when the privilege of sanctuary, originally procured by St. Wilfrid, was attached to the church.

The illustrative view is taken from the north-west corner of the transept; and the description already given will enable the reader to identify the various features of the edifice included in the engraving. To describe the emotions under which we survey this lofty memorial of olden piety and ancient art, would be a gratuitous undertaking. Some there are, who can recognise, in structures of this kind, nothing but a waste of human labour—an extravagance of human skill. Yet, wherefore should we cast contumely on those ancient shrines which good men consecrated, and which time has hallowed? Why deprecate as vain and futile, all those rites and observances that tend to loosen the mind from the thrall of worldly pursuits—to calm and subdue the fluctuations of human passion—to draw a holy mystery around the sanctuary? Whatever unfavourable associations may be connected with their long history,—a history embracing the casualties of seven centuries, and the actions of ten generations of men,—cold is the heart that can enter their portals unaffected by feelings of piety and awe; and more deaf than the adder is that ear, which continues listless and wandering,

> When through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

ROYAL ARCADE, NEWCASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

During the present century, public Arcades have been erected in the metropolis and several of the principal towns of the kingdom; but in few instances have the useful and ornamental been so admirably combined, as in the subject of this plate. Whether we regard the architecture of the principal front, or the chaste and elegant decorations of the interior, its claims to distinction are admitted by all who have visited the similar establishments of other towns.

The Royal Arcade of Newcastle occupies a commanding situation near the centre of the town, and facing the eastern extremity of Mosley street, on the line of the great north road from London to Edinburgh. It here presents an imposing front of finely polished stone-work, 94 feet in length, and 75 feet high. The basement story is of Grecian Doric

OFFICE
ESTABLISHMENT

architecture, two massive pillars of which order adorn the entrance. The entablature, surmounted by six Corinthian fluted columns, adorned with beautiful capitals, supports a richly carved frieze and entablature. The whole is surmounted with a finely turned balustrade, and in the centre is a sculptured group, representing Britannia surrounded with emblematical figures.

From the front, the Arcade extends eastward, and consists of an extensive range of cellars, shops, and offices, forming the entire side of Manor-street. At the eastern extremity is a lofty archway, from which a flight of stone steps, having a richly ornamented ceiling above, leads to the Interior of the Arcade.

The effect produced by the loftiness and splendid decorations of this part of the building, is such as cannot fail to excite the highest admiration. It extends in length 250 feet, and is 20 feet in width; and the roof, which is 35 feet high, contains eight conical lights of very elegant construction, by which a powerful light is thrown on every part of the interior. The groining of the arched ceiling, and the capitals of the pilasters, are enriched with pure Grecian ornaments, which have a rich and elegant appearance. The floor is composed of chequered stone and black marble, the former of which was brought from a quarry near Leeds. The front building contains several stately apartments, occupied by the Joint Stock Bank, the Savings Bank, and other public institutions. The interior comprises 16 large shops, elegantly fitted out, and displaying a rich variety of useful and ornamental articles. Above these are numerous chambers and offices, chiefly occupied by gentlemen in various professional departments, for whom the situation is admirably adapted; the Post Office and a spacious News Room being included in the establishment. The eastern part of the Arcade forms a suite of Government offices; namely, the Office of Excise, the Permit Office, &c. Over them is Mr. Small's auction mart; and on the floor above, are splendid show rooms. The principal apartment, measuring 72 feet in length by 32 feet in width, and presenting at one view a rich display of china, cut glass, &c., the beautiful effect of which is exceedingly imposing. The roof in this part of the Arcade is intended for a conservatory; and in the other portions of the building, steam and vapour baths are being erected: so that, ultimately, this erection will comprise a great variety of useful and ornamental attractions, calculated to render it a favourite promenade, and a place of general resort.

This extensive pile of building was begun in June, 1831, and so rapidly and efficiently were the operations proceeded in, that it was opened in May the following year. The modification of the design, and the entire execution, were entrusted to the able and unremitting superintendence of Mr. Grainger, the proprietor. The entire cost of the edifice amounts to nearly £45,000.

In consequence of the great public improvement effected by this and other extensive architectural works, brought to completion under the efficient direction of Mr. Grainger, a service of plate was recently presented to that gentleman, at a public dinner, by the inhabitants of Newcastle; when the attendance of a numerous and highly respectable

company, composed of the principal gentry and tradesmen of the town, sufficiently evinced the high estimation in which the private character, as well as the professional talent, of this enterprising architect is held.

To persons who have visited the Lowther Arcade in London, the similarity between it and the Royal Arcade at Newcastle will be obvious; indeed, the latter is professedly an imitation of the metropolitan erection.—Time has been, when Commerce confined herself to narrow and inelegant streets, and her exterior wore a stern and uninviting appearance. He only who sought accumulation of wealth, lingered in her dwellings; and her powerful influences were wrought unobserved. Not so now: the noblest avenues are her frequented place; the most substantial and superb edifice bears on its threshold the impress of her foot: seating herself in palaces of Oriental splendour and magnificence, she proclaims, "I am a queen." Our continental neighbours have called us, by way of reproach, "a nation of shopkeepers:" be it so; they cannot deny the synonyme—a wealthy and powerful nation, whose friendship is universally conciliated, and whose name is treasured as a household word in every land whither the many winds can waft her sails, wherever ocean rolls.

SUNDERLAND HARBOUR, FROM THE PIER,—DURHAM.

The port of Sunderland obtained the royal favour in 1669, when Charles II. granted letters patent to Edward Andrew, Esq., "to build a pier, and erect a light-house or light-houses; to cleanse the harbour of Sunderland, and to raise contributions for that purpose." Several acts have subsequently been obtained for the preservation and improvement of the port and river. Of these, the earliest is the Act of 3d Geo. I., which states in the preamble, that Sunderland is the residence of rich and able merchants, and promises to be of great importance both to his Majesty's service and revenue, and to the public benefit of the kingdom. Commissioners were appointed by this Act, to carry its several provisions into execution; and the powers vested in them have been continued and extended by subsequent statutes. One considerable object of attention, under all these enactments, was the building of the South Pier.

The harbour of Sunderland is formed by two piers, standing on the north and south sides of the river. The latter of these, (the subject of our Illustration,) was completed in 1726, to the extent of three hundred and thirty-three yards, at the cost of nearly £20,000. In 1765, not less than £50,000 had been expended; and the estimated cost of its final completion amounted to as much more. It received considerable damage during the great flood in November, 1771; but was subsequently repaired, and extended to the length of 19,000 feet from the east end of the engineer's house which stands at its western extremity. A light-house, or tide-light, is erected on this pier; whence signals of direction are conveyed to the vessels entering and leaving the harbour.

DINSDALE SPA,—DURHAM.

Dinsdale is a small village lying in a deep retired situation, at the distance of five miles south-east by east of Darlington. This, and the adjacent village of Middleton-one-Row, are visited in the summer season by crowds of invalids, who repair thither to enjoy the medicinal virtues of the famed sulphureous spring called the Dinsdale Spa. These healing waters were discovered on Lord Durham's estate in 1789, by some workmen employed in searching for coal. One of the labourers, who for many years had suffered from severe rheumatic affections, was perfectly cured by drinking the spa-water and using the bath. From this time till 1797 it was much resorted to; but principally by the neighbouring villagers, for whose use a bath was constructed. Every succeeding year, however, brought an increase of visiters; and it was found necessary to erect a suite of hot and cold baths for their accommodation. An hotel, containing twenty apartments, built on an eminence in the immediate vicinity of the spring, commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the surrounding country. The spa is nearly enclosed by a noble plantation extending about one mile westward, and intersected with shady walks.

The virtues of the Dinsdale waters are efficacious principally in the removal of scorbutic affections. By an analysis of the gaseous fluids, this spa is found to contain a mixture of sulphurated hydrogen, carbonic acid, and azote; and the combination of solid matter includes muriate of lime, soda, and magnesia, with carbonate and sulphate of lime.

Dinsdale is not now, however, to be considered the resort of invalids only; of many it certainly may be said,

> "Here from the restless bed of lingering pain
> The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave,
> And feels returning health and hope again
> Disperse 'the gathering shadows of the grave.'"

But to a great portion of the visiters, change of scene and delightful converse are the principal objects of attraction.

LOWTHER CASTLE AND PARK,—WESTMORLAND.

The south front of Lowther Castle has already been introduced into this work. (See page 38.) The north front (exhibited in the present engraving) is entirely different both in the character of its architecture, and the nature of its scenic accompaniments. The south is a solemn close scene: a beautiful but diminishing lawn soon terminates among the loftiest trees; the objects of the eye are bounded, and the imagination is left to wander among the recesses of the forest. The prospects from the north front are considerably more extensive, and are seen from a terrace of ninety feet in breadth, and about four times

as much in length. The eye first descends on a lovely and spacious park, rich with trees of the finest growth. This park is surrounded by a vast wood, over which, in the distance, is seen Penrith Beacon.

The chief approach to the castle is from the north, where its numerous towers of different elevation are seen rising in beautiful proportion; the whole assuming a massy appearance, of great magnificence. This front is four hundred and twenty feet in length, and is executed in the rich and massive style of architecture which prevailed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its numerous towers, different in shape and elevation, are crested with battlements, and pierced with slit windows; and the fresh colour of the stone gives an amazing richness to all these harmonious masses of architecture. A lofty embattled wall surrounds the court of the castle, which is entered by an arched gateway. The central tower is seen by the visiter immediately on entering the castle, and is supported by massive clustered columns. The grand staircase, winding round this tower, is of a solid and costly construction, harmonizing well with the character of the whole edifice. In a corridor at the top of the staircase are several fine pictures by Guercino, Guido, Titian, and Tintoretto.

HAWES WATER, FROM THWAITE FORCE,—WESTMORLAND.

The lake of Hawes Water is seldom visited by tourists; though the solemn grandeur of its rocks and mountains renders it eminently picturesque. The comparative neglect in which it has been left, may perhaps in a good measure be attributed to the local habits of the guides, who are not accustomed to include it in "the excursions."

This lake does not exceed three miles in length, and varies in width from half a mile to a quarter. On the western side, near the village of Measand, it is divided by a promontory; and thus consists of two sheets of water, joined by a narrow strait. The second expanse of the lake (the subject of our Illustration) discloses a scenery more varied and sublime than that of the northern extremity. The south side presents a noble ridge of mountains, very bold and prominent down to the water-edge, bulging out in the centre of a fine broad head, venerably magnificent; and the view of the first expanse, losing itself in the second among hills, rocks, and woods, is beautifully picturesque. The perspective of the second sheet of water appears from a distance to be terminated by the huge mountain called Castle Crag; but as you advance, Harter Fell rears his awful front, impending over the water, and confines the scene. Here, amidst rocks, and at the entrance of a glen almost choked by fragments from the heights, stands the chapel of Mardale.

The illustrative view is taken from the side of a mountain, whence issues the waterfall of Thwaite-Force. At the foot of this hill stands the village of Measand; and close at hand is the woody promontory which divides the lake. The wood-covered hill on the left, projecting into the water, is Wallow Crag, concerning which there is a singular legend: "The vulgar believe that the spirit of Sir James Lowther, a gentleman who rendered

himself remarkable by his penurious habits, is imprisoned in the dark womb of the rock. The rustic natives of the valley declare, that when Sir James died he could not rest,—that various incantations were tried by the learned vicar of Bampton to *lay* his ghost,—that the reverend gentleman was roughly handled by the refractory spirit,—but that at length, having sent for more books, the vicar fairly succeeded in lodging him in Wallow Crag."

Tourists who visit Hawes Water will find it most advisable to cross from Kentmere, and ascend the mountains between Harter Fell and High Street, whence they obtain a beautiful view of mountain scenery and a general survey of the lake.

CASTLE CRAG, BORROWDALE, FROM THE VILLAGE OF GRANGE,—CUMBERLAND.

The village of Grange is situated in the straits of Borrowdale, on the west side of the Derwent; and it is here that the grand and savage scenery of the valley commences. The mountains and crags on either side approach each other so closely, as to leave a very confined entrance to the valley beyond. "Borrowdale appears from this point to be choked up with vast rocks and fragments, which lie strown in the wildest disorder, as if they had been torn by some great convulsion of nature from the neighbouring mountains, and tumbled down into the valley."

The hospitality of Borrowdale is proverbial; and Mr. Baines, from whose "Companion to the Lakes" we have frequently extracted much interesting and valuable information, mentions a particular instance of this social virtue which occurred to himself at the house of Mr. Thomas Threlkeld, of Grange. "We were received by his wife with a simple and hearty welcome, enseoneed in huge upright arm-chairs by the fire-side, which was of antique dimensions,—fresh wood was heaped upon the blazing hearth, and home-made cheese, butter, and bread brought forth, with rich milk, buttermilk, and oat-cake, for our refreshment. I was the more pleased, when I found afterwards that Gray had been hospitably entertained at the same village."

Opposite to the village of Grange is a conical hill, which, in the course of time, has received a sufficient covering of earth to admit of trees taking root, and is now covered with wood. With this exception, the first mile of Borrowdale presents a uniform scene of nakedness and desolation. The hill we have named appears on the left of our view.

Rising precipitously from the river Derwent, is the lofty and peaked mountain called Castle Crag, its sides finely mantled with wood. From the summit is obtained a magnificent view of Derwent-water and Skiddaw, with all their varied beauties on the one side, and of Borrowdale, with all its rugged grandeur and mountain ruins, on the other. Castle Crag obtains its name from an ancient fortification erected on its summit, most probably to command the pass of Borrowdale, and protect the southern parts of the kingdom from incursions on the north.

SCAWFELL PIKES, FROM STY HEAD,—CUMBERLAND.

"——————— the eye can only see
Broken mass of cold gray stone;
Never yet was place so lone!
Yet the heart hath many a mood
That would seek such solitude."

Proceeding from Keswick, the road to this romantic defile, whence is obtained a close and fearful view of Scawfell Pikes, lies through Rossthwaite, Borrowdale, and Seathwaite. The latter place is a wretched village, situated nearly at the extremity of the valley of Borrowdale. Here cultivation terminates; and the overhanging mountains frown sullenly on the passing traveller. "On the hill to the right of the village are the celebrated Wad Mines, where the mineral called *plumbago*, or vulgarly black-lead, and on the spot denominated *wad*, is found." These are the only mines of the kind in England; and when occasionally discovered in other countries, the mineral is widely inferior in quality. The wad is not found without much difficulty, and the workmen are frequently engaged many months in seeking for it, without finding any. "It does not lie in veins, but in masses or sops, sometimes of a ramified form, like the root of a tree, and its discovery is consequently accidental."

From Seathwaite, a deep and winding path marked by a bed of stones, leads across Sty-head, which forms a *slack* between the two mountains of Scawfell and Great Gavel. The top of this head is not more than half so high as either of those mountains, and is comparatively level for about a mile, so as to form a narrow valley between them. When approaching Scawfell Pikes, the road becomes rocky and boggy, and is traversed with difficulty. Passing the mountain of Great End, one of the elevations of Scawfell, the tourist arrives at the proposed point, and stands on the brink of a precipice, opposite the Pikes, and hanging midway between the summit and the base. "Immediately in front of us," says Mr. Baines, in his Companion to the Lakes, "that mountain 'reared his mighty stature.' We saw him at a single glance, from the verdant tract of Wasdale at his foot, to the overhanging precipices, crowned by a conical pile of stones, which indicate the head of the Pikes, and the highest summit in England. The side forms one long concave sweep, becoming gradually steeper as it ascends, till the highest part rises in perpendicular crags, like a mountain battlement." There is a simple grandeur in the view, which is deeply impressive.

"Never yet
Did our forefathers o'er beloved chief
Fallen in his glory, heap a monument
Of that prodigious bulk, though every shield
Was laden for his grave, and every hand
Toil'd unremitting at the willing work,
From morn till eve, all the long summer day."

ELTERWATER, GREAT LANGDALE,—WESTMORLAND.

Elterwater, a tributary stream of Windermere, is an elevated lake, or *tarn*, nearly a mile in length, situated in Great Langdale, at the distance of two miles and a half west from Ambleside. The low meadows on the margin of this tarn are frequently inundated by the sudden influx of water from the two Langdales; and the means which have been adopted to obviate this inconvenience have injured the trout fishery, by introducing into the lake the destructive pike. Elterwater is surrounded by mountains skirted with verdant pasturage, and embosomed in heath; these, rising up in various forms, discover the lake, "seated high in the dimpled breast of one of them, and sending forth a silvery stream which joins the Brathay river, and thence forces itself over a succession of little cascades to mighty Windermere."

"What change can seasons bring
Unto so sweet, so calm a spot,
Where every loud and restless thing
Is, like a far-off dream, forgot!"

Of scenes like this, "the reigning spirit may not vary:" solitude and quiet, unbroken save by the eagle's scream, the roaring of the torrent, and the mountain echoes, dwell—dwell here absolute.

"O gentlest lake! from all unhallowed things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss, embathed in flowery dyes,
And shadowed in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead him here,
To form, amid the silence, high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead him boldly on
Like giants, conquering in a noble cause."

On a woody eminence, at the head of Elterwater, stands Elter-Hall, beyond which rise the towering summits of Langdale Pikes:

"In the majesty of distance now
Set off, and to our eyes appearing fair,
And beautified with morning's purple beams."

THRANG CRAG SLATE QUARRY, GREAT LANGDALE,—WESTMORLAND.

This Quarry, the property of Lord Lowther, yields an abundance of fine blue slate, and is situated in the mountains adjacent to the Brathay river.

The geology of the lake districts presents many difficulties to the scientific inquirer; and it still remains in dispute, to what rocks the term *primitive*, and to which that of *secondary* should be applied. The materials of which the greater part of the mountains are composed have been included under the general name of *slaty* rocks; though many of them shew little or no inclination to that peculiar *cleavage* or formation. These slate rocks have been classed into three divisions. The first division comprehends, among others, the mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Grasmoor, and Griesdale Pike. "The granite of Skiddaw being considered as a nucleus upon which these rocks are deposited in mantle-shaped strata, that which immediately reposes upon it is called *gneiss*, though it is more slaty and granular than the gneiss of some other districts. More distant from the granite, the slate becomes less impregnated with *mica*, and is quarried for flooring flags, &c. under the provincial name of *whintin*. This, again, is succeeded by a softer kind of slate. These rocks are of a blackish colour, and divided by natural partings into slates of various thickness, which are sometimes curiously bent and waved." The partings, when very numerous, open by exposure to the weather; and in time, the slate shivers into thin flakes unfit for roofing purposes.

The second division includes the mountains of Borrowdale, *Langdale*, Grasmere, Mardale, &c. Most of the rocks in this division are of a pale blue or grey colour; but they do not exhibit any distinct partings similar to the slates of the first division. "The finest pale blue roofing slate is found here in beds, (called by the workmen veins,) the most natural position of the cleavage of which appears to be vertical, though it is formed in various degrees of inclination, both with respect to the horizon and the planes of stratification. The slates are split into various thicknesses, according to their fineness of grain, and the discretion of the workmen."

The third division of strata form inferior elevations, commencing with a bed of dark blue limestone, and alternating with a slaty rock of the same colour; the different layers of which are, in some places, several feet, and in others only a few inches, thick.

There are few places in England where slate is worked as a mine under ground. It has been suggested, that it might be worked to advantage in subterranean galleries, as in the quarries at Charleville, since the quality improves as the depth of the excavation increases, and the expense of procuring it by mining would be considerably less than that of removing the load of upper rocks and working it in open quarries.

In a cubic foot of Westmorland slate, the specific gravity varies from 2797 to 2732 ounces. It is blasted from the quarry in large masses, and afterwards split with proper tools by the workmen.

The illustrative engraving conveys more information than mere description could give of the various labours by which this useful mineral is obtained; but those who take an interest in geological science, or who feel a gratification in tracing the history and origin of a great domestic comfort (an elegant and durable covering for their dwellings) will not omit in their Lake tour to cast a passing glance at the Slate Quarries.

ENNERDALE WATER, FROM HOW HALL—CUMBERLAND.

Ennerdale water gives name to the village of Ennerdale, and is situated about four miles south of Lowes Water.

The features of this lake, though less striking than those of Windermere or Ullswater, are not deficient in beauty; but it is difficult to determine the point whence a good view may be obtained. A better station cannot be selected for a general survey of the lake and vale of Ennerdale than the neighbourhood of How Hall, which stands at the foot of the water. This mansion, now a farm house, was originally the seat of the Patrickson family, and was erected, as appears by an inscription over the principal door, in the year 1566.

Ennerdale Water is three-quarters of a mile in width, and extends two miles and a half in length. "It runs up into the heart of the mountains, and is skirted on each side by stern and precipitous hills. Near its foot are the woods of How Hall, but above this the scenery becomes barren and sublime; and beyond the head of the lake are seen some of the highest mountains in the county, of which the most conspicuous is the Pillar, rising to the elevation of 2893 feet."

The valley of Gillerthwaite, a narrow tract of cultivated land, stands at the head of the lake,

> "Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
> Of venturous shepherd."

Of this valley, an essayist has observed, that "the genius of Ovid would have transferred the most favoured of his heroes into a river, and poured his waters into the channel of the Lissa, there to wander by the verdant bounds of Gillerthwaite—the sweet reward of patriotism and virtue." A subsequent writer considers this eulogy the very hyperbole of praise, and submits, that if the author had sojourned during a few months of the winter season in the valley of Gillerthwaite, his raptures would have *cooled*, and his language would have been less *glowing;*

> "But not alike to every mortal eye
> Is nature's scene unveil'd.

On this subject, however, fervour of thought and expression may well be justified; and whenever

> "Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful."

WATENLATH, AND THE STREAM OF LOWDORE—CUMBERLAND.

Watenlath is a narrow upland glen, situated in the chapelry of Borrowdale, through which runs a mountain stream, forming two considerable tarns, and the stupendous cataract of Lowdore.

The valley of Watenlath is adapted for an anchorite's abode. On the borders of the tarn are a few cottages of great antiquity, and, these excepted, not a single dwelling can be discovered in the neighbourhood. "The children," Mr. Baines remarks, "stare at a traveller with wonderment, as if they had never before seen a human being out of their own families; and a troop of terrier dogs give mouth, as if a beast of prey were descending into the valley."

The stream of the Lowdore, descending from the tarn, passes over a bed of broken rocks, and continues its course a distance of two miles down this elevated valley, before it arrives at the spot "whence the torrent is thrown." "Two of our melancholy bards," a late writer observes, "breathed out their wishes for an abode in some deep solitude, where their feelings might no longer be harassed by the noise, the follies, and the crimes of the world. Under this temper of mind, they could not have selected a more suitable spot than the vale of Watenlath. Environed on all sides by mountains, no ruder sounds would have met their ears, if we except the roaring of winds and cataracts, than the bleating of sheep and the melody of the shepherd's lute. They might have lived like Laplanders, in gloomy twilight during the winter months." Cowper, one of the bards alluded to, did not seek "the lone wilderness," there to cherish a misanthropic hate, and enjoy a loathing of his kind; his were feelings such as these:

> "Among the hills a hundred homes have I;
> My table in the wilderness is spread;
> In those lone spots a human smile can buy
> Plain fare, kind welcome, and a rushy bed.
> Oh dead to Christian love! to nature dead,
> Who, when some cottage at the close of day
> Hath o'er his soul its cheerful dimness shed,
> Feels not that God was with him on his way,
> Nor with these simple folks devoutly kneels to pray."

The other melancholy bard may, or may not, be one who outraged society, before he desired the desert for his dwelling-place; and who, after having poisoned the social cup apportioned to him, in the bitterness of his soul cursed the fountain at which it was filled.

GRASMERE,—WESTMORLAND.

The lovers of picturesque scenery have already been gratified with a view of Grasmere Lake and Village, taken from the south. The present illustration exhibits the "form and feature" of this lovely spot when surveyed from the east.

"Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valley warm and low;
The windy summit wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the *sacred* tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower!"

Natural beauty, unlike to artificial, does not altogether depend for effect on the point of view from which it is seen. Under different aspects, the prospect will assume an appearance more or less striking; but from what position soever the spectator may survey the scene, he will discover "a glowing beauty," an "untired variety."

The vale of Grasmere terminates in two upland valleys: one rises with a long ascent into a slack, leading to the vale of Wythburn; and the other runs up into the heart of the Langdale Fells. A number of pleasing residences lie at the foot of the hills; one of which was formerly inhabited by Wordsworth—Wordsworth! a name hallowed by piety, by moral worth, by "heavenly minstrelsy!"

"How beautiful is genius, when combin'd
With holiness! Oh! how divinely sweet
The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
By the soft hand of Piety, and hung
Upon Religion's shrine, there vibrating
With solemn music in the ear of God."

"Thou didst despise
To win the ear of this degenerate age
By gorgeous epithets, all idly heap'd
On theme of earthly state, or, idler still,
By tinkling measures and unchastened lays,
Warbled to pleasure and her syren train,
Profaning the best name of poësy."

The Western boundary of Grasmere is formed by "the rugged hills of Silver How," and the lofty range of Fairfield. The single island of this beautiful lake, covered with verdure, and partially wooded, is a prominent feature in our view.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The town of Kirkby-Lonsdale is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Lune, fifteen miles north-north-east of Lancaster.

The singular construction of this bridge renders it an object of great curiosity; and when viewed in connexion with the river and valley of the Lune, it forms one of the most romantic prospects on which the eye can dwell. It is composed of three beautifully ribbed arches; the centre one rising to the height of thirty-six feet above the stream. Antiquity has cast her veil over this erection, and a consequent obscurity envelopes its history. If, however, we *may* rely on popular tradition, the building is to be ascribed to an *unmentionable personage;* of whom it is said, "that he built the bridge one windy night, and that, in fetching the stones from a distance, he let fall the last apron-full as he flew over a fell hard by." This historical *fact* accounts for the huge blocks of stone found in various parts of the neighbouring moors.

"The bridge is a long, firm, and handsome structure, but so narrow as almost to deserve the taunt cast upon the "auld brig of Ayr"—

"Where twa wheelbarrows trembled when they met:"

at least, no two carriages of a larger size can pass each other; but, for the security of foot passengers, there are angular recesses in the battlements, corresponding with the projecting piers."

The river Lune, which is here of considerable width, winds through the bottom of the valley, and is overshadowed by the trees that grow upon its banks. The current passes over a rocky bed; and huge blocks, overgrown with moss, rise up in the midst of the stream. The water is clear to a great depth, and is plentifully stocked with trout and salmon. In this rich and lonely seclusion, the angler may sit and watch the gilded fly with a devotion worthy of Davy or Walton.

NAWORTH CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Naworth Castle, the baronial mansion of the barony of Gilsland, seated amidst lofty trees, in a verdant park, on the south side of the Irthing, is distant two miles and a half, east by north, from Brampton.

This unique specimen of feudal architecture consists of two lofty towers, connected by masses of masonry, enclosing a quadrangular court; and retains the character which distinguished it when occupied by Lord William Howard, celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," as "Belted Will." His apartments and furniture, together with his

library, oratory, and armoury, are shewn to visitants, "and convey a strong impression of the solitary grandeur and inconvenient magnificence of the border feudal lord." The private rooms communicate by secret passages with the dungeons; so that he was enabled, whether in his library or at the confessional, to overlook his prisoners and their guards. The grand hall, a large and lofty room, is adorned with paintings, including portraits of the Scottish monarchs. The dining and drawing rooms are hung with tapestry, and ornamented with paintings, one of which exhibits a full-length portrait of Mary, Queen of England. A considerable display of ancient armour is seen in the chapel; and on the panelled ceiling and altar-screen are portraits of the patriarchs, and of the kings of Israel and Judah.

When this structure was first erected does not appear; but it is first noticed in the 9th year of Edward III., when Ralph Lord Dacre obtained royal permission to castellate the building. The castle is now the property of the Earl of Carlisle, of whose good taste in preserving its pristine character, it affords a striking instance. The south front of the edifice is fortified by an embrasured curtain wall and gateway; and the north side reposes on the brink of lofty cliffs, impending over the torrents of a stream which flows into the Irthing. The windows are narrow and grated; and the doors, which are nearly all cased with iron, have bolts of amazing strength, and move on ponderous hinges.

In the illustrative view, the artist has imparted additional interest to his subject, by introducing a well-told "tale of other days."

THE MOSS TROOPERS.

"The warder looked from the old gray tower,
And thus to his lord he said:—
'The moss troop comes with a fearful power,
And a chieftain at their head.

"'Now, by my sword,' spake that gallant lord,
'We will meet them in the field;
Let each valiant knight equip for the fight,
And traitors be they who yield.'

"Of horse and foot, five hundred strong
Went forth upon that morn,
To chase the border troop along,
With spear, and hound, and horn.

"They drove them from fair Cumberland
And some were prisoners ta'en;
And some by the hand of that knightly band,
On the battle field were slain.

"And better were they, who on that day
Had fallen in the strife,
Than the remnant left, of all hope bereft,
To live through a captive life.

"Galled by the chain, in the victor's train,
They walked for a weary hour;
Then pass'd from their sight the cheering sun light,
In the dungeons of Naworth tower."

The ancient borderers, or *moss-troopers*, retained in their wild forests and mountains the manners and laws of the ancient Britons. They were divided into clans, each commanded by a border chief, at the sound of whose war-cry they were speedily gathered together. Amongst these free-booters were included both English and Scotch; and it was matter of indifference to either, whether they preyed on the opposing frontier, or on the property of their own countrymen. In the time of Edward I., rapine and bloodshed occurred to so alarming an extent, that officers were created under the title of Lords Wardens of the Marches, by whom the moss-troopers were pursued by the *hot-trod*, "which was maintained with a lighted piece of turf carried on a spear, with hue and cry, bugle horn, and blood hound, and all who heard the alarm, were compelled to join in the chace."

DERWENT WATER AND VILLAGE OF GRANGE,—CUMBERLAND.

Leaving the romantic and desolate valley of Borrowdale, the tourist arrives in sight of Lake Derwent Water, whose ample breadth and meadow scenery contrast powerfully with the narrow and ruinous vale in his rear. The bridge crossing the Derwent at Grange forms a pleasing object in the view; while the village itself, and the scattered residences lying on the declivity of the hills, add greatly to the beauty of the prospect. The lake, diversified with islands, and circled by "hills whose tops reach heaven," is hence seen under an aspect peculiarly favourable to picturesque effect.

"On its smooth breast, the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air."

Loftiest among the distant hills, rises Skiddaw. The poet Wilson has addressed a powerful sonnet to this "mountain monarch."

"It was a dreadful day, when late I pass'd
O'er thy dim vastness, Skiddaw! Mist and cloud
Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast
To thee made darling music, wild and loud,
Thou mountain monarch!"

BRIDGE HOUSE, AMBLESIDE,—WESTMORLAND.

On this Illustration it is unnecessary to dilate. For beauty of composition it justly claims to be included among the picturesque gems of Westmorland; but its topography and history afford few materials for an extended description. The Bridge House is a rude edifice, erected on a bridge of one arch, which crosses the Stockgill, in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and formerly belonged to Ambleside Hall, long the seat of the ancient family of Braithwaite.

Since our View was taken, a carriage-road, leading to Keswick, has been formed in the neighbourhood; and a bridge erected directly in front of this picturesque house. The Illustration is therefore now only a record of the past.

APPROACH TO AMBLESIDE,—WESTMORLAND.

Ambleside, a small market-town, situated in the vale of the Rothay, one mile north of Windermere, "is built in pleasing irregularity on the side of a hill, commanding charming prospects of the parks of Rydal and Brathay, and the extensive lake of Windermere." Excellent accommodations are here provided for tourists, at the Salutation and White-Lion inns; and as the town is in the neighbourhood of many very interesting excursions, visitors to the lakes usually make it their head-quarters. Ambleside was formerly a Roman station, and some slight traces of a fortress are said to be perceptible in a field at the head of Windermere. During the last fifty years, the town has been nearly rebuilt throughout, and its present aspect is consequently of modern character. A weekly market is held on Wednesday; and it has three annual fairs. The Chapel, which was rebuilt in 1812, stands at the north end of the town; and near to it is the richly-endowed Grammar-school, which is free to all the boys in the township, whose parents choose to avail themselves of the charity.

In 1796, a new Market-house was erected on the site of the old one, which was supported on pillars, and surrounded by a gallery. The following year, a large woollen-mill was built for the manufacture of linsey and coarse woollen goods. Near this building is a tannery and corn-mill. Some of the inhabitants of Ambleside find employment at the slate-quarries, and in working up the coppice-wood into *cornes*, and other baskets called swills. An extensive exhibition of Prints and Drawings, begun by a Mr. Green, and continued by different members of his family, claim the visitor's attention; and a Circulating Library is established in the town, for the tourist's literary recreation.

The illustrative View shews the entrance into Ambleside from the south, which is rendered peculiarly striking by the lofty trees overhanging the road on the right-hand. A pack of subscription-hounds, kennelled at Ambleside, forms a lively and characteristic feature in the engraving, on which the sportsman will look with much satisfaction: in the ecstacy of the moment, perchance, he may issue a hasty summons for his groom, and bid him "saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

DALLAM TOWER, NEAR MILNTHORP,—WESTMORLAND.

Dallam Tower, the seat of George Wilson, Esq., is situated within a short distance south-west of Milnthorp. This elegant mansion was erected in the year 1720, about which time the extensive park was also formed. The latter, which has been greatly improved, includes several undulating and fertile hills, interspersed with venerable and lofty trees, the immemorial abode of a numerous rookery, and contains an abundance of deer. The site of this edifice is truly delightful: behind the Tower rises a steep hill, clothed to the summit in rich and clustering foliage; and in front of the building spreads the ample extent of the park, on the side of which the river Belo meanders in its course, crossed by a stone bridge of one arch, erected to divert the high-road, which formerly passed directly in front of the house, from the park grounds. This stream affords good angling, and contains a variety of fish, with occasionally salmon and trout: it falls at length into the estuary of the Kent river, which passes through the bay of Morecambe into the Irish sea. Along the opposite banks of the Kent extends a line of mountains, including Lyth Fell and Whitbarrow Scar.

The neighbourhood of Dallam Tower is eminently picturesque, and well worthy the attention of visitors. Near to the grounds is a good bathing station, most advantageously situated, which has latterly become a place of very general resort, owing, perhaps in a great measure, to the good society which is to be met with in Milnthorp and its neighbourhood.

The thriving village of Milnthorp, consisting principally of one long street, stands seven miles and a half south-by-west of Kendal, and is a dependent sea-port under Lancaster. In the town and neighbourhood are extensive cotton and flax-mills; and large quantities of twine and linen-thread are here spun. On the river Belo, southward of the town, are several paper-mills.

BROUGH CASTLE,—WESTMORLAND.

The ancient town of Brough, called *Brough-under-Stanemore*, to distinguish it from other places of the same name, was formerly a station of the Romans, who, in the decline of their empire, had a captain, with a band of *Directores*, at this place. The town is divided into two parts: the northern portion being called Market Brough, and that on the south, Church Brough. In the latter stands the Church, a spacious ancient fabric, the pulpit of which is formed out of one entire stone.

In the neighbourhood of the Church, on a lofty eminence above the Swindale rivulet, stand the venerable ruins of Brough Castle. This structure is supposed to occupy the site of the Roman fortress, and to have been built shortly after the Norman conquest. A large stone, removed from the gate-way of the edifice about fifty years since, and placed under the water-fall at Brougham Mill, bears the following inscription:—"This castle of Brough-under-Stanemore, and the great tower of it, was repaired by Lady Ann Clifford,

Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery; Baroness Clifford, Westmorland, and Vesey; High Sheriff by inheritance of the county of Westmorland, and Lady of the Honour of Skipton-in-Craven, in the year of our Lord God 1659; so as she came to lie in it herself for a little while in September, 1661, after it had been ruinous, without timber or any covering, ever since the year 1521, when it was burnt by a casual fire."

The walls of the great square tower, called Cæsar's Tower, stood perfect till 1792, when the lower part of the south-east corner gave way, and left the upper part suspended, with no other support than the cement of the parallel wall. About forty years since, an urn, containing a large quantity of Roman silver coins, was found while digging the foundation of a house in the vicinity of the castle. The most of these were in a high state of preservation; one especially, bearing on the obverse a fine impression of the head of Titus Vespasian, and on the reverse the figure of a female weeping, allusive, it is supposed, to the destruction of Jerusalem by that emperor. Latterly, the ruins have suffered less from the ravages of time, than from the vandal indifference with which the materials have been taken and applied to ordinary building purposes. Sufficient, however, remains, and we trust *will* remain, to identify a spot rife with interesting associations—the site of ancient record and traditionary lore.

Whether the following brief history has any foundation in fact, or whether it is "the very coinage of the brain," let the curious reader inquire and determine: it embodies incidents which might or might not occur in the infancy of our national history, when the arms of Italy had overthrown the principalities of Britain, and "the pomp and circumstance" of a Roman encampment occupied the ground where now stand the ruins of Brough Castle.

Marcus Festus, a centurion of great merit, who had rendered important services to the emperor Vespasian during the siege of Jerusalem, was appointed to a government in Britain. Arriving in the kingdom of the Brigantes, he fixed his station in Westmorland; and there, aided by a legion from Eboracum, (York,) constructed a camp and fortress. This encampment, named Verteræ, occupied a central position on the Maiden-way, between Lavatræ (Bowes, in Yorkshire) and Brovacum, (Brougham, in Westmorland,) and added considerably to the Roman power in this part of Britain. Here, with his century or band of one hundred men, Festus took up his residence; and endeavoured, by lenity of conduct towards the Britons, to quench all animosity against the imperial power, and direct their attention to the improvement of their condition, and the arts of civilized life.

Festa, the daughter and only child of Festus, accompanied her father to Britain; and the winning beauties and graces of the maid, more prevailed with the Brigantes, than the terrors of a Roman cohort. The Britons had already departed, in a good measure, from their wild and barbarous character, from having observed the more refined manners of their invaders; and neither the rude costume in which they were clad, nor the still ruder dwellings they inhabited, could veil the manly bearing and virtues of a race, whose posterity should outvie, in the arts of civilization, even Rome itself.

Among the British youth, whom Festus treated with peculiar regard, was Cathlon, son of a chief of the Brigantes; and the centurion's favour was the more directed towards him, from the circumstance of his father having fallen by the Roman arms, in a skirmish which took place shortly after his arrival in the country. Frequent intercourse with his patron had raised the young Briton to an equality with him: all the learning in which the youth of Rome were accustomed to be instructed, had been imparted to him; and his newly-acquired mental endowments gave dignity to his actions, and added beauty to his countenance. Festa, a Roman maid, the daughter of a centurion, beheld and loved him.

The Lupercalia, or feast of purification, which had been restored in all its solemnities by Augustus, was now held in great veneration by the Romans; and during the month of February, (which derives its name from *februo*, to purify,) this sacred rite was accustomed to be celebrated. As the period approached, Festus prepared for his journey to Eboracum, at which place, being a head-quarters of the Roman forces, the Luperci would perform the ceremony.

The departure of Festus reanimated the hopes of that portion of the Britons disaffected towards the imperial government; and secret consultation was held, to determine what measures should be taken to shake off the invader's yoke. It was agreed, that Cathlon should be made the instrument of vengeance, as he was permitted unrestrained ingress and egress to and from the garrison. The gods of his country were invoked in his presence, to aid the overthrow of the Romans; his father's spirit was summoned, to require a son's revenge on his murderer; and every means used that could excite his youthful impetuosity and ardour, and induce him to undertake the fatal enterprise. Cathlon, at length subdued, yielded himself to the wishes of the conspirators: he forgot all the kindness of Festus—he remembered no more the love of Festa.

Various plans were proposed by the disaffected Britons for the accomplishment of their purpose, but all appeared to present obstacles and difficulties insurmountable; and the return of Festus was daily expected, ere any scheme had been contrived that gave a promise of success. At length, an aged chieftain advised that the reservoir which supplied the whole camp with water should be poisoned. The proposition was instantly acceded to; and the performance of the fearful task entrusted to Cathlon. He was left, in the management of this enterprise, to the guidance of a druid, who had acquired the most perfect control over him, and who possessed great skill in the preparation of deadly poisons. When he had conducted his pupil to the Roman encampment, the druid left him, having first placed the vase of poison in his hands, and bound him by solemn oath to fulfil the duty imposed. Cathlon then passed uninterrupted through the garrison, and proceeded to the reservoir. He stood for a moment trembling, and with infirmity of purpose; but the druid had commanded him, in the event of his resolution faltering, to utter the name of his father. The spell was potent: Cathlon dashed the contents of the vase into the cistern.

At this instant, the conclamation of the Roman soldiers announced the return of Festus and his daughter; and Cathlon could by no means quit the fortress without encountering them. Festus, indeed, had already perceived him, and beckoned his approach: with an abashed look, the young Briton advanced, and welcomed the centurion and his daughter's return. Mutual inquiry and conversation had thrown a momentary forgetfulness over the deed of death, and Cathlon stood with all a lover's fondness by the side of Festa. Suddenly the maid commanded her attendant to fill a vase with water from the reservoir. "The reservoir is poisoned," shrieked Cathlon: the words were utterly involuntarily, and could not be recalled. "Poisoned! and by whom?" sternly demanded the centurion: "By me, by Cathlon, whose father fell by the Roman sword!"

Few words suffice for the rest: Cathlon perished by the lictor's axe; and Festa withered in her father's hall. No long time after, Festus returned to Rome, and presented himself at the court of Trajan. "I come," said he to the emperor, "from among a people who will never forget that they have been free, and I bring thence nothing save this small urn, containing the ashes of a beloved daughter."

LOWESWATER,—CUMBERLAND.

Loweswater gives name to a hamlet, situated near the foot of the lake, at the distance of seven miles south from Cockermouth.

The mountains surrounding the lower end of Loweswater are high and rocky; in many points of view they appear of a conical form, and rise from their base so abruptly that it is impossible to ascend them. These declivities, however, are not unfrequently clothed with brushwood and a few trees, which render them exceedingly picturesque in themselves, and impart a pleasing variety to the surrounding prospect. The lake, scarcely exceeding a mile in length, discharges itself into Crummock-water, distant about two miles.

The illustrative View is taken from the north-east, on the road leading to Crummock-water; and includes the mountains of Blake-fell, Melbreak, and Red Pike.

"Look where you may, a tranquillizing soul
Breathes forth a life-like pleasure o'er the whole.
The shadows settling on the mountain's breast,
Recline, as conscious of the hour of rest;
Stedfast, as objects in a peaceful dream,
The sleepy trees are bending o'er the stream;
The stream, half-veil'd in snowy vapour, flows
With sound like silence, motion like repose."

"The village of Loweswater is charmingly situated close to the lake, under the lofty Melbreak." Excepting in this direction, however, there are few habitations near it; and a consequent air of solitude pervades the scene. "Nothing exceeds in composition the parts of this landscape. They are all great, and lie in fine order of perspective. The genius of the greatest adepts might here improve in taste and judgment; and the most enthusiastic ardour for pastoral poetry and painting will here find an inexhaustible source of scenes and images."

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HONISTER CRAG,—CUMBERLAND.

Honister Crag, situated at the head of Buttermere, overlooks the valley of Borrowdale. This stupendous mountain, though it may yield to others in height, is by far the most striking and picturesque rock in Cumberland. "The total elevation is 1700 feet; and it rises from Gatesgarth-dale in a single precipice of 1500 feet." Honister Crag forms with Yew Crag a wild and solitary defile, which, during the existence of the Border clans, was frequently the scene of deadly feuds and contentions.

The nature of the Illustration obliges us to summon forth "far-forgotten things," referring, as it does, to a desperate struggle between two rival clans of border free-booters.

Late in the evening, at the autumnal season of a year, over which passing centuries have thrown a darkening veil, the weary and harassed borderers of Borrowdale were summoned together by the sound of the *slugan*, or war-cry of their band. The scouts who had been sent forth in different directions, to give timely notice of any hostile approaches, returned to their chief, who sat ruminating by his watch-fire on a neighbouring mountain, and reported the sudden irruption of a Scottish clan, that had swept before them a rich booty of cattle, lying at the foot of Borrowdale hawse. By passing in small companies through well-reconnoitred passes of the mountains, the Scots had contrived to elude the observation of the night-guard, till their whole force had again united; they then divided into two companies, one of which drove their booty towards the frontier, and the other remained to protect the rear, and baffle their opponents, if they attempted pursuit. The war-shout of the despoiled clan rung through the mountains, and the Cumberland men repaired one and all to their chief, each one mounted on his *pricker*, a name applied to their small horses, which were both fleet and sufficiently spirited to overcome a laborious ascent into the hills.

Among the Scottish freebooters, none were found possessed of greater skill and daring, in the management of their predatory excursions, than the Grœmes. This clan it was who had undertaken and accomplished the capture at Borrowdale, which, even in those days of enterprise, was looked upon as an astonishing instance of successful temerity. These troopers were commanded by the younger Grœme, a bold hardy chieftain; and his aged father, the Ossian of the clan, followed in all their expeditions, to infuse warlike feeling into their hearts, by reciting "the tale of other times," and the bold enterprises of his past days, when the feebleness of age had not arrived.

All the border clans cherished feelings of deadly animosity against each other; and this hereditary hate was even greater than their desire for plunder. When the division of the highland band, under the direction of the two Grœmes, had succeeded in diverting the enemy from the track which their comrades had taken, they separated among the hills, there to wait the signal, when a favourable opportunity should present for rushing down

in all their strength upon the Cumberland men, and working out the measure of their hatred against them.

After fruitless attempts to recover the spoils which had been wrested from them, the English borderers resolved to retaliate on the Scottish frontier, and, accordingly, collecting all their power, commenced their march through the desolate region of Borrowdale. Information was speedily conveyed to the younger Grœme, that the enemy were approaching; the appointed signal was then given, and the highlanders once more crowded round their leader. The Scottish chief determined to suspend his attack till the enemy should arrive in the defile between Honister Crag and Yew Crag, when his followers would have the advantage of assailing their foe from the overhanging precipices. They passed along in single rank, through the passes of the mountains, towards the appointed spot.

The March.

Sons of the mountain chief, on to the battle field!
Clansmen and highlanders, grasp ye the sword and shield;
On the rock or in defile, we'll not be ensnared,
When the foe is waiting, are we not prepared?

On, let us meet them, our bucklers shall cover us;
Our refuge the hills, and heaven's vault over us:
O'er the steep of the crag, down the side of the scar,
Let us rush on the foe, in the thunder of war.

Their bugle sounds cheerly: Behold them advancing!
With waving of plumes, and their chargers all prancing;
Yet the mountains that ring, to their proud horses' tread,
They shall echo ere long, to the fall of the dead!

The highlanders concealed themselves behind the rocky fragments strown on the side of Yew Crag, till the English troopers, advancing at a rapid rate, had reached the point in Gatesgarth-dale, which lay directly opposite to their ambuscade. Young Grœme sprung on his feet, and waved his claymore towards the enemy: the signal was answered by a volley of musketry from the hill; and instantly several horses, without riders, flew through the defile. The elder Grœme singled forth the English leader. Sinking on one knee, he raised his musket with deadly certainty, and ere the sound of the death-shot could reach his victim, the white steed that bore him was left unfettered by the rein. Furious at the loss of their leader, the troopers wheeled their horses round the precipice, on which the Grœmes and a few of their followers were stationed; and, before the remainder of the highland band could afford succour, the younger Grœme, together with several of his clan, had met the death of heroes. The English then dashed forward on their expedition, not caring to continue the battle under the disadvantages of their position.

The highlanders gathered round their fallen leader, and raised loud lament for the warrior, whose blood was streaming in their view. The old chieftain gazed wildly on his son; and his frame, which seventy winters had not palsied, shook with tremor. The body

was laid in an opening on the hill side, and every clansman brought a fragment of rock, to raise a rude memorial of his chief. On the summit of the pile they placed his bonnet, shield, and claymore, that neither friend nor foe should thereafter pass it with irreverence.

DUNSTANBURGH CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

This structure, which has long been in ruins, stands in the township of Dunstan, on an eminence above the sea, six miles and a half north-east of Alnwick. The only existing remains of this edifice are the out-works on the west and south sides, which, with the cliffs, enclose a square area nine acres in extent. On the north side the rocks rise in a columnar form to the height of thirty feet perpendicular. Towards the north-west is a high square tower, with exploratory turrets at each corner, which is considered the most modern part of the building. Nigh to the eastern tower are the remains of a chapel, and beneath it is a frightful chasm, where, in boisterous weather, the sea makes a dreadful inset. This spot has obtained the name of the *Rumble Churn.*

Dunstanburgh Castle, it is conjectured, was originally a fortress of the ancient Britons, and afterwards a Roman castellum; but history makes no mention of the edifice till the fourteenth century, when it was rebuilt by Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. In 1642, it was dismantled by Edward IV., and has ever since remained in a state of ruin.

SAND HILL, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Sand Hill is an area of triangular form, situated on the east side of the Tyne bridge; and includes the Exchange, Guildhall, Merchants' Court, and Fish Market. It derives its name from having formerly been, at low-water, a hill of sand, deposited by the Tyne, where the inhabitants of Newcastle used to assemble for recreation, previous to the erection of the Quay. The east and north sides are occupied by lofty and commodious buildings, many of which, until lately, retained all the heavy characteristics of their original erection. The projections and balconies which disfigured these edifices are now removed, and the whole range has assumed a more modern and elegant appearance; yet the old houses still exhibit some antiquated features, the entire front of the apartments in the upper stories being, in many instances, occupied by windows. Our grandsires, who delighted to grope their uncouth way in the palpable obscure of their age and generation, studiously contrived these overhanging windows, to shut out the sun-light, and spread the gloom of perpetual twilight over the lower parts of their dwellings. "New lights" (some of which might well be dispensed with) have dawned on the world; and the opaque masses of wood-work which formerly took the name of windows, are now exchanged for sash-frames, in which a certain transparent body, called glass, is deemed the *first* requisite. In the rear of these houses are spacious granaries and cellars for depositing corn and merchandise. The Savings Bank, and Saint Thomas's Chapel, are situated at the entrance to the Tyne bridge.

BRENCKBURN PRIORY,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Brenckburn Priory, distant ten miles north-north-west from Morpeth, is situated within a curvature of the river Coquet, by which it is surrounded on all sides except the north. A portion of this ancient edifice has been demolished. The church, which was built in the cathedral form, is nearly entire, consisting of the square tower, the nave, the two transepts, the aisle, and a side aisle, to the north: one spire still stands, which, with the noble pillars and arches, and the remains of the dormitory, authenticate its former extent and magnificence. The windows of this structure exhibit the circular and pointed arch; and the north and south doors are richly ornamented in the Saxon and Norman styles of architecture. Mutilated urns, and other relics of antiquity, having been discovered in various parts of the buildings, it has been conjectured that a Roman station once existed here, and that "Brenckburn Grove" echoed the ravings of pagan superstition long before a Christian priesthood had chosen it for their abode. On a hill adjacent to the Priory are evident traces of a Roman villa, and of a military way, on which are the foundations of many houses running regularly in streets. When the water is low, the piers of a Roman bridge are distinctly seen in the bed of the river. According to the opinion of some, Brenckburn, or Brencaburgh, carries back its origin to a period even more remote than the Roman invasion. Probably it is the same with Brunenburgh, near to which king Athelstan, in the year 938, gained the celebrated victory known by that name: the battle, it is known, was fought in this neighbourhood.

The Priory was founded in the reign of Henry I., by William de Bertram, Baron of Mitford, who dedicated it to St. Peter, and placed therein a brotherhood of black canons, of the order of St. Benedick. By this nobleman and his son, the Priory was endowed with extensive possessions, and invested with many and important privileges. At the time of the dissolution, ten canons were resident here; and the annual revenue of the institution was estimated at nearly eighty pounds, a large revenue in those days. The building, together with its demesnes, ultimately descended to Major Hodgson, of Moorhouse Hall, in the county of Cumberland; and was by him sold to Ward Cadogan, Esq.; by whose recent decease, the property of Brenckburn Priory has devolved on Major Hodgson Cadogan, "son of the former proprietor, who married the only daughter of this gentleman."

The proprietary mansion stands near the south-west angle of the church, and was built on the walls of the monastic edifice. The situation is highly romantic and picturesque: the river Coquet winds round the grounds, giving them a peninsular situation; and the stream is overhung by rocks and woods, presenting together a picture of exquisite beauty. The Priory itself presents many objects of great interest to the antiquary.

THE CASTLE, FROM THE COUNTY COURT, NEWCASTLE-TYNE.

A general description of the Castle, at Newcastle, has been given at page 32 of this work; we shall, therefore, only add some few particulars, to render that brief survey more complete.

The liberties and privileges of the Castle extended northward to the Tweed, and southward to the river Tees. After the union of England and Scotland, this structure, which had till then served as a check against the inroads of our northern neighbours, was abandoned by the crown, and afterwards held by the incorporated company of tailors, at the annual rent of one pound; a portion of the keep only being retained as a prison. From the year 1605 to 1616, this seat of "olden revelry," the gathering-place of "knights and barons bold," was the farmed property of the corporate *board* above-mentioned, who here *threaded* their arguments, and took their *measures*. In 1618, James I. granted the castle to the page of his bed-chamber, for a yearly rent of forty shillings. In 1652, the corporation of Newcastle obtained it by purchase, and James II. confirmed it to them by letters patent. This grant was, however, in 1734, revoked; and the property, after having passed successively through the hands of Colonel Liddle, Henry Lord Ravensworth, and others, was once more, in 1812, purchased by the corporation for six hundred guineas, and to them it now belongs.

This noble fortress was for a length of time tenanted by a currier, and the chapel used as the beer-cellar of a tavern! Afterwards, the Castle was repaired, and its appearance considerably improved: the top of the keep was arched and flagged, and a flag-tower erected; the battlements were embrasured; and the stairs and interior apartments carefully restored. Twelve carronades were also mounted, to fire salutes on days of public rejoicing.

The County Court, or Moot Hall, forming one feature in our Engraving, is a massive stone building, universally allowed to be one of the finest specimens of Grecian architecture in the north of England. It stands on the south side of the Castle-garth, and was erected under the superintendence of Mr. Stokoe, architect. The foundation-stone was laid on the 22d of July, 1810, and in 1812 the edifice reached completion. This magnificent building is of an oblong form, and measures one hundred and forty-four feet by seventy-two; the north and south sides being ornamented with elegant porticoes, the Grecian Doric pillars of which are twenty-eight feet in height, and five feet in diameter. The whole fabric is surrounded partly by walls and buildings, and partly by iron palisades.

On the right of the entrance-hall is the crown court, and on the left the *nisi prius* court; and the wings include convenient apartments for the judge, and the inferior attendants of the court. Above these, are the gaoler's apartments. The prison occupies the lower part of the building, and consists of a great number of cells, which are dry, well lighted and ventilated, and furnished with fire-places.

This structure is one of the principal architectural ornaments of Newcastle.

NORHAM CASTLE,—NORTH DURHAM.

Norham Castle was built by Bishop Flambard, in 1121, for the protection of the see of Durham against the inroads of the Scots. It is "situated on the top of a high steep rock, impending over the Tweed." Bishop Tunstal found it necessary to repair the edifice; and Pudsey, a subsequent prelate, built the great tower, which still exists, and is seventy feet in height. Near to the river, the ruins hang upon the verge of the precipice, and part of them have been washed away by the encroachments of the stream. The materials of which the building is composed is a soft red freestone.

In early times, this fortress was, when sufficiently garrisoned, almost impregnable. It was taken, and partly destroyed, by David I., of Scotland, in 1138; but was afterwards restored to its former strength by Bishop Pudsey. King John besieged the Castle, in consequence of the Northumbrian barons having yielded homage to Alexander II.; so obstinate, however, was the defence, that in forty days he was obliged to raise the siege. Various attempts were afterwards made by the Scots to obtain possession of this fortress, but with no great success. A short time previous to the memorable battle of Flodden Field, it was assaulted by James IV., of Scotland, who effected an entrance, through the advice and assistance of a deserter from the garrison.

The Traitor's Guerdon.

Silence, interrupted only by the measured paces of the sentinels, had taken place of the tumult which, a few hours before, rung throughout Norham Castle. James had retired, with the Earls of Huntley, Lennox, and Argyle, to the state-room. Seating himself in an antique chair at the upper end of the apartment, the Scottish monarch welcomed his nobles to Norham.

"Why, Huntley," exclaimed the affable James, "the wine-cup of Norham brings a blush into thy face; dost think we have not earned our cheer?"

"Dearly earned it, sire," replied Huntley: "these English fight bravely, and do not yield on slight pretence."

"There are traitors among them, Huntley," rejoined the king. "Did you notice the dark-looking churl, that craved our ear last night?"

"I did, sire, and marvelled your majesty should grant him private audience."

"I'll tell thee, Huntley: I saw the traitor lurking in his face, and guessed his errand was to sell his countrymen. He offered me entrance to the Castle: I bargained with the craven, and instructed him, on a certain signal being given, to admit me and my followers. This morning, therefore, I gave thee charge to press the assault with vigour, that the resources of the besieged might all be collected at one point; and before they had discovered the stratagem, I was in possession of their fortress."

"And what guerdon did your majesty bestow on the traitor?"

"He has not yet received his reward," replied James. "I appointed to-night for the payment of the sum demanded, and 'tis some wonder that he is not here already."

The door of the apartment opened, and an attendant entered, to inquire whether it was his majesty's pleasure that a stranger should be admitted to his presence.

"Conduct him hither," replied the king.

The door again opened, and admitted a tall muscular man, whose face (the very index of his mind) exhibited a strange mixture of effrontery and cowardice. He advanced with long slovenly strides to the king's chair, and, resting his arm on one of the supporters, briefly explained the motive for his visit.—"I come for my hire," said he.

"I bade you come for your *reward*," answered James.

The man's countenance betrayed considerable anxiety; but his apprehensions appeared to subside on seeing the stipulated sum counted over on the table, and all his former assurance returned when the Earl of Huntley had given the price of treason into his hands. With a slight obeisance, he prepared to leave the presence.

"Stay, traitor!" exclaimed James: "thou hast thine hire, but not thy reward." Then summoning his guard, "Seize this caitiff," said the king, "and hang him on the outer battlement."——It was the utter hopelessness of life, probably, that inspired the prisoner with courage, while, with a look of daring and contempt, he replied—"James of Scotland, thou hast sealed thy own death." The monarch waved his hand, and the traitor was led away to execution.

Not long after this occurrence, was fought the memorable battle of Flodden Field, in which James, with a great portion of his army, perished. It was currently reported, that several letters, in the hand-writing of James, had reached the English court; and that on them the latter had acted, in all its movements, against the Scottish monarch. When, at length, the decayed body of the traitor fell through the chains which suspended it, another letter, in the same character, was found in an envelop of his dress: a sufficient evidence that he had conveyed the manuscripts to the English court; and that he, in fact, had sealed the death of James.

TWYSILL CASTLE,—NORTH DURHAM.

Twysill is a township, ten miles south-west of Berwick. The Castle, the property of Sir Francis Blake, Bart., stands in this township, on the brink of a rocky precipice, east of the river Till, and at no great distance from Tilmouth House. This magnificent castellated structure is built of white freestone, and the scenery by which it is surrounded is of the most romantic and picturesque description.

The manor of Twysill was anciently held in soccage tenure of the barons of Mitford, and has passed successively through several distinguished families to the Blakes, its present possessors. This last-named family is of great antiquity, and of British extraction, being traditionally derived from *Ap Lake*, one of the knights of the celebrated Round Table.

At Twysill, the river Till is crossed by a stone bridge, consisting of one magnificent arch, spanning upwards of ninety feet. The junction of the Till with the Tweed is shewn in the illustrative View.

HIGHCUP GILL, APPLEBY IN THE DISTANCE,—WESTMORLAND.

Highcup Gill is situated between the lofty elevation of Murton Pike and Roman Fell. Through the middle of this romantic valley runs a mountain stream which, after a winding course of some miles, at length effects a junction with the river Eden. The Gill presents a most remarkable appearance; and might be compared to the tumultuous heavings of a troubled sea, suddenly arrested by a petrifying power. The elevation of this spot may be assumed from the distance to which the spectator can extend his view. The intervening space between it and Appleby appears inconsiderable; but the diminution of objects, and the aërial tint that veils them, sufficiently indicate "the stretch of vision" which may be here enjoyed.

BROUGHAM CASTLE,—WESTMORLAND.

The venerable ruins of Brougham Castle are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Brougham Hall, the seat of the present Lord Chancellor, near the junction of the rivers Eamont and Lowther, and within half a mile south-east of Penrith. Some traces of an ancient encampment are still visible, and many coins and other remains of the Roman era have from time to time been discovered. The present ruins attest a Norman origin, and the first recorded possessor was John de Veteripont; but considerable additions were made to the structure by the first Roger Lord Clifford, and his descendant.

In 1412, Brougham Castle suffered considerably from the Scots; and no mention of it occurs in history from that period till 1617, when James I., on his return from Scotland, was here hospitably entertained by Francis, Earl of Cumberland. An inscription on the edifice states, that in 1651 it was repaired by the Countess Dowager Pembroke, "after it had lain ruinous ever since 1617." No renovations appear to have been afterwards made; and the pile has gradually sunk beneath the all-subduing influence of time: yet, even at the present day, the ruins retain an air of grandeur, to mock and to attest its former magnificence.

The entrance to the Castle is by a gateway and tower, leading through a short covered way to the inner gateway. The keep is situated in the middle of the area: the masonry in this portion of the building is admirable; but all the interior apartments, with the exception of one vault, are destroyed. The roof of this chamber consists of groined arches, supported in the centre by an octagonal pillar; and the whole is finished with elaborate chisel-work and grotesque sculptures. Of the out-works, scarcely any vestige remains. The gateways are vaulted, and they had each a portcullis to protect the entrance.

Situated on a woody eminence, these ruins present a striking and picturesque object to the tourist, from whatever point the view may be obtained. Near the Castle is a lofty and handsome pillar, adorned with coats of arms and other embellishments, called the Countess's Pillar. It was erected in 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, as the inscription states, "for a memorial of her last parting in this place with her good and pious mother, Margaret, Countess Dowager of Cumberland."

With Whinfell Park, in the neighbourhood of Brougham, the following improbable narration is connected:—During a visit of Edward Baliol, King of Scotland, to Robert de Clifford, in 1333, it is said, "they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Red Kirk, in Scotland, and back to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side, and the greyhound attempting the same leap, fell, and died on the contrary side."

HEXHAM, FROM THE WEST,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hexham is a town of great antiquity, pleasantly situated on an eminence south of the Tyne river, at the distance of twenty miles west from Newcastle. The soil in this neighbourhood varies considerably: the valleys are rich, and in a fine state of cultivation, while the higher lands require all the efforts of skill and industry to render them fertile. Of the vale of Hexham it is said, "its harvests are the earliest, its trees have the richest foliage, and its landscape is the most diversified and interesting of any in Northumberland."

The site of the town, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hadrian's Wall, and several important Roman stations, affords testimony that an encampment formerly occupied this place; though antiquaries differ much in opinion on this subject. The dignity and celebrity of Hexham is derived from the ancient church, the building of which by St. Wilfrid was undoubtedly the first inducement to erect domestic habitations in the vicinity. To this holy personage, king Egfrid granted the whole territory of Hexhamshire, and to his zeal and ability the town was indebted for that high character which rendered it the envy and admiration of the age. He introduced into it the most skilful artists from France and Italy; and the first use of glass windows in the north of England is ascribed to him. He is represented as having been "elegant in person, accomplished and affable in demeanour, popular in manners, and, though extremely ambitious, was eminent for the virtues of charity and liberality. The sons of princes were his pupils, and princes themselves were his familiar intimates."

The ecclesiastical buildings, and the whole neighbourhood of Hexham, suffered severely from the Scots; and a short time previous to the battle of Nevill's Cross, David, king of Scotland, with an army of forty thousand men, halted here three days, and converted the place into a depôt for military stores and provisions. The next event of importance was the battle of Hexham Levels, in which Henry VI., of the house of Lancaster, suffered a final defeat by the Yorkists.—The romantic incidents attending the escape of Margaret and prince Edward, will form an episode in this brief history.

The "Queen's Cave."

After the defeat at Hedgeley Moor, the Lancastrians concentrated their forces on the plain of Hexham Levels, and there waited the advance of the Yorkists, resolving to place on the issue of the expected contest their final overthrow or triumph. The result of this battle is well known: the army of Henry was completely routed, and even the high cap of state, with its two rich crowns, fell into the hands of the Duke of York, who shortly after ascended the throne of England by the title of Edward IV. Henry fled from the field;

and Margaret, his queen, with the young prince Edward, escaped into an adjoining forest. They had scarcely entered within its intricacies, when they were seized by a band of ruffians who had there located themselves. Regardless of her rank, sex, or situation, they stripped the queen of her jewels, and were proceeding to greater indignities, when a quarrel arose between them about the distribution of the spoil. Seizing this favourable opportunity for escape, the prince and his mother fled into the interior recesses of the forest.

As the royal fugitives were pursuing their toilsome journey through this wilderness, a rustling of the trees forewarned them of approaching danger; but before they could reach concealment, a robber confronted them in their path.

"Ruffian," exclaimed the queen, assuming the dignity and haughtiness of carriage familiar to her, "thou hast tarried over long: thy comrades have been before thee, and have despoiled us of our treasures."

"Truly," answered the robber; "their chief will find but worthless prey in what they left you. You may pass: 'twere better that you take the right-hand path, its windings lead to an opening of the forest."

"Stay, man," said Margaret, "though a desperate outlaw, there yet may be some spark of pity in thee, some reverence for a kingly name."

"Pity and reverence are terms alike unknown to me," replied the man; "and kingly power is but an idle sound to him who owns no sway—respects no laws."

"Yet will I trust thee," answered the queen, "for fortune leaves us little choice of friends. Behold this boy—the son of Henry of Lancaster, your king."

Whether surprise overpowered him, or a latent nobleness of mind forbade him to offer insult to fallen majesty, the robber chief uncovered his head, and proffered his assistance to the wanderers.

"What service," said he, "can I render to you and the prince your son?"

"Provide us with a place of concealment," eagerly rejoined the queen, "and effect our escape beyond the reach of York."

"Concealment," said the robber, "is not difficult; and what more I can do, I will do: for the present, follow me to a cave hard by, where you may repose in safety, and wait a favourable opportunity of rejoining your friends."—He led the way through an unfrequented path, and brought them to "a wretched but secure asylum" in the forest, which, in memory of the unfortunate queen, still retains the name of the "Queen's Cave."

During the civil wars, the inhabitants of Hexham maintained their loyalty; and, in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, they manifested the strongest attachment to the house of Stuart. The reorganization of the northern militia in 1761, occasioned a "direful commotion, called *Hexham Riot*," in which a considerable number of the miners were killed and wounded by the military. Martial law having been proclaimed, the country was patrolled by an excited soldiery, who inspired terror wherever they appeared, and succeeded in dragging the ringleaders of the riot from their places of concealment to the scaffold.

In common with most ancient towns, Hexham is irregularly built. The market-place

is spacious; and on the principal day of business (Tuesday) a plentiful supply of corn, provisions, &c. is brought for sale. A market of less consequence is held every Saturday. Two annual fairs take place in August and November; and "three hirings," in the months of March, May, and November. Hexham does not enjoy an inland navigation; but its manufactures of leather, gloves, stuff-hats, and worsted articles, are very considerable. Vast quantities of vegetables are supplied by Hexham for the Newcastle markets.

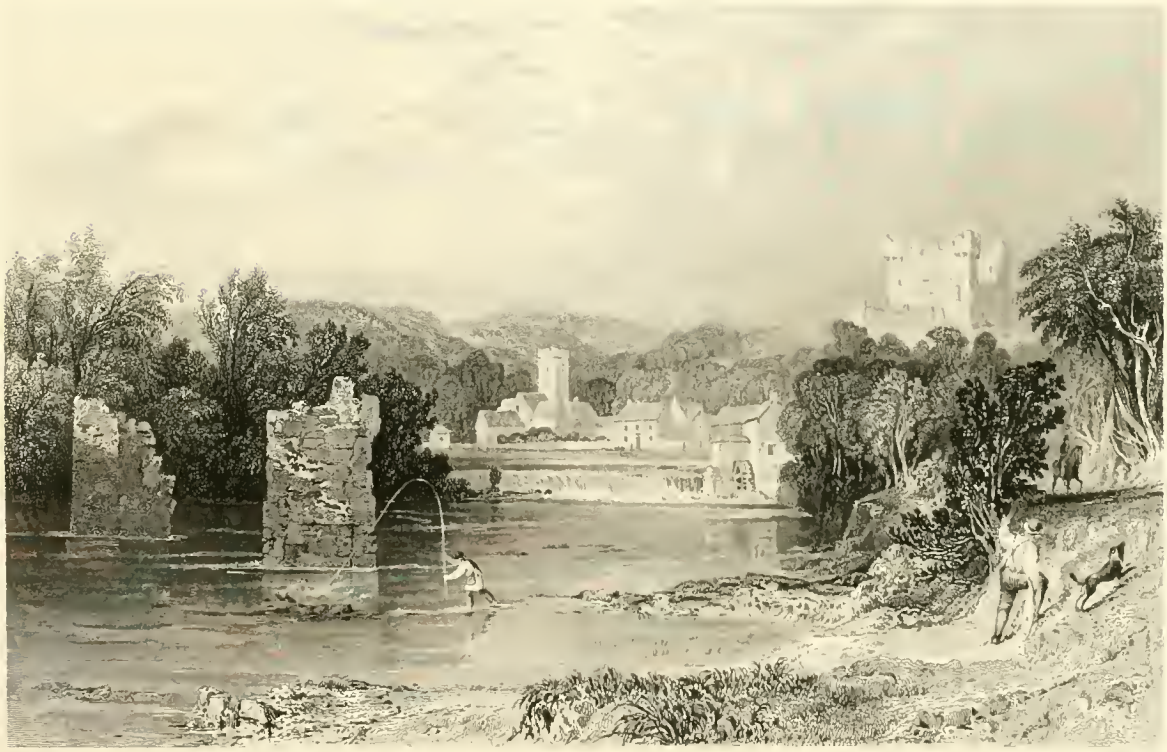
After several ineffectual attempts to erect a bridge, the present one was constructed under the direction of Mr. Myne, architect. This beautiful structure consists of nine principal arches, and three smaller ones on the south side. The Abbey Church is the parochial place of worship at Hexham; besides which, there are several buildings for the use of the Presbyterians, Catholics, and other dissenting congregations. Amongst the public buildings may be enumerated a Mechanics' Institute, a Dispensary, and a Savings' Bank.—Hexham is the birth-place of several eminent men; of whom the learned Stackhouse, sometime master of the Grammar-school, is not the least distinguished.

BYWELL, ON THE TYNE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The picturesque village of Bywell is pleasantly seated on the north side of the Tyne, at the distance of eight miles east by south from Hexham. It was formerly a place of greater importance than it is at the present time, and was famous for the manufacture of stirrups, bits, curbs, buckles, and a variety of other articles. In 1569, the commissioners of queen Elizabeth make mention in their report of its flourishing condition.

In Bywell are two parochial churches, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. Peter; "one of which is said to have been built in consequence of a quarrel for precedency between two sisters, one of whom founded a church of her own, where she reigned lady paramount, to the exclusion of the other." The church of St. Peter is a large ancient edifice, with a square tower; the vicarage of which is in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of Durham. This edifice occupies a central position in our View. The structure dedicated to St. Andrew is smaller, and surmounted with a lofty steeple: the living is a discharged vicarage, in the gift of T. W. Beaumont, Esq. These two ecclesiastical buildings are at no great distance from each other, and between them stands an ancient stone cross. Two stone piers, the remains of an old bridge, whose history does not exist even in "dim tradition," are still standing.

Westward of the village, are the ruins of the ancient baronial Castle, which was formerly a strong and extensive fortress. The barony was held *in capite* by Hugh de Baliol, whose ancestors had enjoyed possession from the time of Rufus. In the reign of Richard II., it was vested in the Nevils, Lords of Raby, and subsequently Earls of Westmorland, by whom it was forfeited in 1571. It is now the property of Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, Esq. Bywell Hall, in the neighbourhood, the elegant mansion of the present possessor of the barony, stands in a beautiful lawn, skirted on the south by the river Tyne, and adorned by forest trees.



NETHERBY,—CUMBERLAND.

Netherby, the magnificent seat of the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Baronet, First Lord of the Admiralty, and M.P. for Cumberland, is seated on an eminence in a beautiful and spacious park, within the township of the same name. The site of this edifice was anciently occupied by a Roman city, and the sea is supposed to have approached very near to its walls. Leland remarks, that "men alyve have sene rynges and staples yn the walles, as yt had bene stayes or holdes for shyppes." Dr. Graham, who erected this mansion, discovered many curious and interesting remains of antiquity, while forming the pleasure-grounds in the vicinage of the house. These consist of a fine hypocaust or bath, several altars, inscriptions, coins, and domestic utensils. From an inscription on one of the altars, it appears that the Romans were located here in the reign of Adrian. The Esk river, and its adjacent fertile plains, give variety to the scenery of Netherby; and the gardens and pleasure-ground attached to the mansion, are disposed with great taste. The interior of the edifice is magnificently furnished, and includes an excellent library.

The Netherby estate became, in the reign of King John, the property of the Stutevilles, whose male issue failed in the time of Henry III. The possession then passed by marriage to Hugh de Wake, and by a descendant of this house it was at length annexed to the crown. Shortly after his accession, James I. granted the manor to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, of whose successor it was purchased by Sir Richard Graham, ancestor of the present distinguished proprietor.

This demesne is said to owe its importance to Dr. Graham. When it came into his possession, the lands were entirely uncultivated, and the people had scarcely emerged from feudal ignorance and barbarity. To the latter he taught industry by his own example; and the wild tract of ground soon assumed, under his management, the form of verdant meadows and fruitful corn fields. As one means of improving his estate, he erected houses for his tenants; and, attaching to each a few acres of ground, suffered the occupants to live free of rent, till the productiveness of the soil enabled them to pay it. He also established schools for the children of his tenantry; "and, in a few years, had the satisfaction of seeing upwards of five hundred young persons constantly instructed at them."

Considerable additions are now being made to the manorial house; and our artist has been furnished with the means of introducing the most important one into the present view. This is the elevated building in the centre of the edifice, ornamented with lantern turrets. The picturesque structure on the right forms an interesting object in the approach to the park.

At the distance of two miles from Netherby, are the remains of a strong entrenchment, called Liddal's Strength, situated on a lofty cliff, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

NAWORTH CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Naworth Castle has already formed a subject for our Illustrations; and the description by which the former view was accompanied, comprises in brief all that can be said respecting the structure. The quadrangular court is here shewn, and the peculiar architecture of this unique feudal residence effectively developed.

The Bridal of Naworth.

The manor of Gilsland, which had descended in the ancient family of Beuth from a period antecedent to the Conquest, was wrested from the rightful heirs in the time of Henry I., and by that monarch confirmed to Hubert de Vallibus and his posterity, "to hold by the service of two knight's fees." To Hubert succeeded Robert de Vallibus, his son, whose claims to the barony were disputed by Gilles Bueth. Robert, adopting the ruthless and barbarous policy of a feudal age, removed his rival by assassination, and thus established an undisputed right to the manorial possessions.

Mirth and revelry ushered in the day appointed for the nuptials of Robert, lord of Gilsland. He had chosen for his bride Ada, a lady of gentle birth, and heiress of right noble possessions: the contracts had been formally sealed and delivered, and due preparation made for the solemnization of the marriage. The bridal morn beheld a goodly company assembled in the great hall of the castle: knights and dames of high degree; pages, and men at arms; together with all the vassals of the barony. In this numerous assembly, the lady Ada was received with acclamations, as the elect bride of Robert de Vallibus. The retainers, who stood at respectful distance, at the lower end of the hall, pledged the wine-cup freely, and acknowledged the munificent largess of the baron, with shouts that echoed through the castle. The sun-beams gilded the frowning battlements of Naworth, as the bridal procession passed through the court-yard to the chapel. Then, at the altar, the lady Ada plighted her troth to the lord of Gilsland. While yet the holy brotherhood were chanting their service, and ere the benediction had hallowed the marriage rite, De Vallibus, whose countenance had assumed a ghastly paleness, uttered a loud cry of terror, and rushed forth from the chapel. Surprise and consternation seized the whole assembly: the choral services were suspended, and the venerable prior stood with uplifted hands, hesitating to pronounce a blessing on a union so strangely interrupted. The bride of De Vallibus was removed insensible in the arms of her attendants, and the rest of the company retreated from the altar with confused and hasty steps.

The baron's confessor had been summoned to the oratory. When the holy father entered, he discovered his lord lying prostrate and insensible at the foot of the crucifix. He raised him from the ground, and endeavoured to recall his wandering faculties; but De Vallibus gave no sign of recognition, and his eyes threw a wild and vacant glance on objects long familiar to his sight. Cordials and restoratives at length succeeded in removing the death-like stupor which bound his senses; but the approaches of consciousness were more terrible than the pale and ghastly expression of benumbed reason. He seized

the father's hand with a convulsive grasp, while his whole frame trembled beneath the influence of some dreadful excitement.

"Benedicite, my son," at length exclaimed the monk.

"What, Ranulph, is it you?" began the baron. "A dream, a fearful terrible dream, Ranulph."

"My son, 'tis time that I recall you to yourself. It is no dream has troubled you. Within these two hours past, you fled the altar, leaving your nuptial rites unfinished; since when, your frame has been convulsed and agonized, your tongue has uttered words of guilty meaning. Confess, confess, my son, and let my counsel comfort and assure you."

"It is no dream then?" wildly exclaimed the baron, "and I have seen him."

"Him? whom?"

"Tell me, father—can the sepulchre cast forth its dead, to mock us with a semblance of the life, to stand before us in our very path, and blanch our cheeks to whiteness like their own?"

"Why this inquiry?"

"Gilles Beuth! he stood this day between me and the altar!"

* * * * * *

Whether remorse and penitence prevailed for the blood-guiltiness of the baron, is not for us to say: certain it is, that, after he had founded the priory of Lanercost, as an atonement, the church absolved him from his crime; and when he approached the altar a second time with the lady Ada, either the spirit of Gilles Beuth had been appeased, or the phantasies of a guilty mind had been dispelled by the influence of religion.

WYNYARD,—DURHAM.

Wynyard, the elegant seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, is distant about four miles and a half north by west from Stockton. Within the last few years, the park has been considerably enlarged, and the present house erected on the site of the old mansion, from a beautiful Grecian design by P. W. Wyatt, Esq. It is difficult to say which is most worthy of admiration—the dignified simplicity exhibited in the exterior of the building, or the judicious arrangements in the interior, which combine the majesty of a palace with the comforts and conveniences of a domestic dwelling. The walks and pleasure-grounds in the vicinage of the edifice harmonize well with the chaste design of the architect; artificial decoration, and superb ornament, give place to the softer features of nature. A small rivulet, forming a beautiful canal, margined with wood and shady walks, meanders with easy curvatures through the park, and gives a delightful finish to the scene.

The property of Wynyard has been held by a long succession of distinguished families. The inheritance was conveyed in marriage with Lady Frances, daughter of Sir Henry Vane Tempest, to the Marquis of Londonderry in Ireland, who, in 1823, was created Earl Vane, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.

STOCKTON-UPON-TEES,—DURHAM.

Stockton-upon-Tees is a handsome market-town, situated near the confluence of the Tees with the German Ocean, at the distance of twenty miles south-south-east from Durham.

The early history of this town is involved in considerable obscurity. A castle formerly existed here, but whether the site of this edifice was ever occupied by the Romans, is doubtful; a small coin of Claudius Cæsar, who invaded Britain about the year 44, being the only testimony to support the conjecture. Stockton formed part of the possessions annexed to the see of Durham, and contributed to extend the jurisdiction of the bishop from the river Tyne to the Tees. Several of the prelates had residences in the town; and many of its privileges and immunities were directly or indirectly conferred by them. So early as 1310, Bishop Bek granted a charter for holding a market and fair, which was afterwards renewed in the 44th of Elizabeth.

In 1597, the town was partly consumed by fire; and in the reign of Edward II., according to ancient record, it was destroyed by the Scots. "The castle did not fall a sacrifice to the ravages of time, but to the distracted state of the kingdom during the common-wealth; the order of parliament for the sale of the bishop's lands, brought it into the hands of private persons, who appear to have demolished it for the sale of materials, with which some of the stone houses in the town are said to have been built." Subsequent to the great rebellion, a large extent of common and undivided lands were enclosed, and a spirit of improvement created in the town, which led to an extension of trade and an increase of the population.

This town is corporate by prescription, such as London and many other places, "which have existed as corporations from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary; and therefore are looked upon in law to be well created." It is under the authority of a mayor, recorder, and a court of aldermen. As a commercial station, Stockton enjoys great advantages, and its trade with Holland and the ports of the Baltic is considerable. "At the Reformation, it was a village so despicable that the best house in it could scarcely boast of any thing better than clay walls and a thatched roof; and yet, near fifty years ago, there came in one year to the port of London, as appears from the Custom-house books, seventy-five vessels from thence;" and the trade has been progressively increasing ever since. Considerable quantities of salt provisions, corn, flour, lead, allum, &c. are sent coast-wise to London; and large supplies of hams, pork, and leather are shipped at this port for the metropolitan market. The fisheries in the Tees river are very productive, particularly that of salmon, which is protected by an act passed in the first year of George I. "The commerce of Stockton has been materially increased and facilitated by the formation of a cut, or canal, two hundred and twenty yards long, at Portrack, a little below the town, across a narrow neck of land, by which a circuit of almost three

miles is saved in the navigation of the river; and ships can now cross the bar, and come up to the quays, in one tide."

In 1767, a navigable canal was projected, to pass from Stockton to the extensive inland collieries of Etherly and Witton Park; but, for reasons not explained, the undertaking was abandoned. The desired communication has, however, been effected by a rail-way, or tram-road, extending a considerable distance, and having several branches to Yarm and other places. The original work was completed in 1825, under the authority of an act of parliament, and is the joint property of a number of shareholders. Coaches, drawn by horses, travel daily over this road, from Stockton to Darlington, at the rate of about nine miles an hour. Locomotive engines are employed for the transit of coal, lime, lead, &c.; and other engines are stationed on the line, to assist the loaded waggons in their passage across the elevated portions of the road. The utility of this communication is evidenced by the number of carriages which are constantly traversing it, laden with passengers and merchandise.

The public buildings and institutions in Stockton are too numerous for particular mention in this brief sketch. The town-hall is a handsome and commodious structure, standing in the centre of High-street, and presenting a noble façade towards the north. The parochial church is a handsome-built edifice, which was consecrated to divine uses in 1712. The Custom-house, situated on the quay, at the foot of Finkle-street, was erected by the corporation in 1730, on the site of the old one, then in a ruinous and decayed condition. The exterior presents nothing remarkable, but the interior arrange ments are commodious and judicious.

Annual races are held on the Carrs, on the Yorkshire side of the Tees, commencing the Thursday in the first week after York August Meeting. The race-course, with its attendant "pomp and circumstance," is shewn in the illustrative View: the church tower, and the light and beautiful spire of the town-hall, are also seen rising above the surrounding mass of buildings.

RYDAL WATER,—WESTMORLAND.

The small lake of Rydal Water lies within the valley of Grasmere, at the distance of two miles north-west from Ambleside. The spirit of repose that broods over it, and the luxuriance of its borders, give a pleasing relief to the stern grandeur and barrenness of the neighbouring mountains. It scarcely exceeds a mile in length, and the water is apparently shallow. Two small islands rise above the surface of the lake; on one of which a heronry has been established. A few ancient trees decorate its banks on one side, and the other is skirted by hoary rocks, with woods vegetating from their fissures. Rydal Water has an outlet in the Rothay river, which, after a course of two miles, enters the lake of Windermere. On the right of our view is Ivy Cottage, the beautiful and romantic residence of the Rev. Samuel Tilbrook, D.D.

At a short distance north-east from the lake, stands Rydal Hall, the seat of the Fleming family. It is situated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys, and is sheltered by waving woods, which cover the surrounding heights. In the rear of the Hall, is the mountain of Rydal Head, covered with a soft herbage, occasionally relieved by rugged masses of rock. The ascent to this hill is laborious and difficult, but the prospect thence obtained is an ample compensation for the toil. Hence are seen Grasmere and Rydal Water, extending like beautiful mirrors far beneath the feet; the eye looks down upon them almost perpendicularly, and every creek and bay in the line of shore is distinctly perceptible.

Rydal Water is the property of the Flemings of Rydal Hall.

ULLSWATER, SECOND REACH,—WESTMORLAND.

The Second Reach of Ullswater presents a scene of natural grandeur and sublimity that can scarcely be exceeded; and when beheld, as our artist has shewn it, under a moon-light effect, it affords objects for contemplation, on which the eye rests with astonishment, and the mind with awful and devotional feeling. This reach of the lake extends about four miles in length, and lies between the lofty and precipitous acclivities of Hallan-fell, Birk-fell, and Place-fell on the south, and the undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park on the north. "The characteristics of the left shore are grandeur and immensity; its cliffs are vast and broken, and rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it." Among the fells enclosing this shore, are Holling-fell, and Swarth-fell, "shewing huge walls of naked rocks, and scars which many torrents have inflicted." The mighty Helvellyn, scowling over all, adds dignity to this alpine solitude.

Referring to the scenery in the neighbourhood of the second reach, Mr. Hutchinson says, "We now doubled a woody promontory, and passing by the foot of Gowbarrow Park, ascended into the narrow part of the lake, leaving the grassy margins and scattered copse, which had bordered the water as we passed by Water Mellock. All around was one scene of mountains, which hemmed us in, arising with awful and precipitate fronts. Here the white cliffs raised their pointed heads; there the shaken and rifted rocks were split and cavated into vast shelves, chasms, and dreary cells, which yawned upon the shadowed lake; while other steeps, less rugged, were decked with shrubs, which grew on every plain and chink, their summits being embrowned with sun-parched moss and scanty herbage.

"Gowbarrow Park," Mr. Baines remarks, "is far more interesting, and more accordant to the rest of the scenery, with its neglected woods, its aged oaks and thorns, and its rough carpet of grass and fern, than if all the elegance of art had been lavished upon it.

Nature, and what is almost as good as nature, antiquity, are the ideas it impresses on the mind. In beholding it, you think of ancient baronial times, and a pleasing melancholy, mingled with reverence, comes over you. The impression is heightened by the plain gray building, called Lyulph's Tower, standing on the edge of a wood, and whose battlements lead you to suppose it a fortification. It is, however, merely a hunting-box, erected in imitation of an old mansion. A fine blood-hound, kennelled near the door of the tower, is another characteristic appendage to the residence of a feudal baron."

From Lyulph's Tower, the lake of Ullswater is seen to make one of its boldest expanses. The view up this reach, towards the south and east, includes all the fells and curvatures of Gowbarrow Park; while to the west, a dark angle discovers a glimpse of the solemn alps assembled round the base of Helvellyn.

Lyulph's Tower is situated on the left of our view. It was a hunting-seat of the late Duke of Norfolk, and was by him bequeathed to Mr. Howard, of Corby Castle. It is a square, rugged edifice, with four towers, battlements, and gothic windows; was erected, in a good measure, to form an interesting object in the surrounding scenery; and is supposed to have been denominated from Lyulphus, an Anglo-Saxon of distinction, the first baron of Greystock, who received the grant shortly after the Conquest, and thus became the proprietor of Ullswater. Lyulph was murdered during the disturbances occasioned by the intrusion of the Normans into this country; and his monument, it is said, still remains in the church at Chester-le-Street, near Durham. "The park, within which the tower is situated, contains upwards of eighteen hundred acres, and is pastured by a vast number of deer, besides sheep and black cattle."

On the right of our view, the shattered mountain of Birk-fell is seen stretching itself into the lake; and down the sides, the hill torrent-rushes on in its long-accustomed channel. A scene like the one here presented, must be actually witnessed, to be adequately felt and understood. Even the pencil cannot do every thing; and mere description can give but a very faint and imperfect idea of a solitude so desolate on the one hand, and so richly wooded on the other—so awful and majestic, yet so calm and peaceful.

TYNEMOUTH ABBEY, AND BATHING-PLACE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The site of Tynemouth Abbey, or Priory, is said to have been a strong fortress of the Romans. The advantages of its position, added to the anarchy of ancient times, induced the monks and their patrons to render it a defensive structure; to which end, they surrounded it with fortifications. It is mentioned as being, in 1379, "a certain fortified and walled place, to resist the malice of the enemies of the kingdom." And, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Camden testifies, that it "gloried in a noble and strong castle." The history of the Priory and Castle of Tynemouth are blended with each other; and for further description, we must refer the reader to page 31 of this work.

The commanding situation of this fortress is advantageously shewn in our view. A lofty and precipitous cliff defends it towards the sea, and a massive wall entirely surrounds it. Commencing at the left hand, we notice successively the extensive barracks, the ruins of the priory, and the light-house erected on the north-east side of the castle.

Tynemouth is a place of fashionable resort during the bathing season; at which times the inns and lodging-houses are usually filled with company. The station, exhibited in the view, called the Prior's Haven, is sheltered by an amphitheatre of lofty rocks, and forms a fine bay for the recreation of visitors. Here are commodious and elegant baths; and a number of covered boats are provided, for the accommodation of those who wish to bathe in the open sea. There is another fine station on the north side of the priory, called Percy's Bay.

The trade connected with the Tyne constitutes one of the great nurseries for British seamen; a circumstance thus alluded to by the poet:—

> "Ne'er from the lap of luxury and ease
> Shall spring, the hardy warrior of the seas;
> A toilsome youth the mariner must form,
> Nurs'd oo the wave, and cradled in the storm.
> These nurseries have trained the daring crew,
> Through storms and war our glory to pursue;
> These have our leaders train'd,—and naval Fame
> Reads in their rolls her Cook's immortal name."

JESMOND DEAN,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Jesmond (a corruption of Jesus-mount) is a beautifully picturesque township, lying between the Ouse-burn rivulet and the Newcastle Town-moor. It contains several elegant mansions, belonging to the gentry and merchants of Newcastle; and the romantic Dean forms a pleasurable rendezvous for the whole country round. On the eminence to the right, are the remains of the chapel and hospital, dedicated to St. Mary; and near to them is St. Mary's Well, which is approached by as many steps as there are articles in the creed. The road from Stote's Hall to West Jesmond commands a beautiful and extensive view of the most picturesque scenery imaginable. Gateshead-fell is situated in the distance, on the right; and the grounds of Sir Matthew White Ridley lie remotely in the centre. Within the latter, still exists the temporary concealment of Bishop Ridley, the victim of bigotry and religious rancour. The Ouse-burn stream is seen winding its course through the wooded valley.

There are public gardens in Jesmond, for the accommodation and refreshment of the numerous parties that visit the neighberhood.

BROTHERS' WATER, FROM KIRKSTONE FOOT,—WESTMORLAND.

The small lake of Brothers' Water, though extremely interesting, and surrounded by scenery of the most enchanting and sublime description, is scarcely larger than a mountain tarn. Mr. Baines, junior, in his Companion to the Lakes, recommends the tourist to approach it from the Kirkstone side, in his route from Ambleside, as in that case "it is the beginning of beauties." Mr. B. accompanies his advice with these judicious observations:—"It may seem in speculation to be a matter of indifference at which end you begin, as, going over the same ground, you will have all the beauties, first or last; but it is found by actual observation, that a great difference is produced by the way in which objects present themselves; much depends on the first impression, and much on the order of improvement or of deterioration in which the views are seen."

This lake is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of two brothers having been drowned here. Such an event did actually occur in the year 1785; and tradition speaks of a similar one having taken place, at a period considerably more remote; but as the ancient name of the lake was Broader Water, it becomes matter of speculation whether the appellation has been gradually corrupted, or suddenly changed on account of the incidents before-mentioned.

The road from Patterdale to this lake is pleasant and easy, winding through level meadows, skirted by hanging woods and lofty mountains, down whose sides "a hundred torrents rend their furious way." The sound of these streams is occasionally driven full on the ear; while at other times it is scarcely audible, unless re-echoed from the opposite side. It is no unusual circumstance for one part of the mountains to be wrapped in shade, while the other exhibits all the glowing variety of colour which the rays of the declining sun can impart. The road from Brothers' Water to Ambleside lies through a rugged pass, truly alpine in its character, and winds along a contracted valley, with a lofty and naked mountain impending on the left. A steep and difficult path, leading to the heights of Kirkstone, encounters the deafening tumult of a raging torrent, tumbling and foaming over its rocky channel.

The meadows, spreading out to a considerable distance beyond the lake, present a surface as level as that of the pool itself; and Mr. Baines conjectures, "that they were once covered with water, and that an alluvial deposit, or the accumulation of vegetable matter at the shallow bottom of the lake, or the widening of the passage by which the water flows out of it, has converted this considerable extent from a pool into a meadow."

The huge mountains of Place Fell and Grisdale Pikes terminate the view of Brothers' Water, as seen from Kirkstone Foot.

PATTERDALE BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The village of Patterdale is situated at the upper end of lake Ullswater, and the lowly dwellings of this quiet abiding-place, shrowded with trees and sheltered by scowling mountains, repose in a rocky nook, with corn and meadow land sloping gently in front to the lake. The bridge, which crosses one of the tributary streams of Ullswater, forms a picturesque object in the neighbouring scenery.

The vales of Patterdale lie embosomed in the midst of lofty and barren mountains, and are watered by springs and streams descending from the hills. The brightness of their verdure contrasts effectively with the rugged sterility of the adjacent heights. Here and there appears a neat white edifice, built beneath the shelter of a hill, and partly shadowed with foliage; its size insignificant, by comparison with the colossal magnificence that surrounds it.

At the head of Ullswater, and near the village, stands Patterdale Hall, the seat of Mr. William Marshall, and formerly the residence of John Mounsey, Esq., whose ancestors for many ages bore the title of kings of Patterdale. This mansion is surrounded by thriving plantations, which, with the lofty mountains behind, shelter it from cold and inclement winds. At the end is a delightful shrubbery, through which, in the approach to the house, a lovely garden is discovered; and in front of this is a lawn, gradually sloping to the road.

The church of Patterdale is an ancient white structure, furnished with oaken benches, and exhibiting a simplicity far more suitable to religious services, and the awful grandeur that environs its site, than the too tasteful and elaborate erections of modern times. The eye cannot glance on an object more sublime, than a village church in a mountain country. The hallowed associations connected with the sacred pile, can but appeal forcibly to the mind, when the road to its portal lies over hill and vale, where the very footsteps of Deity are discernible, and the majesty of Omnipotence is so awfully displayed! In the church-yard is a venerable yew-tree, of amazing circumference, and still retaining a good portion of vigour: it stands a chronicler of departed days; and is viewed with interest by the senior inhabitants, as a pleasing reminiscence of early life, when they rested in its shade, and when their eyes had not become dim through age. Neither "storied urn, nor animated bust," nor indeed a single grave-stone, can be found in this church-yard. The lowly inhabitants of the village are content to be gathered to their fathers, with no other covering over their last resting-place than the green mound:—

"———— In our church-yard,
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name; only the turf we tread,
And a few natural graves."—

A few remarkable particulars are recorded of the Rev. —— Mattinson, formerly curate of Patterdale. He buried his mother; married and buried his father; published his own marriage-banns; and christened and married his four children, in this church, over which he had presided sixty years, when at the age of ninety-six he departed the present life. His stipend, as curate, did not at first exceed twelve pounds per annum, and it never reached twenty pounds; yet, by astonishing frugality and industry, he was enabled to support himself and his family with comfort, and to save a thousand pounds!

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The village of Bamborough, once a royal burgh, and, during the heptarchy, a seat of the Northumbrian monarchs, stands in a healthy and commanding situation, at the distance of nearly five miles east by north from Belford.

The remains of the Castle stand eastward of the village, and form with their demesnes a separate township. The ruins occupy the summit of a triangular rock, one corner of which projects into the sea, whence it rises perpendicularly to the height of one hundred and fifty feet above low-water mark. A great portion of the buildings stand on the very brink of the rocks on the land side, and in this quarter is a venerable circular tower. Towards the south-east, the only accessible part of the precipice, is the old gateway, strengthened by a round tower on each side, and formerly defended by a ditch. Within a short distance of this is another and more modern entrance, with a portcullis; and farther on, a very ancient round tower, seated on a lofty point of the rock, and commanding the pass. The keep is a lofty square structure, of Norman architecture, built of stone, supposed to have been obtained at North Sunderland. The front walls of the edifice are eleven feet in thickness, but the others only nine. In 1773, the removal of a considerable quantity of sand discovered the remains of the ancient church, built by king Oswald. The altar and font were both found; the latter of which is richly carved, and is now preserved in the keep. Ida, the first Saxon king of Northumbria, is said to have fortified the rock on which Bamborough Castle stands; but others contend that the Romans first occupied the fort, and attribute its foundation to Julius Agricola.

This ancient fortress has been the scene of great contentions. Penda, king of the Mercians, so early as the year 642, laid siege to it, and attempted its destruction by fire; but the shifting of the wind drove the burning faggots into his own camp, whence he fled with great loss. The arms of king Oswald, who thus triumphed over his pagan enemy, were preserved in the church which he had built, and are said to have remained uninjured by time during a lapse of many centuries. Frequent were the contests that took place between the petty rulers of the heptarchy for the possession of this fortress. About 933, it was seized and nearly destroyed by the Danes; and again, in 1015, after it had been restored, and many new works had been added, it was pillaged by these northern invaders. In the reign of William Rufus, Robert Mowbray, who had defeated and slain Malcolm, king of Scotland, thinking his services neglected by his sovereign, entered into a conspiracy

with other noblemen, for the purpose of dethroning him. William being at length apprised of his designs, marched into Northumberland, and found Mowbray in possession of Bamborough Castle; the king, after endeavouring in vain to reduce it by siege, blockaded the place, and prevented the garrison from receiving necessary supplies. Mowbray being thus pressed, fled to the convent of Tynemouth, whence he was brought prisoner to William. The king, having threatened his captive with loss of sight, unless the fortress was forthwith delivered up, the wife of Mowbray prevailed with the governor to surrender the Castle.

During the strife between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, the Castle was besieged by David, king of Scotland, who, however, found himself unable to reduce the fortress. Amidst the contentions of the two houses of York and Lancaster, Bamborough Castle was governed by one or the other party, as either obtained a temporary ascendancy. In the time of Elizabeth, the building, with its demesnes, was possessed by the crown; but it was afterwards granted by James I. to a descendant of a former governor. Eventually the property was purchased by Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, who directed by his will that the ample revenues should be applied to charitable uses. The munificent institutions connected with Bamborough Castle, in consequence of this bequest, deserve particular mention.

The Library of the Castle, which was founded by Lord Crewe's trustees in 1778, is very extensive and valuable. It is opened every Saturday, from ten in the morning till one in the afternoon; and, during this interval, books for perusal may be obtained gratuitously by every well-known housekeeper, residing within twenty miles of Bamborough; and by the members of the church, and all dissenting ministers who officiate within the limits, though they may not be housekeepers.

The Free-schools of the Castle, for both sexes, admit an unlimited number of pupils, who are gratuitously supplied with all school requisites; and thirty of the poorest girls are maintained in the house till the age of sixteen, when they are placed out at service. These seminaries are now conducted on Dr. Bell's system.

The upper part of the great tower is made a depository for grain, whence, in seasons of scarceness, the poor are supplied on liberal terms. Meal, and grocery articles, are sold on Tuesdays and Fridays, to the indigent inhabitants at a very reduced price. Annually, at Christmas, a plentiful supply of beef is distributed.

A number of apartments in the Castle are fitted up for the accommodation of shipwrecked sailors; and so watchful are the trustees in the fulfilment of the sacred charity bequeathed, that a patrol is kept on stormy nights, and a premium given to the person who first brings information of a ship in distress. During winter, a party is stationed on the Observatory, to see if any vessels are in danger; and, in foggy weather, various signals are given, to direct the movements of the shipping.

It has been well remarked, that "this ancient Castle, which was, in former times, so often the scene of war and tumult, is now the abode of munificent charity, where the poor, the afflicted, and the ship-wrecked never call in vain for relief."

BERWICK-UPON-TWEED,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

To give a detailed account of this ancient town, for so many ages a cause of contention between the rival kingdoms of England and Scotland, is far beyond the limits of our brief page, we must therefore confine ourselves to a few notices of its present condition and character. Since the Union, great improvements have taken place in Berwick, some of which are of very recent date. The streets, though irregularly built, are in several quarters spacious; and the principal shops are well stocked, and fitted up with much elegance.

The ancient Castle at Berwick is little more than a confused heap of ruins, and is supposed to have been erected in the time of the Anglo-Saxons. The remains stand on an elevated mount on the north bank of the Tweed. The modern fortress is a place of great strength, and the barracks department is capable of accommodating a very considerable military force. There were formerly no less than ten religious houses in Berwick, all of which shared the general fate at the dissolution.

The Parish Church of Berwick was completed in 1652, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity; the interior is handsome, and is provided with an excellent organ, and an altar-piece of exquisite workmanship. Churches and chapels for the use of Dissenters and others, exist in different parts of the town. In addition to the Grammar-school, there are several well-endowed free-schools for the education of the humbler portion of the community. A Dispensary has been established, for the purpose of affording medical and surgical aid to the afflicted; besides which, numerous benefactions and institutions are in operation for the assistance and relief of the poor. The Town-hall, a stately pile of modern architecture, standing at the foot of High-street, affords ample convenience for market purposes, and includes a variety of offices and apartments for judicial business. The principal places of public amusement in Berwick, are the Theatre and the Public Library. The Bridge, a spacious and elegant structure, completed in 1634, crosses the Tweed by fifteen arches; and measures 1164 feet in length by 17 feet in breadth. The Union Chain-bridge crosses the river at New Waterford, about six miles from Berwick, and was the first suspension-bridge of the kind erected in Great Britain. The building of the New Pier was begun in 1810, and completed at an expense of £40,000.

A weekly market is held in Berwick every Saturday, and an annual fair on the Friday in Trinity week; besides which, there are, in the course of the year, three High Markets, for the sale of horses and cattle, and for the hiring of servants. The commercial importance of Berwick is of long standing: so early as 1156, it was distinguished for having many ships, and more commerce than any port in Scotland. The staple articles of the maritime trade are grain, salmon, herrings, &c.

The illustrative View exhibits the river Tweed, and its union with the German Ocean. On the left, the river determines the boundary of Northumberland; and on the right bank are seen the castle, quay, and town of Berwick.

BARNARD CASTLE, AND RIVER TEES,—DURHAM.

The town and castle of Barnard Castle have been described at page 58 of this work, to which the reader is referred. The present View will be accompanied with some brief notices of the picturesque scenery of the Tees river.

The river Tees rises in the mountain of Cross Fell, in Cumberland, whence it passes along the southern shore of the county of Durham, till it discharges itself into the German Ocean. In the course of its windings, it traverses a district of between sixty and seventy miles, and imparts a rich beauty to the romantic and picturesque country through which it flows. The venerable ruins of Barnard Castle, situated on a cliff, and overhanging the river; the tranquillity of the scene in the neighbourhood of Egglestone Abbey; the walks of Rokeby, at the confluence of the Greta with the Tees; the hanging woods and precipices at Winston and Gainford; and the beauties of Hurworth and Dinsdale, present a series of interesting objects, of which the pencil only can convey an adequate idea.

The channel of the Tees being for the most part rocky and shallow, this river is of no great utility as respects navigation. The tide reaches only to Worsal, about three miles above Yarm, and twenty miles from the sea. In its approach to Stockton, the shore of the Tees becomes very low, and the stream winding; but as it approximates to the ocean, the river spreads itself forth into an extensive bay, about three miles across. The mouth of the estuary is contracted by a tongue of land, called Seaton Snook, whence a bar of sand extends to the Cleveland coast. During the spring tides, from ten to twelve feet of water is the depth on the bar at low-water, and from twenty-six to twenty-eight feet at high-water; while, in the neap-tides, the depth is twelve feet at low-water, and twenty-two feet at high-water. The bay of the Tees is a convenient shelter for shipping in stormy weather.

CALDRON SNOUT,—DURHAM.

The cataracts of the Tees equal in magnificence any that are to be found in the kingdom; and of these, Caldron Snout is one of the most remarkable.

In the neighbourhood of Harwood Common, the Tees expands into a kind of lake, called the Weel, whence it rushes over a rocky bed, and forms innumerable cascades. About a mile below the Weel is the waterfall named Caldron Snout. Here "the madden'd Tees with maniac fury foams;" and a tremulous motion is communicated to the adjacent rocks by the rushing of the torrent. It requires some nerve and intrepidity to pass the rudely-constructed bridge which crosses the fall: the roaring of the waters beneath, and the apparently unstedfast footing of the structure whereon he stands, excites a feeling of anxiety and fear in the heart of the tourist.

The scenery in the vicinity of Caldron Snout is more wild and romantic than that of any other part of Durham. Several lead mines are situated near; and lofty ranges of basalt extend from the fall, down the south side of the Tees.

THE FERRY HOUSE AND REGATTA, WINDERMERE LAKE.

The Ferry House is situated on the west side of Windermere Lake, about one mile south from Bowness. The approach to it from Curwen's Island is particularly striking. The waters spread out into a magnificent expanse: on the right, is a noble bay, running up to the foot of a steep hill opposite Bowness; and on the left, a corresponding indentation of the shore is formed by the lake. Beyond the Ferry, there is a majestic sweep of about a mile to the promontory of Storrs, where stands the elegant mansion of Colonel Bolton.

Behind the Ferry House is a small observatory, built on the top of a wooded rock, whence is seen the whole extent of the lake, from Newby Bridge almost up to Ambleside. "A richer landscape of wood and water cannot be pictured by the imagination of man. The glassy lake returns the heaven and the mountains, enriched by the reflection. The islands, the promontories, the hills, are all covered with wood; yet endlessly varied, from the natural thicket which feathers the islet, and the regular grove that environs the mansions on the shore, to the solemn forest of larch and fir, with which the hills are mantled. Southward, the landscape is graceful without boldness; but the head of the lake is surrounded by lofty mountains, which are sufficiently near to impart magnificence to the view."

The illustrative View exhibits the appearance presented by the lake of Windermere on the occasion of a Regatta, when the Ferry House is crowded with distinguished visitors from all parts of the empire, and the neighbouring country in particular. To describe the ravishing delights incident to this festivity, would be gratuitous information to those who have had the pleasure of witnessing it, and could give no idea to those who have not, of the gratifying spectacle it displays. Suffice it to say, that all the sentimentality and quixotism of "the song and oar of Hadria's gondolier," shrink from comparison with it.

In connexion with the present subject, it may not be amiss to institute an inquiry, why foreign scenery should be sought out with such eagerness, and the, at least, not less lovely pictures presented in our native land disregarded. Is the former visited with less inconvenience? Are the facilities for enjoyment greater abroad? Is continental scenery so "beautiful exceedingly," that all natural loveliness beside must fade before it? We will see. Italy is the gathering-place of connoisseurs in the sublime and beautiful: let us follow the tourist to this "bright spot of earth," and judge of his enjoyments. First, the conveniences of travelling. The visitor to Italy must produce his passport at almost every trifling village he passes through, and submit it to the inspection of a demi-military turnpike-keeper, who will *expect* a gratuity for his gentlemanly forbearance, in not emptying the traveller's trunks, and scattering his wardrobe to the winds. Moreover, he may be detained an hour or two on his journey, to allow sufficiency of time for the official examination. Then there are the exorbitant charges, and the cringing devotions, of the inn-keepers to *mi lor Anglais*. Added to these, the annoyances which occur every

time you pass from one petty state into another, the attendant losses in exchange of money, the swarms of filthy lazars that beset the unfortunate tourist at every turn, the miry or dusty roads, the unpaved streets, the pestilential effluvia that poisons the air of the towns, &c.—Secondly, the facilities for enjoyment. Begin with bugs, fleas, gnats, musquitos, and scorpions, who seem in classic land to have a marvellous predilection for English blood. Then the pleasurable emotions excited by the sudden appearance of a brigand: however, we will pass this over slightly; there is something so romantic and interesting in a tête-a-tête with an Italian robber, that we have perhaps no right to call the tourist's enjoyment in question; besides, if in the sequel he should be shot, or his throat should be cut, immortality is obtained at once.—Thirdly, the surpassing beauty of Italian scenery. On this head, listen to the observations of a writer in the Literary Gazette, to whose sensible remarks we are indebted for the present *exposé*. "The mountains of the Appenines are less varied and romantic than some of our mountains in North Wales. The almost interminable levels and marshes in Italy, may find a parallel in Lincolnshire; but their plantations, their palaces and villas, jutting out from open fields unadorned by the graceful investiture of pleasure-gardens, are not to be compared with the rich, verdant, and various scenery of England." Let the tourist, then, assure himself of this: he will meet, in his own country, with picturesque beauty yet more magnificent than that of Italy; while in the articles of cleanliness, domestic comfort, excellent provisions, moderate charges, and all the *inter alia* requisites for convenience and enjoyment, Italy will bear no comparison with England. Let him pause, then, "before he quits a land in which the beauties of nature and the refinements of comfort abound, and undertakes a journey of a thousand miles, to sojourn in a country which is, at least, a hundred years behind his own in all that regards the substantial enjoyments and the decorums of life; and before he lavishes that wealth which is drawn from the industry of his countrymen, among foreigners, who dislike him for every thing but his money."

STORRS, WINDERMERE.

Storrs Hall, the magnificent residence of Colonel Bolton, stands on a promontory of Windermere Lake, in the midst of ornamental groves. At the farthest point of land, is a small naval temple, erected by the former proprietor of the mansion, Sir John Legard, Bart., and for which an elegant poetical apology has been written by Wilson. The lake here spreads out into a beautiful expanse, smooth and translucent as a mirror; and every object on its shores is reflected in the waters in natural strength. The Hall was partly built by Sir John Legard, but was finished by Colonel Bolton; and all the pleasing adjuncts to this delightful residence were planned and executed by the latter gentleman.

Colonel Bolton was the intimate friend of the Right Hon. George Canning, and also of the Right Hon. William Huskisson; and to the hospitable mansion of Storrs these statesmen frequently retired, to recreate both body and mind, after the severe and harassing occupations of a parliamentary session.

THIRLMERE BRIDGE—CUMBERLAND.

The position whence the present view is taken, is distant not more than one hundred yards from the high road between Ambleside and Keswick. Tourists generally content themselves with a survey of Thirlmere from the road itself; but those who have leisure at command, and whose object it is to search out the picturesque, will find their trouble amply compensated, if they contemplate its varied features from different stations in the grounds near Dalehead House; and still more interesting views are obtained from the opposite side of the water. This lake is intersected by several rocky promontories; and is crossed at a strait by a wooden bridge which leads to Armboth House. It reposes in quiet majesty at the foot of "the mighty Helvellyn," upon the highest level of any of the lakes, being elevated nearly five hundred feet above the sea. This mountain forms the eastern boundary of the valley of Wythburn. Its form is rugged and precipitous; and, in many parts, the naked crags rise up perpendicularly to a great elevation; while below them are strewn vast quantities of loose stones and shingle, which are detached from the mountain by frosts, and slide down the acclivity. The sides are worn into deep ravines by the perpetual descent of inconsiderable torrents, which, however, in a rainy season, assume the grandeur of beautiful cascades.

As we have two views of Thirlmere brought into juxtaposition, we shall at present notice only the peculiar features of the one before us. The bridge, which forms a prominent object in *this* view, is a rude structure, wherein we discover little of what the professed architect would call beautiful in design, or scientific in principle; but its remote distance from elaborate and fanciful construction is, in its present position, the greatest recommendation: the sublimities of human art must retire from those scenes, where "Nature, working with a master's hand," erects her mountain thrones, or they sink into insignificance,—perhaps mar the beauty to which they have not interest sufficient to add one charm.

On the left of our view is seen the huge promontory of Raven Crag, rising near the foot of the lake, and forming a striking object in the landscape for many miles round. It derives a romantic interest from its resemblance to a gigantic round tower, blackened and shattered by exposure to many a storm, and by the lapse of many ages. The distant central mountain is Skiddaw, which, rising in a vast conical form from the vale of Keswick, elevates its summit to the height of six miles, and commands the most astonishing prospects "over hill, and over plain." The view terminates on the right with a range of mountains that connect with Helvellyn. Between those lofty acclivities and the water, are seen picturesque and wood-clothed promontories adorning the north-east margin of the lake.

THIRLMERE AND HELVELLYN, FROM RAVEN CRAG.

This view of Thirlmere is taken from the low ground at the foot of Raven Crag, and consequently continues the prospect of this lake, as far as the eye can reach, in the opposite direction to the former survey. The west edge of the lake, which now lies immediately in the foreground, swells into a little promontory, decorated with a neat manor house, shrouded in trees. The beauties of Thirlmere are seen to most advantage from the west side, from a road which is passable only by horsemen, or on foot, and which leads along the shore of the lake for nearly three miles. This road is, in some parts, steep; in others, where there is a declivity, rivulets flow across it; and sometimes it proceeds along the margin of the water, from which it is occasionally excluded by intervening rocks. Throughout its whole length it is completely overhung by part of the stupendous falls of Borrowdale; and on the left of the road are scattered fragments of rock, which had been precipitated from the mountains by repeated storms.

The bridge which made so conspicuous a figure in the former view, is here reduced to a waving line—"so little, distant objects seem." The peculiar feature of Thirlmere, and that which distinguishes it from all the other lakes in Cumberland and Westmorland, is exhibited in the scene before us; that is, its separation into two distinct lakes by the advancing promontories, between which the bridge forms a communication. "About the middle of the lake, the land projects upwards of one hundred feet, till the shores on each side nearly unite, and contract the water into a small river, which is rapid, but not very deep. Over the lake, at this narrow peninsula, an alpine bridge of three arches (the bridge before mentioned) has been thrown, consisting only of one or two strong oaken planks, with a hand-rail for the security of passengers. The approach to this bridge is over a rude causeway of rough stones, upon which the arches are fixed; and immediately beyond these the lake resumes its former breadth."

The grand feature in the view is Helvellyn, which appears on the left, rising in peerless majesty—"losing the vales, and stealing to the skies." Its summit, on which is a pile of stones, can only be seen at a considerable distance. The view from the top of this vast eminence comprehends the mountains of Wales and Scotland, and the expanse of the Irish sea.

"His proud heart, this aëry mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common lot of all that's high and great."

On each side, the hills close the prospect of Thirlmere in the direction of our view.

"As Alpine hills, they o'er the clouds arise,
And rear their heads amidst contiguous skies,
Enjoy serene, uninterrupted day,
And floating tempests all beneath survey:
Their lofty peaks no threatening meteors wear,
Nor pond'rous fogs, which cloud inferior air:
The stedfast heaps the raging winds defy,
So deep they fix their roots, and raise their heads so high."

The artist has chosen to invest the scene with all the glories of a sun-rise: the mists of night are melting away—"a flood of glory bursts from all the skies"—

"For now the sun, with all-revealing ray,
Flames in the front of heaven, and gives the day."

INTERIOR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Durham excels all other sacred edifices in this kingdom, both in the beauty of its situation, and in the riches of its revenues; and, though not so large as some of them, its magnificence is not surpassed by any.

The interior of this majestic building corresponds with its external grandeur; the connexion between Saxon and Norman architecture may be distinctly traced, and the latter in its highest stage of perfection: a similar comparison may also be made with the English or pointed styles; the chapel of the nine altars, partaking in its general enrichments and proportions of the architectural character of Salisbury cathedral, forms, by its singular and light appearance, a striking contrast with the massive Norman work which prevails in other parts of the building, where the pillars are twenty-three feet in circumference, adorned with zig-zag and lozenge-shaped furrows. The arches which spring from these pillars are semicircular, and ornamented with zig-zags; above them are two rows of galleries, with small arches or openings; a row of small pilasters run round the sides of the church, with rounded arches intersecting each other; the windows are obtusely pointed.

On the door within the porch which forms the principal entrance to the cathedral, is a curious metallic ring, or knocker, sculptured with a terrific visage in bold relief, and well executed, with which persons claiming sanctuary were accustomed to alarm the inmates. Offenders of every description were admitted at any hour of the night by persons who lodged in two chambers over the north door for that purpose. On the admission of every offender, the Galilee bell was instantly tolled, "that whosoever heard it might know that some person had taken sanctuary."

Near the west end, in the middle of the nave, is the font, an elegant marble basin, adorned with tabernacle work; and a little eastward of this, a long cross of blue marble in the pavement, denotes the nearest approach allowed for females to St. Cuthbert's shrine.

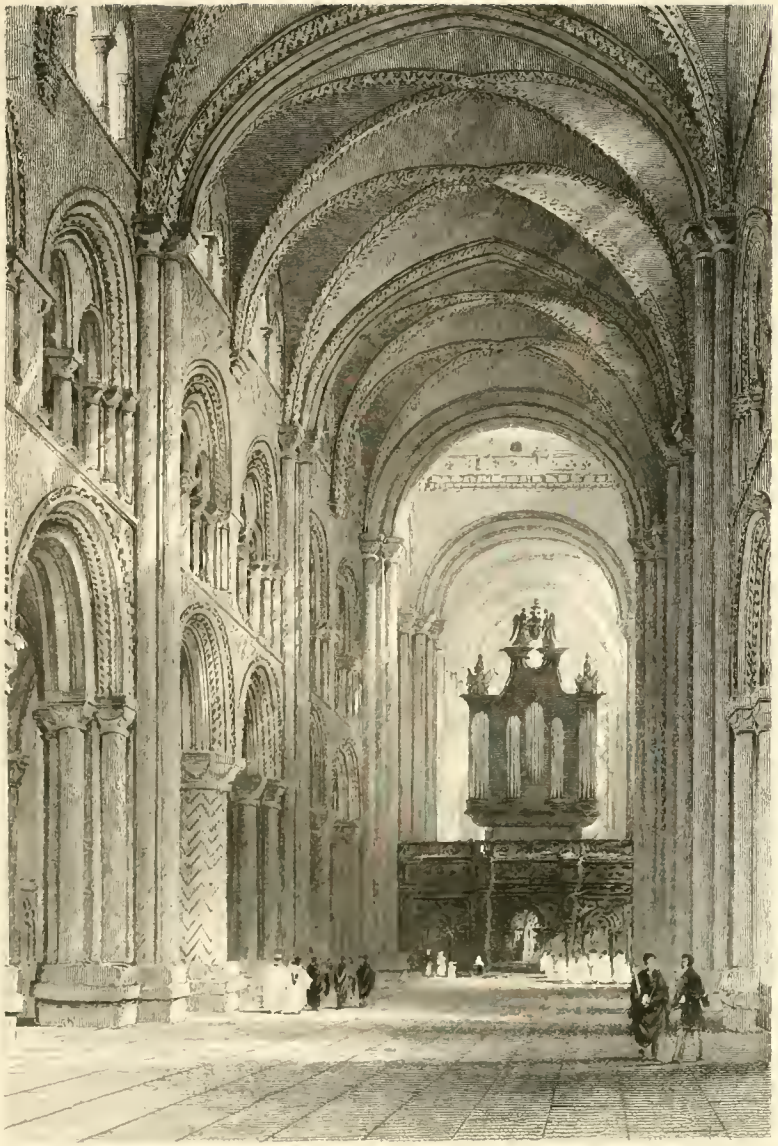
The exclusion of women from this shrine is accounted for by an ancient writer:—"Blessed St. Cuthbert, for a long time, led a solitary life, in the borders of the Picts, at which place great concourse of people daily used to visit him, and from whom they never returned without great comfort. At this time it happened, that the king's daughter, having acted indiscreetly, accused St. Cuthbert of violence towards her; whereupon the king, her father, repaired to his cell, and reproached him—for that, under the colour of religion, he profaned the temple and sanctuary of God. St. Cuthbert appealed to heaven for proof of innocence; and, having done so, the earth, making a hissing noise, presently opened, and swallowed up the damsel, in the presence of all the spectators. Afterwards, at her father's entreaty, the saint recovered her to life, on condition that no woman should ever be permitted to approach him."

The south aisle, which is enclosed within a screen of wood, is used for the early morning prayers. The front of the choir, which was formerly decorated with effigies of the saints and early patrons of the church, is now entered by an oak screen, curiously carved with festoons of fruits and flowers; the ascent to the choir is by two marble steps, and over the entrance is a large and fine-toned organ, beautifully painted and decorated. The stalls for the bishop, dean, prebendaries, &c. are richly ornamented with tabernacle work. At the end of the stalls the pavement rises one step, and on the right side stands the episcopal throne or chair, an elegant structure erected about the year 1370. The choir has four pillars on each side, two of them clustered, and two round; and the roof is of elegant gothic work, elaborately finished. Near the choir is the chapel called the Feretory, where the gorgeous shrine of St. Cuthbert was anciently situated; and the deep impressions on the pavement, worn by the feet of the numerous pilgrims who resorted hither, are still visible. The commissioners of Henry VIII. who visited Durham at the suppression of the monasteries, found the body of Saint Cuthbert whole and uncorrupted, with the vestments in which it was wrapped, whole and undecayed. These persons plundered the shrine of all its treasures and jewels, by order of their royal master; and this act of sacrilegious daring strongly excited the indignation of the multitude.

"Before them lay a glittering store,
The abbey's plundered wealth,
The garment of cost, and the bowl embost,
And the wassail cup of health:

And riches still from St. Cuthbert's shrine,
The chalice, the alm'ry and pix,
The image where gold and where ivory twine,
And the shattered crucifix.

And the visitors three, with wicked glee,
Sit feasting full and high;
And still as they drink, they sit and think
Of the devil and king *He-ncr-y.*"



LINDISFARN ABBEY.—DURHAM.

These interesting ruins are situated in Holy Island, near that part of the county of Durham which forms the northern boundary of Northumberland. This island was called by the ancient Britons *Inis Medicante*, also *Lindisfarn*, the latter of which is a compound of *Lindis*, the name of the rivulet that runs into the sea from the opposite land, and *Fahren*, a Celtic word, signifying a recess. Subsequently, on account of its being made the habitation of a religious fraternity, it obtained the name of Holy Island.

The antique ruins of the abbey and cathedral church of Lindisfarn, though they have been frequently plundered for the erection of houses in the village, are yet magnificent, and bespeak the former grandeur and importance of the holy place, where episcopacy and Christianity were first permanently established in Northumbria. The ancient church was in the form of a cross, the body and chancel of which are yet standing; but the other parts are greatly decayed, and in some places levelled with the ground. The greater part of the structure is in the rude and heavy style of early Saxon architecture, though it appears to have been built at different periods. The arches are many of them circular, and the columns very massive, much resembling those of Durham Cathedral, but richer. The walls are very thick, and every part displays a gloomy and sombre appearance. The south wall of the middle tower is still standing, and is about fifty feet high. The dome of the structure is separated from the aisles by a double row of ponderous columns, with richly ornamented shafts, twelve feet high, and five feet in circumference. The length of the building is about 138 feet, and its breadth 36 feet. The central tower has been supported by two large arches, standing diagonally, but only one of them now remains, richly ornamented in the Saxon style.

The monastery of Lindisfarn, some authors assert, was built by St. Cuthbert in a plain humble style, and enclosed with a high wall, to prevent outward objects from attracting the attention of the recluse from divine contemplation. Shortly after Lindisfarn was deserted by its bishops and monks, A.D. 832, the monastery was totally destroyed, and the church reduced to a ruin. Subsequently, however, a cell of Benedictine monks, subordinate to Durham Priory, was established there, and its annual revenues were valued by Dugdale, in the time of Henry VIII. at nearly fifty pounds sterling, a sum by no means inconsiderable at that period. In the thirty-third year of the same reign, the possessions of this institution were granted to the dean and chapter of Durham.

Nothing now remains of Lindisfarn abbey but some faint reminiscences of its former greatness; the papal power which founded and upheld it has long been overthrown in this country; and the cowl and the cloister are things known to us only as the common-place *materiel* of romance and legendary history:

> 'No bells are ringing,—no monks are singing.
> When the moonlight falls around."

HOUGHTON CASTLE—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Houghton Castle, the property of William Smith, Esq., is situated in the neighbourhood of Chollerton, on the west bank of the north Tyne, at the distance of nine miles from Hexham. It was formerly a large strong building, the entrance to which was by a flight of steps: its situation, on a commanding eminence, must have rendered it an advantageous position in feudal times, when there was scarcely any protection beyond what a defensive building could assure. The acclivity on which it stands is enriched with wood, whose summer foliage renders the site of the castle eminently picturesque.

History is nearly silent respecting the origin of this structure; but the favourable position it occupies, and the disturbed state of Northumberland in the early ages, would lead to the supposition that it was founded at a very remote period. The village of Chollerton itself, is remarkable for a victory obtained by Oswald, king of Northumberland, over the British usurper, Cedwall, who had slain his apostate brother, Anfred, king of Bernicia. This victory is commemorated by a cross, erected near the field of battle, and still retaining the name of Oswald's cross.

The glassy surface of the north Tyne river appears in the centre of the view, margined with wooded eminences; and on the right bank, nearly shrouded in foliage, stands a water mill. The road along the foreground may be noticed as that by which the numerous droves of cattle pass from the "north countrie" to the markets of the rich south.

The portly man whose countenance is turned towards us, is no less a personage than the schoolmaster of Chollerton, a worthy yet eccentric individual, whose time is divided between the varied occupations of fly-fishing, and teaching "the young idea how to shoot." How many might envy the situation of this village Mentor! vested with supreme authority over his infant realm, he glories in the promulgation of those laws instituted for the good of his subjects: *Propria quæ maribus, As in præsenti,* and *Verbum personale concordat,* are themes on which he can be ever eloquent—of which he never tires. (?) His fame is not, however, confined to rules and genders: he is an angler of great repute, the best trout-fisher in the neighbourhood; and the skill and dexterity with which he manages his tackle, induces a wish on our part,

> "That when he next doth cast a line,
> May we be there to see."

CORBRIDGE ON THE TYNE—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The township of Corbridge stands on the north bank of the river Tyne, at the distance of seventeen miles, west, from Newcastle.

This place is of great antiquity, for Leland speaks of having discovered the old Roman foundations; and king John was so impressed with the idea that it must have been a

large and populous city, which could only have been ruined by an earthquake, or some sudden and terrible invasion, when, in either case, the inhabitants would have been unable to remove their wealth, that he caused his officers to make a diligent search for the treasures which were supposed to lie buried in the ruins. This monarch, in the sixth year of his reign, granted the manor of Corbridge to Robert de Clavering, baron of Warkworth, with the privilege of a weekly market, and an annual fair on the eve, day, and day after, the festival of St. John the Baptist. The last Baron Clavering granted the reversion of his Northumberland estates to the crown in the time of Edward I., and they were afterwards given by Edward III. to Henry Percy, in whose "right noble line" the possession has continued to the present day.

The parish church of Corbridge is dedicated to St. Andrew, and bears marks of great antiquity, having been constructed out of the ruins of old *Corchester*, the Roman station in the vicinage of Corbridge. The interior presents a neat and handsome appearance. The various classes of dissenters have each a place of worship, to which are attached several Sunday-schools. At the north-east corner of the market-place is an old square tower, that was formerly used as a prison, and which Camden describes as "a little turret built and inhabited by the vicars." It is thirty-three feet high, and the walls are upwards of four feet in thickness. The Duke of Northumberland, some years ago, caused the dungeon to be cleansed, and fitted up for its original purpose. The bridge which crosses the Tyne at this place consists of seven very wide arches, with outlets at every pillar. It was erected in 1674, and the strength of the structure was fully tried by the destructive flood of 1771, which swept away in its furious progress every other bridge on the river. The old market and fair of Corbridge have long been obsolete, but three large fairs for cattle, &c., are annually held at Stagshaw Bank, about two miles from Corbridge, at the junction of this parish with that of St. John Lee. This eminence is shewn in the distance of the present view.

"About the year 1660, when the banks of the Cor (the brook or rivulet from which the town derives its name,) had been worn away by some impetuous land-flood, a skeleton, supposed to be that of a man of a very extraordinary and prodigious size, was discovered. The length of the thigh-bone was nearly six feet, and the skull, teeth, and other parts proportionately monstrous, so that the length of the whole body was computed at twenty-one feet. It is conjectured, by the more enlightened men of modern times, that these strange bones belonged to some large animal that had been sacrificed by the Romans at the altar dedicated to Hercules, which was found here some years ago. Notwithstanding that the superstition of our forefathers has lost nearly all its credit and influence, a singularly large bone found here is now exhibited in the Keswick Museum as the rib of the giant *Cor*."

The view is taken from the road leading from Carlisle.

BIRKER FORCE,—CUMBERLAND.

Birker Force, sometimes named Stanley Gell, is situated in Eskdale, at the distance of about seven miles east by north from Ravenglass. Dale-Garth Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood, now a farm-house, was formerly the manorial residence. The present proprietor of the manor is Edward Stanley, Esq., of Ponsonby Hall, to whose judicious efforts the tourist is under much obligation, for improving the beauty of the Birker Cascade, and opening approaches to it, whence its peculiar character is most effectively displayed. The visitor traverses the plantations in the vicinity of this torrent, and discovers in his road several picturesque falls before he arrives at the one under review. After crossing the bridge, a road opens through the plantation, leading to a platform, whence a full view of the fall is obtained. The height of the fall is comparatively inconsiderable; but the characteristic features of the scene it presents, differ so remarkably from those of any other in this neighbourhood, that the tourist will be highly gratified with the spectacle. The rocks in which it is situated, assume a pointed and glacier-like appearance; and the fir and larch trees which cluster round their bases, unite with them in producing a truly Alpine effect. Indeed, such another scene is not to be met with in the lake district, wherein the most admired features of the continental picturesque are blended with the rich and varied forms that compose an English landscape.

BARROW FALL, NEAR DERWENTWATER.

Barrow fall is situated two miles south from Keswick, and from an eminence at its summit, the lake and vale of Derwentwater are seen in fine perspective. This fall is in the rear of Barrow House, the seat of Joseph Pocklington, Esq., and is approached through the grounds of that gentleman, who is the proprietor. The descent of the stream is more perpendicular than that of Lowdore, and a smaller quantity of water is consequently displayed to greater advantage in the former. The total depth of the fall is about one hundred and twenty-two feet. It is interrupted in its descent by a ledge of rocks, whence a second fall carries the waters to the bottom of the precipice, and through a wooded glen to the lake of Derwentwater. The same stream that feeds the Lowdore cataract provides a supply for this cascade. A pathway leads round the foot of the torrent to a flight of steps, by which the visitor ascends to a romantic summer-house, and thence continues to the summit of the fall.

GILSLAND SPA—CUMBERLAND.

The highly celebrated sulphuretted and chalybeate spas of Gilsland are situated in the romantic and picturesque vale of the Irthing, two miles north of the great road leading from Carlisle to Newcastle. This delightful spot has been the favourite and fashionable resort of the votaries of *Hygea* for nearly a century. Hither the valetudinarian repairs, to re-establish his declining health: hither the votaries of pleasure come, to enjoy the delights of beautiful scenery, and refined society. The man of science also has peculiar inducements to visit the healing waters: within a short distance of the Spa, is the site of the famous Roman wall which extended from the Tyne to the Solway; and numerous remains of Roman, Saxon, and Gothic architecture exist in the immediate neighbourhood. The student in geology and botany will find ample scope for indulgence in his favourite pursuits: rare plants and beautiful specimens of mineral organization are found in the shades of Gilsland, and in the mountainous domain contiguous.

Two well-conducted and elegantly furnished hotels afford ample accommodation to visitors. Every luxury for the table, and every amusement for the gratification of leisure hours, is obtained at moderate expense. The charges for board and lodging are seven shillings, four shillings and sixpence, and two shillings and sixpence, *per diem* for each person in the *three classes* of visitors. Two or three nights each week these three grades mingle together in the assembly rooms, where social feeling pervades without interruption, and *exclusive* notions are allowed to have no influence. Billiard tables, libraries, news-rooms, concerts, angling, and a long *et cetera* of delightful recreations, are provided, to prevent the possibility of that odious monster, *Ennui*, ever intruding his presence at the gay and mirthful scene. The inns, walks, and scenery of Gilsland were much improved by Major Mounsey, who, in 1815, built a handsome cottage for his summer residence near the Shaws Hotel.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL—CUMBERLAND.

The cathedral of Carlisle occupies an elevated situation, and is necessarily a prominent object in every view of the city. The erection of the building was commenced before the foundation of the bishopric, it being intended for the conventual church of the richly endowed priory. Those portions of the edifice that have withstood the ravages of fire and spoliation, exhibit two different styles of architecture; the choir, aisles, and transept being of a richly ornamented Gothic, while the remaining part of the nave is a fine specimen of the plain and massive Norman-Saxon style of building. The edifice suffered considerably by fire in 1292; and the choir was rebuilt in the reign of Edward the Third. Great part of the nave, and most of the conventual buildings, were taken down during the civil wars, to furnish materials for the erection and reparation of

military offices. The remaining portion of the nave was then walled up, and is now used as the parish church of St. Mary. In its pristine grandeur, the structure must have presented a noble and imposing appearance, being upwards of three hundred feet in length, and built in the usual manner, in the form of a cross.

The chancel, which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet long, is fitted up in a very elegant manner for the cathedral service. The stalls are executed in rich tabernacle work; and the organ, both for size and richness of tone, is allowed to be one of the finest in the kingdom. The roof, windows, and supporting pillars are in the light Gothic style, and the open gates leading to the aisles, though much defaced, exhibit some fine specimens of light and ornamental tracery work. The circular arches and massive round columns which exist in the west limb and transept of the cathedral are of the heaviest order of Saxon architecture. Nearly the whole of this noble edifice is constructed of red free-stone; and its turrets were formerly ornamented with statues, which, together with many other external decorations, are now in a state of decay.

In the side aisles are several curious legendary paintings, and a few monuments; of the latter, we shall name that only of the learned Archdeacon Paley. The paintings on the screens in the aisles illustrate the history of St. Anthony, St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine. The devices are *outré* and barbarous, and some of them, if judged by the present standard of moral decorum, are sadly deficient in delicacy.

EAMONT BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

The village of Eamont-Bridge is situated one mile south by east from Penrith, and forms a joint township with Yanwath, excepting a few houses on the north side of the river, which are in Cumberland. The river Eamont is the boundary between the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland; and along this stream, delightfully picturesque roads lead through the Lowther grounds.

Many interesting traditions, referring to the poetical history of Britain, are connected with the site of this village. On the south bank of the Eamont, within a short distance of Penrith, is *King Arthur's round table*, a trenched amphitheatre, where the brave of other days wrought deeds of high emprise, and vindicated the honour of knighthood by achievements in arms. In the immediate neighbourhood of this romantic sight, is Mayburgh, a "mysterious structure," generally supposed to have been the *Gymnasium*, where the humbler classes sought to distinguish themselves, and obtain a rude renown by the athletic exercises of wrestling, racing, casting the quoit, &c.

On the north side of the river Eamont are two singular excavations in a perpendicular rock, called the *Giant's Caves*, or *Isis Parlis*. The only approach to them is along narrow ledges of the cliff; and the visitor is obliged to cling firmly to the shrubs which vegetate on its rugged side. The first cave is little more than a narrow recess; but the other is capable of holding a great number of people; and it appears to have had, formerly, a door

and a window. A massive column, still retaining marks of iron grating and hinges, is yet existing, though the opening is much altered in appearance by the falling in of some of the upper stones. The whole presents an aspect far from pleasing, if disconnected from the traditional history that clings to it: the interior is miserably dark and damp, and the roof hangs in a shaken and tremendous form. A popular legend states, that this secluded cavern was once the residence of *Isis*, a giant, who, like Cacus of old, seized men and cattle, and drew them into his den, to devour them. By some authors, it has been called the cave of Tarquin; and they have applied to it the old ballad of *Sir Launcelot de Lake*, a famous knight of king Arthur's Round Table.

Altogether, there is not, perhaps, a more interesting spot to be found in the lake district than Eamont Bridge. In addition to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, the localities and traditions connected with the neighbourhood, render it, in some measure, classic ground. The history of "Jack the Giant-killer," and the records of king Arthur's achievements, are not the mere garrulities of grandmothers and nurses; they are as much the poetical history of Britain, as the Iliad is that of the Greeks. The sword of sharpness, the invisible coat, and the shoes of swiftness, by which the renowned Jack was enabled to overcome in all perils, are but so many figurative expressions, indicating the bravery, dexterity, and great activity of "the valiant Cornish man." When history was orally transmitted from one generation to another, it was found necessary to clothe simple facts in poetical language, and decorate them with fable,—to give them, in short, a mysterious and extraordinary character, that should prevent their being "washed in Lethe, and forgotten." It is true that distant times can gather only a faint idea of the fact intended to be perpetuated; and had not fiction imparted an intense interest to the memorial, it would never have survived the lapse of so many centuries.

PATTERDALE—WESTMORLAND.

The present view exhibits the valley of Patterdale, from the road leading from Brothers Water to the lake of Ullswater. This vale extends southward six miles from Gowbarrow Park, along the highest and most sublime reach of Ullswater, to the source of the Gold Rill, which flows to the lake from Brotherswater, Hayswater, and Angle-tarn. Other glens branch off to the east and west, and have each their mountain stream, graced with the wildest beauties of nature, mellowed at intervals by art, with rising plantations and graceful villas.

Amongst the diversified scenery of Ullswater, the valley of Patterdale is eminently worthy of notice. The phalanx of mountains that rise at the head of the lake, overshadow this lowland tract; and the curling mists that roll down their sides, career across the vale like the winged chariots of presiding genii. The sublime echoes produced by discharging a cannon at the head of Ullswater have been already noticed: in the vale of Patterdale, these reverberations strike the ear with wonderful effect. Successive discharges, at the

interval of a few seconds between each, cause a combination of awful sounds,—a deafening and terrific tumult, that nearly overwhelms the mind. The effect of the first explosion is not over when the echoes of the second, the third, and perhaps the fourth, begin. Such a variety of sounds, mixing and commixing, and, at the same time, heard from all sides, produce an impression that the foundations of every rock are giving way, and a general convulsion of nature is about to scatter the universe in ruins. Another species of echo, scarcely less astonishing, yet more pleasing, arises from the music of French horns, key-bugles, clarionets, and other wind instruments. The ear is not equal to their innumerable combinations. It listens to a symphony dying away at a distance, when other melodious sounds arise near at hand. Every rock is vocal, and every hill may be deemed a residence of aërial beings. The auditor listens "with bated breath," and the sublime language of Milton imbodies the ideas that crowd into his mind:

> "How often from the steep
> Of echoing hills, or thickets, have we heard
> Celestial voices to the midnight air,
> Sole or responsive each to other's note,
> Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
> While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
> With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
> In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
> Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

TEESDALE, NEAR WINCH BRIDGE,—DURHAM.

Near the town of Middleton, in Teesdale, is a dangerous ford into Yorkshire, called Stepends; and two miles beyond this stands Winch Bridge. This erection is of wood, and is suspended across the Tees on two iron chains, which reach from side to side, and are securely fastened in the rocks to prevent the structure from vibrating. Notwithstanding this precaution, the traveller experiences all the tremulous motion of the chains; and finds himself suspended over a terrific and roaring gulf, across which but few strangers dare trust themselves to pass. The dimensions of the bridge are seventy feet in length, by not more than two feet in breadth; and its height above the river measures fifty feet.

From Winch Bridge, the waters of the Tees pursue their course over a rocky bed, and form repeated cascades in their progress:

> "Still gathering, as they pour along,
> A voice more loud, a rush more strong."

At the distance of three miles above the bridge, they discharge themselves over a huge rock of black marble, upwards of eighty feet in height, and form the sublime cataract of High Force, a view of which will hereafter be given; and four miles beyond this torrent is Caldron Snout, of which a description has already appeared.

The scenery of the Tees, in the neighbourhood of the bridge, is exceedingly diversified and picturesque. The waters boiling in their passage over a stony channel; the rocky promontories, that on each side extend into the river, and give a serpentine figure to the stream; the rich foliage, occasionally relieving the line of shore; the adjacent and the more distant hills that form a massive back-ground to the view;—all these are blended, and combined by nature, with "a grace beyond the reach of art," and with an effect that the pencil may portray, yet cannot improve.

DURHAM.

The city of Durham is nearly encompassed by the Wear, it can therefore be surveyed from many points of view, with the advantageous accompaniments of river scenery. The inequalities of the ground on which it stands, and the picturesque character of its remarkable buildings, contribute also to produce a novelty and beauty of effect from what situation soever the scenery may be taken. Two views of this city have already been given: yet no apology is necessary for the introduction of a third,—the delineations are scarcely less diversified in their features, than if they had been portraitures of perfectly distinct erections.

The appearance of the city of Durham from the north and north-east, is strikingly romantic and picturesque. It appears to be scattered over a multitude of irregular hills, the ground by which it is approached being thrown up into circular mounts, various parts of the city are seen through several valleys in one point of view, and appear like so many distinct places. The hollow passes among the hills on the north-west of the town, afford the most beautiful prospects. From the north-east, the aspect under which the city is surveyed in the present illustration, the cathedral appears to great advantage; its northern and eastern fronts, "like the mitre which binds the temple of its prelate, giving the noblest supreme ornament to the capital of the principality." Elvet Bridge here receives the stream, and intercepts, for some distance, a further view of the progress of the river; over it, tier above tier, rise the buildings of Sadler-street, and, more to the right, the battlements and tower of the castle,—"the trophies of civil jurisprudence wearing the aspect of secular authority, and the frowns of feudal power." Elvet Bridge, consisting of eight arches, was built by Bishop Pudsey, about the year 1170, and afterwards repaired by Bishop Fox, who granted an indulgence of the Church to all who contributed towards defraying the expense of the undertaking. So recently as 1806, it underwent great alterations, being widened to twice its former width.

The ancient church of St. Nicholas forms an interesting object in our view,—the distant building on the left, emerging from the foliage. This structure consists of a nave and side aisles, with a square tower standing at the angle of the west end. The exterior underwent renovation in 1768, when a large new window was inserted at the west-end, and

considerable repairs were effected in the interior. The foundation of the building is supposed to be contemporary with the first settlement of the Saxons in this city.

The public walks of Durham, which were formed, and continue to be kept in repair by the Dean and Chapter, are noticed in the foreground of the illustration. "These celebrated walks," a biographer has remarked, "accompany the winding of the stream, and its august ornaments, the castle and cathedral. The banks, rocky and abrupt on one hand, and sloping to the river on the other, darkened by a solemn depth of shade, sequestered and retired, in the immediate neighbourhood of a busy scene of society, afford a retreat of the most agreeable nature." The combination of foliage and buildings, water and rocks, home sylvan scenery, and extensive picturesque distance, is, in these walks, at once beautiful and grand.

ALNWICK ABBEY,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Alnwick Abbey was founded in 1147 by Eustace Fitz-John, who, by his marriage with Beatrix, the daughter and heiress of Ivo de Vesey, became Lords of Alnwick. It was dedicated by the founder "to St. James and the Blessed Virgin," and amply endowed out of his baronial possessions. His gift comprehended the village of Hincliff, with its demesnes, wastes, and the service of half the tenants; two parts of the tithe arising out of the lordships of Tugall, Alnham, Heysend, and Chatton; one moiety of the tithes of Wooler, Longhoughton, and Lesbury; the priory and church of Gysnes, with all their privileges and endowments; a moiety of the tithes, and two bovates of land at Gyson, the church of Halgh or Haugh, the lands of Ridley and Morewick Haugh, together with the liberty of erecting a corn-mill on the river Coquet, and of raising as much corn on the wastes there as the convent could plough, with liberty to grind at the *punder's* mill, mulcture free. He also gave the canons, for the support of their table, the tenth part of all the venison and pork killed in his parks and forests, and of all fish taken in his fishery by his order, together with a salt-work at Warkworth. In addition to these rich endowments, William de Vesey, son of Eustace, granted three churches to this abbey, conveying to the convent the churches of Chatton, Chillingham, and Alnham, with all their appurtenances, in free and perpetual alms. The abbot of Alnwick held also the advowsons and appropriations of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, London, and of Sakenfield, in Yorkshire; together with lands at Chatton, Fallowdown, Edlingham, and at Yerlesset, near Lemington; and four tenements and a garden at Newcastle. The annual revenue of the priory was estimated, at the dissolution of religious houses, at nearly two hundred pounds sterling, a princely income, if the comparative value of money be duly considered.

The abbot of Alnwick was summoned to successive parliaments, in the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. Edward the Sixth, in the fourth year of his reign, granted the site of the abbey to Ralph Sadler and Lawrence Winnington. It was afterwards sold, with the neigh-

bouring demesnes, to Sir Francis Brandling, knight; of whose descendants it was purchased by the family of Doubledays. Subsequently, in 1798, it was again sold, and divided into three portions, one of which became the property of the Duke of Northumberland.

The only remains of the abbatical structure are a gateway and tower, of excellent masonry, which, judging from the architecture, and the armorial sculptures that adorn the building, appear to be of a more modern date than the foundation of the house. The abbey gardens and orchard now form part of the Duke of Northumberland's pleasure grounds, and, the noble gateway having been preserved and repaired, the interior is fitted up for the accommodation of a porter. Time, which destroys the records of the past, has left no vestige to denote the exact site of the abbey church, or of its cemetery, where many of the Percy family are said to have been interred. The existing remains stand within a short distance of the castle, near the margin of the Aln river, whose stream glides past in gentle murmurs, its banks shadowed with overhanging woods.

NEWCASTLE FROM THE "SIDE,"—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The "Side" is that part of Newcastle, extending from the north angle of the Sand-Hill to the church of St. Nicholas. The lower portion was formerly divided by the rivulet called the Lork-Burn, which was arched over in 1696, and hid from the public eye. From the foot of the "Side," a street, chiefly inhabited by butchers, from which circumstance it is called the *Butcher Bank*, winds round a steep acclivity to the church of All Saints. At the bottom of this avenue was the Scale Cross, so called from the town scales which used to be kept here for the purpose of weighing all butter that came into the town. It was a stone building, supported by six pillars, and surmounted by the figures of two lions couchant. The structure having been pulled down, the lions were removed to the seat of Sir M. Ridley, at Blagdon.

Of the church of St. Nicholas, an interior view has been given, accompanied by such notices of the structure as were deemed likely to interest the general reader. The introduction of the edifice into the present illustration offers a convenient opportunity to make mention of the Public Library attached thereto. Previous to 1661, the collection was small, and consisted of a few choice books, chained to the shelves, to secure them from being stolen; in that year, however, the catalogue was augmented by one hundred folio and quarto volumes, bequeathed by Alderman John Cousins. In 1734, Sir William Blackett caused a handsome fabric to be constructed over the vestry of St. Nicholas' Church, and endowed it with a rent charge of twenty-five pounds a year to be paid to a librarian. Further additions were made to the collection by Dr. Tomlinson, who having deposited, during his life-time, sixteen hundred books in the new library room, at his death bequeathed the residue of his literary property to its use; and also left by will a rent-charge of five pounds per annum, as a perpetual fund, for the

purchase of new books. Amongst the ancient books, is a curious and beautifully illuminated manuscript, executed in the early part of the thirteenth century, which formerly belonged to Hexham Church. The library hours are from ten to twelve o'clock, during which time any person can have access to this really valuable literary depository.

The word *chare*, which is peculiar to Newcastle, and is used to signify a narrow street, lane, or alley, is worthy of notice, on account of a laughable incident to which it gave birth. In an assize case tried at Newcastle, one of the witnesses swore, that *he saw three men come out of the foot of a chare.* "Gentlemen of the jury," exclaimed the judge, "you must pay no credit to that man's evidence: he must be insane." But the foreman, smiling, assured his lordship that they understood the witness perfectly well, and that he spoke the words of truth and soberness.

Charles I, after his escape from Oxford, at that time besieged by the parliamentarian army, placed himself under the protection of the Scots, by whom he was conducted to Newcastle. During his stay at this latter place, the king regularly attended the Scotch places of worship, which the preachers, in accordance with the spirit of the times, had well nigh converted into news-rooms, and places for political debate. On one occaasion, when the king was present, the minister delivered a sermon full of rancorous allusion to the monarch, and at its close called for the fifty-second psalm, which opens thus :—

"Why dost thou, tyrant, boast abroad,
Thy wicked works to praise?"

The king, moved by the bitter persecuting spirit of the preacher, immediately stood up, and called for the fifty-sixth psalm, which commences with these words :—

"Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
For man would me devour."

The congregation, either from commiseration for the reverses of royalty, or from disgust at the indecorous personality of their zealous minister, shewed so great deference to the king, as to sing the psalm for which *he* called.

As we are in the vein for culling anecdotes, we will append another to the present article. English mysteries, or *Miracle Plays,* were anciently performed by the trading companies of Newcastle, on the festival of Corpus Christi. These theatrical exhibitions were not *very* delicate; for instance, in the representation of Adam and Eve, such strict attention was paid to fidelity of costume, that the performers appeared in a state of nudity. In Brand's History of Newcastle, a description is given of "the play or dirge called Noah's Ark," as performed by the shipwrights of this port. In this "mystery," the characters are God, an Angel, Noah and his Wife, and the Devil. A modern manager would experience some difficulty in casting such a *dramatis personæ;* but then, no doubt, the worthy shipwrights of Newcastle had a "Bottom the weaver" amongst them.

THIRLWALL CASTLE—CUMBERLAND.

Thirlwall Castle occupies that part of the Roman wall which crosses the Tippel, near the Irthing, on the borders of Cumberland.

The famous barrier named the Picts' wall, was erected by the Romans to restrain the incursions of the Caledonians, and was at first composed of ramparts of earth thrown up to a considerable elevation. These proving insufficient to repel the attacks of the North Britons, Severus, the emperor, built up in their place a wall of stone, extending from Tynemouth, in Northumberland, to Solway Frith, and thus divided the kingdom from sea to sea. Castles or towers were erected at intervals along the line of the wall, as a further protection, and as a means of conveying information from one part of the rampart to another. This barrier was erected by the legionary soldiers of Rome, and the extent of the work may, even in the present day, be traced through a distance of seventy miles.

The original of Thirlwall Castle may, no doubt, be referred to one of the old Roman towers above mentioned. It was here that the Scots forced their way through the barrier, after the departure of the Romans. Having collected their forces, they made openings with their mattocks and pickaxes, and from these gaps or breaches the site obtained the name of *Thirl-wall*, which signifies, in the Saxon language, a perforated or broken wall. The remains of the castle stand close by the north side of the wall. The floor of one of the apartments was lately cleared, and discovered to be of singular construction, consisting of three tiers of flags, laid upon sand. The only light admitted is seen through narrow apertures in the walls; and the whole aspect presents the appearance of a gloomy and terrific dungeon.

WASTDALE HEAD—CUMBERLAND.

Wastdale Head is a narrow vale, in the vicinity of Wastwater, where the primitive simplicity of pastoral life remains seemingly undisturbed. Its inhabitants are chiefly shepherds, residing beneath the shelter of stupendous mountains, by which they may be said to be "disjoined from all the world beside." Their limited intercourse with the rest of mankind necessarily preserves them from many vices which disfigure society; but on the other hand it deprives them of the great advantages resulting from social life. Hospitality forms a distinguishing feature in their character.

On a cultivated spot in the neighbourhood of Wastwater stands Wastdale Hall, the seat of Stanfield Rawson, Esq. The advantages accruing to the peasantry of a wild and romantic neighbourhood, from the occasional residence of wealthy, liberal, and public-spirited gentlemen amongst them, are of the first importance. By them, improvements are projected, labour directed to useful ends, and the resources and comforts of the community, by consequence, greatly increased.

The lake of Wastwater is about three miles in length by three quarters of a mile in breadth. The neighbouring scenery, which includes the lofty mountain of Scawfell, has been portrayed with equal beauty and accuracy by Wilson, in his "Isle of Palms." The poet first surveys it in its stormy aspect:—

"There is a lake far hid among the hills,
That roves around the throne of solitude,
Not fed by gentle streams, or playful rills,
But headlong cataract and rushing flood.
There gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
No spots of sunshine light her sullen side;
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.
If thou art one, in dark presumption blind,
Who vainly deem'st no spirit like to thine,
That lofty genius deifies thy mind,
Fall prostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine,
And as the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,
Lift thy changed eye, and own how low thou art."

The widely different appearance presented by the lake in its "calm hour of sunshine," enables the poet to draw an effective contrast to this fearful scene:—

"Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms,
Where silence never tames the mountain roar,
Where poets fear their self-created forms,
Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore?
Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud
With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud?
Wondrous, O Nature! is thy sovereign power,
That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth;
For here might beauty build her summer bower.
Lo! where yon rainbow spans the smiling earth,
And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower
The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth,
While, 'neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake
Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake."

LUMLEY CASTLE—DURHAM.

Lumley Castle, the property of the Earl of Scarborough, stands majestically on a fine elevated situation in the township of Little Lumley; near the south bank of the river Wear, one mile east from Chester-le-Street. This princely mansion is built in a quadrangular form, with an area in the centre, and at each angle are projecting turrets of an octangular shape, which overhang each square of the base. The whole is constructed of yellow free-stone, that gives it a bright and beautiful tint, when viewed from a distance. The east front retains its ancient form, and has a most august appearance: it ascends from the brow of a deep and thickly wooded valley, through which Lumley Beck winds to the river Wear. The west front forms the principal entrance, and is approached by a double flight of steps, and a platform filling the whole space between the towers. The south front is altogether modern; and that to the north is partially obscured by offices. Above the projecting gallery of the east gateway are six shields, with armorial bearings and crests, which have existed since 1389, when Sir Richard Lumley obtained license to castellate the edifice, that had been erected by his ancestors in the reign of Edward I The apartments of the castle have all mullioned windows, guarded with iron, and command an extensive and beautiful prospect, in which the spire of Chester church, the village of Great Lumley, and several hamlets, &c., are conspicuous objects. At the bottom of one of the avenues leading to the castle, is a fine basin of water, a salmon lock, a fisherman's cottage, and a public ferry over the river Wear.

The great hall of the castle measures ninety feet in length, and is ornamented with a music gallery. It exhibits also the most striking features of ancient times, feudal performances, and old English manners. Amongst the decorations of the apartment are imaginary portraits of the remote ancestors of this house. The great dining-room, in the south-west tower, has an elegant vaulted roof; and the view from the windows in one direction comprises the adjacent meadows, the banks of the Wear, and the canal formed by the curvature of the stream; while in another the avenue prospect presents itself, enriched with the town of Chester and an assemblage of picturesque objects.

The antiquity of the Lumley family is very great: according to Camden, Dugdale, and other writers, it has descended from Liulph, a nobleman of high rank in the time of Edward the Confessor. King James being once on a visit at the castle, a relation of the house proceeded to give his majesty a genealogical detail of Lord Lumley's progenitors, and attempted to deduce their origin from a period so remote as to exceed all credibility. The king, whose patience was quite exhausted, stopped short the genealogist by saying, "O mon, gang no farther; let me digest this knowledge I ha' gained; for, by my saul, *I did no ken that Adam's name was Lumley.*"

The motto of the house of Lumley is worthy of a race of undoubtedly remote descent: *Murus æneus conscientia sana;*—a guileless conscience is a wall of brass.

AISLE OF TOMBS, CHESTER-LE-STREET CHURCH—DURHAM.

Chester-le-Street is an ancient town and parish, pleasantly situated in a valley, west of the river Wear, at the distance of eight miles south from Newcastle.

Camden supposes Chester-le-Street to be identical with the Roman *Condercum*, and that the first wing of the *Astures* was located here; but the conjecture is wholly unsupported by any inscriptions or other data, yet discovered. The Saxons called it *Cunceastre*, and, under that name, it became the episcopal see of Durham. Eardulph, the bishop, fled hither about the year 882, to avoid the cruelty of the Danes, who had pillaged and laid waste Holy Island. After erecting a church of wood, for the reception of St. Cuthbert's body, the see was fixed here, where it continued for a hundred and thirteen years, till its removal to Durham. Chester-le-Street, being in a good measure deprived of its state and authority by the translation of the see, became a mere parochial rectory, till Bishop Bek made the church collegiate, and established a dean, with seven prebendaries, and other inferior officers; thus it continued till the dissolution of collegiate churches and chantries in the first year of Edward VI.

The wooden church, wherein the remains of St. Cuthbert had been deposited for upwards of a century, was taken down by Egelric, the fourth bishop of Durham, who erected in its place a magnificent fabric of stone, in honour of the patron saint. In digging the foundation, Egelric discovered such a large sum of money, that he resigned the bishopric, and returned to the monastery of Peterborough, of which he had formerly been abbot, taking with him this *treasure-trove* as his own property.

The present edifice is a handsome stone building, dedicated to St. Mary and St. Cuthbert, and consists of a nave, side aisles, and a tower surmounted by an elegant spire, admitted to be the handsomest in the north of England. The interior of the church is extremely neat, and presents a singular arrangement of monuments bearing effigies of the deceased ancestry of the Lumley family from the time of Liulphus to the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

'Tis meet that in the cloister'd gloom
Their resting place should be,
With sculptur'd hatchment on the tomb,
A sacred panoply.

'Tis meet that in the holy place,
Where pious men have trod,
A warlike and a noble race
Should have their last abode.

They sleep the sleep that sealeth fast
The lustre-beaming eye;
All but the memory hath pass'd,
Of deeds that will not die.

With mail, and glaive, and helmed brow,
Each knight hath lain him down;
Yet even in their death they show
A prowess like their own.

CHILLINGHAM PARK AND CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The village of Chillingham is situated four miles and a half east by south of Wooler. In the chancel of the church, at the north-east corner, is a beautiful tomb of alabaster, bearing effigies of a member of the Grey family and his lady.

The park and castle of Chillingham stand at a short distance south of the village. We blend in one description our notices of both.

Chillingham Park is exceedingly rich in sylvan scenery, being tastefully skirted with thriving plantations. The castle is embosomed in massive foliage, and forms a beautiful object in the view. The eminences in the grounds command extensive prospects, stretching over a considerable tract of country, and bounded by an undulating line of hills. "In the park may still be seen an uncontaminated breed of *wild cattle*, called the *white Scottish bison*, the beef of which is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour." These animals are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are finely horned: the orbit of the eye, as well as the tip of the nose, is black; but the bulls have lost their manes, the distinctive characteristic attributed to them by Boethius. They are swift, untameable, and savage in their disposition: it is only in the severity of the winter season that they will venture to explore the neighbourhood of the outhouses in search of food. Our illustration gives permanency to an incident which occurred, fortunately with no disastrous consequences, to the son of the noble proprietor, Earl Tankerville. Lord Ossulston being out on a sporting excursion with some friends, one of the furious animals above-mentioned assailed his Lordship with such determined rage, that, though well-mounted, he would probably, but for his own presence of mind and the assistance rendered by a gentleman of his party and the attendants, have fallen a victim to its fury.

On a rocky eminence, at the east side of Chillingham Park, is a curious double entrenchment, called Ros Castle, which is supposed to have been a fortress of the ancient Britons.

The castle of Chillingham is characterized as a square massive structure, of four stories in the wings, and three in the centre, of the order of architecture which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth. An ascent of steps leads from the centre area into a balustrade, decorated with effigies of distinguished British warriors. Some portraits of excellent character adorn the rooms; amongst which are those of Lord Chancellor Bacon, Lord Treasurer Burleigh, Duke of Buckingham, King Charles, and James the First. An extremely remarkable natural curiosity is exhibited in the marble chimney-piece of one of the apartments. In sawing asunder the block from which it was carved, a large *living* toad, "as large as a hat crown," was found imbedded in the mass of stone. The cavity

wherein the animal had been lodged, perhaps for upwards of a thousand years, has been filled up with cement, yet is still visible. A painting exists in the castle, which details all the appearances presented by this strange phenomenon at the time of the discovery.

The manor of Chillingham was anciently held of the Vesey barony, by Walter de Hentercombe; but it afterwards became the seat and property of the distinguished family of Grey, descended from Sir Thomas Grey of Hetton, one of whose descendants, Sir William Grey, was created a Baronet in 1619, and raised to the peerage in 1623, by the style and title of Lord Grey of Wark. This nobleman was lieutenant of the parliamentarian army, under Fairfax, and was committed to the tower for disobedience in refusing to go over to Scotland to solicit the assistance of that nation; but was afterwards restored to favour, and held several distinguished offices. He died in 1674, and was succeeded by his son Lord Grey, who was created Viscount Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville in 1695, all of which titles became extinct in 1701, through the death of his Lordship, and the failure of male issue. His only daughter married Charles Bennet Lord Ossulston, in whom the title of Earl of Tankerville was revived in 1714. The castle manor still remains in the noble family of Bennet, which is supposed to be of Italian extraction, and to have been located in England during the reign of King John.

KENTMERE HEAD,—WESTMORLAND.

The township of Kentmere forms a narrow valley, two miles in length, inclosed by lofty fells, and distant nine miles north-west by north from Kendal. It is watered by the river Kent, which rises on the south side of the mountain, High Street; and thence proceeds, collecting the trubutary streams in its course, to the estuary of Morecambe Bay. This river feeds a small *mere* or lake, one mile in length, whence the valley of Kentmere takes its name. Near the foot of one of the broken crags that overhang the vale, stands Kentmere Hall, which is now in the occupation of a farmer. The chapel is situated within a short distance of the hall and lake; the *ancient* salary attached to the curacy being only six pounds per annum. "The head of Kentmere," Mr. Baines observes, "is remarkably grand, from the amazing height of the mountain walls which stand round it. Along the side and over the summit of Hill Bell and High Street a green road may be traced, which is believed to be the line of an old Roman road from Kendal to Penrith. An annual meeting of the shepherds formerly took place on High Street, which is centrally situated between several valleys; they gave each other information concerning the sheep that might have strayed, and the meeting was cheered by a merry-making, when races and other sports took place on the broad summit of the mountain, at an elevation of 2700 feet above the level of the sea." C. Wilson, Esq. is the present owner of the lake and park of the

township of Kentmere. Twelve generations of the Gilpin family are known to have flourished at the hall. Bernard Gilpin, born in 1517, attained so great a celebrity as a preacher, that he was styled—"the Apostle of the North." He was arrested in the reign of Mary, by Bonner, and had nearly fallen a sacrifice to the bigoted superstitions of the times. On the accession of Elizabeth he was released from confinement, and had the bishopric of Carlisle offered to him, which he peremptorily declined.

A traditional account has been given of a barbarian of the name of Herd, but vulgarly called the Cork-lad of Kentmere. His mother is reported to have been an ejected nun of Furness, with whom he begged through the neighbouring country, and drew to a hovel in Troutbeck Park; which being granted by the crown, the Cork-lad refused the grantee possession, and was therefore summoned to London, where, by facetious expressions and feats of strength before the king, he obtained a grant of his cottage, and a paddock behind it, with other privileges. When Kentmere Hall was building, he lifted the chimney beam of the kitchen into its place, six feet from the earth, which still remains, and is thirty feet long, and thirteen inches by twelve and a half thick. At the age of forty-two years he killed himself with the Herculean employment of tearing up trees by their roots.

KENDAL, FROM GREEN BANK,—WESTMORLAND.

A brief notice of the town and castle of Kendal was given at page 27; our present description will therefore be confined to a few interesting particulars connected with its history. Abbot Hall stands near the church, and, before the dissolution of religious houses, it was the occasional residence of the abbot of St. Mary's, York. Its lawns and pleasure grounds, intersected with fine gravelled walks, and planted with a great variety of trees and shrubs, extend along the western bank of the river. Dockwray Hall, at the north end of Kendal, was formerly the seat of a family whence it takes its name.

The manufactures and population of Kendal have so greatly increased in importance and numbers, that the framers of the Reform Bill, in disfranchising Appleby, raised this town to the rank of a borough, with the right of electing one parliamentary representative. The inhabitants, who in 1821 were scarcely nine thousand souls, exceed, at present, ten thousand.

The church stands in that part of the parish called Kirkland. This edifice is one hundred and eighty feet in length, by ninety-nine in breadth. It contains five aisles; the roof is supported by four rows of pillars, eight in each row; it is elegantly furnished with oak, and has spacious galleries. On each side of the altar-table are two aisles or oratories, all used as sepulchres of distinguished families who have located in the neighbourhood.

A singular epitaph still exists in the choir of the church, composed for himself by Mr. Ralph Tyrer, vicar of Kendal, who died in 1627. This specimen of funereal verse is worthy of perusal, both on account of its quaintness and the uncommon precision with which it details the history of the deceased:—

" London bred mee,—Westminster fed mee,
Cambridge sped mee,—My sister wed mee,
Study taught mee,—Living sought mee,
Learning brought mee,—Kendal caught mee,
Labour pressed mee,—Sickness distressed mee,
Death oppressed mee,—The grave possessed mee,
God first gave mee,—Christ did save mee,
Earth did crave mee,—And heaven would have mee."

On the west side of Kendal, opposite the castle, is Castle-how-hill, or Castle-law-hill. It consists of a circular mount of gravel and earth thrown upon a rock, and near thirty feet high. Round the base is a deep fosse, strengthened with two bastions on the east. The top is flat, and has been defended by a breastwork of earth and ditches. Dr. Stukeley is of opinion that it owed its origin to the Saxons, and was one of those hills called *laws*, where, in ancient times, distributive justice was administered. In 1788 the inhabitants of Kendal erected a handsome obelisk on this spot, in commemoration of the Revolution of 1688. Immediately below the obelisk is " Battle plain."

Within the distance of a mile from Kendal, is Water Crook, the site of the Concangium of the Romans. A watch was stationed here for the security of the Roman posts at Ambleside and Overborough. The line of the fosse may still be traced by a persevering antiquary. Altars, coins, inscriptions, and other remains have been discovered here; and very lately an inscribed stone existed in the wall of a barn, on the very area of the station, perpetuating the memory of two freemen, and invoking vengeance on him who should presume to desecrate their sepulchre.

Kendal has given birth to many eminent men, amongst whom the following are particularly worthy of mention. Richard de Kendal, who flourished in the reign of Henry VI., was an excellent grammarian, and reputed the best schoolmaster of his age. Thomas Shaw, born in 1692, after graduating at Oxford, was made chaplain to the factory at Algiers; whence returning to Kendal, he published his " Travels in Barbary and the Levant," a work of high celebrity. Ephraim Chambers, the projector of Encyclopædias, was apprenticed to Mr. Senex, globe-maker, and under him formed the design of his Cyclopædia, which first appeared in 1728. To these may be added John Wilson, a stocking-knitter, who acquired considerable reputation as a botanist, and published a valuable treatise entitled, " A Synopsis of British Plants."

Kendal, it is worthy of remark, was one of the first provincial towns that printed a newspaper.

WATERFALL, NEAR STY HEAD,—CUMBERLAND.

The hill of Sty Head forms a defile between the mountains of Scawfell and Great Gavel. The road thither from Seathwaite is marked by a bed of stones, serving as a sure guide to the tourist in his ascent. Skirting along the rocky channel of the Derwent, which at this place is a small torrent, rapid and turbulent in its course, the traveller crosses a rude bridge projected over a tributary stream, and commences the ascent of a steep hill on his right hand. The path is winding and laborious; and a torrent rushes down a ravine by the side of it, in one uninterrupted fall.

The waterfall to which our illustration refers is formed of the tributary streams of the Derwent rivers, and, though inferior to others in extent, is eminently picturesque in its appearance, on account of the variety which it presents to the eye. The bare summits of the rocks, where, as if in mockery of vegetation, a few trees are scattered, contrast with the umbrageous foliage that clothes the base and sides of the precipices, while this is again relieved on the opposite side by a steep and rude ascent, strown with fragments of rock, and partially covered with underwood. The principal stream is divided by a mass of rock nearly at the commencement of the fall, and reaches the bed of the torrent with but few obstructions. Another stream descends with great impetuosity on the right hand; and the mingled waters pursue their rapid course, boiling and foaming as they proceed, over a bed of stones.

The prospect from the summit of Sty Head is very extensive, comprehending a fine view down the whole length of Borrowdale and the vale of Keswick, terminated by Skiddaw.

INTERIOR OF CARLISLE CATHEDRAL,—CUMBERLAND.

Of this cathedral, the choir is by far the most magnificent portion. It was begun in the reign of Edward the Third, by Bishop Welton, and finished by his successors to the episcopal chair. The expenses were in a good measure defrayed by subscriptions; but to augment the funds still more, indulgences and remissions of penance were granted to such of the laity as should, by money, materials, or labour, contribute to the consummation of the pious work. Copies of various orders and letters-patent referring to this occasion, are still preserved in the registry of the see. The armorial bearings of several contributors to the work were delineated on the inner side of the roof, which was vaulted with wood; but these were removed in or about the year 1764, when the choir underwent considerable repairs, and the ceiling was stuccoed in form of a groined vault.

The arches of the choir are supported by clustered pillars, presenting an extremely elegant appearance; the inner mouldings and the capitals being ornamented with figures and flowers in open carved work. The stalls are richly decorated with tabernacle work; and

the episcopal throne is elegant and stately. The east window, which is worthy of observation on account of its beautifully wrought mullions, is partially glazed with painted glass in the lower divisions, forming the borders of different compartments having plain glass within, but in the upper portion it is more abundantly employed, the tracery work being chiefly filled with it. The height of this window measures forty-eight feet, by thirty feet in breadth.

The wainscoting of the choir is of oak, executed after a design by Lord Camelford, nephew to Bishop Lyttleton, who presided over the see at the period when the renovations were effected in this part of the structure.

Several monuments are remaining in this cathedral, supposed to be those of distinguished prelates. On the north side of the choir, near to the altar, is a curiously engraven monumental brass-plate, placed as a memorial of bishop Henry Robinson, who was born in Carlisle about the year 1556, and became celebrated for his piety and extensive erudition. This prelate received his education at Queen's College, Oxford, where he was at first, only "a poor serving child;" afterwards, however, he became provost, and contributed greatly, by his judicious regulations and praise-worthy conduct, to advance the interests of the colleges to which he was destined to be, in other respects, a munificent benefactor. The plate before-mentioned, is beautifully executed. The bishop is represented in his sacred vestments kneeling with one hand supporting a crosier; the other bears a lighted candle, and holds a cord, to which three dogs are attached, who appear to be guarding a similar number of sheep-folds from the incursions of wolves. Below the candlestick is a group of allegorical figures, carrying implements of agriculture and peaceful industry; and at their feet is a wolf pursuing harmless gambols with a lamb, and various warlike instruments scattered and broken. Suitable Latin and Greek sentences, chiefly selected from the sacred writings, illustrate the different compartments of the design. Behind the bishop is a quadrangular building, including an open court, probably intended to represent the college in whose welfare he had taken so great an interest. It bears a Latin inscription, signifying,—"*he found it destroyed; he left it built and furnished.*" Above this building is a delineation of the cathedral, having over the entrance two inscriptions,—"*he entered by the door;*" "*he passed through, faithful.*' On the steps, underneath a group of figures, one of whom is kneeling to receive the benediction, are the words—"*he departed blessed.*" Towards the top of the plate, is written in Greek,—"To the Bishops;" and immediately above is engraven a Latin sentence from the New Testament: "*There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, and keeping watch over their flocks by night.*" At the bottom of the plate is written in Latin: "To Henry Robinson, of Carlisle, D.D., a most careful provost of Queen's College, Oxon., and afterwards a most watchful Bishop of this Church for eighteen years, who, on the 13th calend of July, in the year from the delivery of the Virgin 1616, and of his age 64, devoutly resigned his spirit to the Lord. Bernard Robinson, his brother and heir, set up this Memorial as a testimony of his love." Underneath the whole is a Latin

elegiac stanza expressive of the virtues and fruitful ministry of the deceased, and of the bright reward into which he had entered by death.

The *coup d'œil* presented by the choir of Carlisle cathedral is eminently beautiful, using that term in a restricted sense: beautiful to those who feel a glow of piety within them, whilst contemplating the sacred fane, rendered venerable by age—made hallowed by its sacred uses: beautiful to those who are willing to admit into the temple a sublime grandeur, suitable to its character, and calculated to impress the mind with awful feeling, "to calm the troubled breast, and woo the weary to profound repose." Every arch, every column, refers to ages past, and stands an impressive memorial of forgotten generations. The subdued and many-coloured light that falls from the east window produces a tranquillizing effect, which, added to the "expressive silence" that reigns in the building, may, without enthusiasm, be said to render it the dim shadowing of the things which shall be.

The dimensions of the choir are 137 feet in length by 71 feet in breadth, including the aisles; the height being 75 feet.

MARDALE GREEN,—WESTMORLAND.

Mardale Green is a fertile and beautiful spot in the valley of Mardale, distant about a mile and a half from the lake of Hawes Water. Few dwellings are met with in this or any other part of the vale; but ample accommodation for the tourist is provided at the White Bull Inn on the Green. The Chapel of Mardale stands on an eminence, one mile south of the lake, in a beautifully picturesque situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells. The views from the parsonage are of the most interesting and diversified character. The estate called Chapel-hill, in this neighbourhood, has been the residence and property of the Holme family through many generations. The founder of the race was a native of Stockholm, whence he came to England with William the Conqueror, who rewarded him with an estate in Northamptonshire, where his descendants located till the time of King John, when the head of the family was compelled to fly for refuge from his enemies to the valley of Mardale, and to seek concealment in *Hugh's Cave;* and he afterwards purchased this estate.

The "mountainous retirement" of Mardale Green still exhibits something of the primeval simplicity which prevailed throughout the "hill countrye," till the mighty revolution, effected by literature and the advancement of mechanical art, had entered even into these fastnesses of nature, and swept before it the peculiarities, the rude dwellings, and the manners of a semi-barbarous age.

The chimneys of the houses were formerly of the most capacious extent, and served not only as larders, wherein joints of meat were suspended to dry for winter use, but also as the favourite gathering-places for the inmates of the dwellings. Under the smoky dome, which in moist weather was constantly shedding a black sooty lie, sat the

women knitting, or spinning wool and flax, the men carding the wool, and the school-boy conning the barbarous latinity of Lilly; while the grandsire of the house amused the party with tales of border strife and superstitious legends. The fire was lighted on the hearth, and opposite to it was usually a large oaken closet of different compartments, on which was carved the owner's name, the year in which it was made, and innumerable scrolls and devices. This was the common depository or strong room of the house. The clothing of the men was of the native fleece, home-spun, and woven by the village weaver; that of the women, was made from the finer native wool, dyed to the weaver's fancy, and fabricated by a rude artisan at the owner's fireside. The furniture of the house consisted of a long oaken table, with a bench on each side, where the whole family, including servants, ate together. The richer sort of people would shew a service of pewter; but the middle and poorer classes used wooden trenchers. Chairs of heavy wainscot work, with high arms, were in use; but the usual moveable seats were three-footed stools. To furnish light for the winter evenings, candles were made of peeled rushes, dipped in the hot fat of fried bacon. The candlestick was a light upright pole, fixed in a log of wood, and furnished with pincers for holding the rushes. The usual food consisted of leaven bread, (made from a kind of black oats,) boiled animal food, the produce of the dairy, and a limited supply of vegetables.

SMALL-WATER TARN,—WESTMORLAND.

Small-Water Tarn lies in a lofty and deary solitude at the head of Riggindale, which is the highest branch of the valley of Mardale, and takes its name from a sharp and barren ridge running up from the vale to High Street. The view is taken from the pass of Nanbield, a slack or defile between High Street and Hayter Fell, leading to Mardale and Hawes Water.

From the most elevated portion of High Street are seen Skiddaw, Saddleback, and the Scotch mountains. Skiddaw, situated three miles north of Keswick, has an elevation of not less than three thousand five hundred feet above the level of Bassenthwaite. Saddleback, so named from a fancied resemblance to a saddle, is broken towards its base into a multitude of mountains, and unites on the north-west with the declivities of Skiddaw. It presents the appearance of having formerly been a volcano, and a small tarn on its summit is supposed to have been the crater. The views immediately under the eye, from the mountain itself, are of such appalling magnitude and character, that few persons possess sufficient resolution to look on them.

The manners and circumstances of a class of men inhabiting the mountainous districts, are thus described by Mr. Warner in his "Northen Tour."

"In the midst of these secluded scenes, formed by the involutions of the mountains, lives one of the most independent, most moral, and most respectable characters existing; the *estatesman*, as he is called in the language of the country. His property varies from

eighty to two hundred pounds per annum; his mansion forms the central point of his possessions, where he passes an undisturbed, inoffensive life, surrounded by his own paternal meads and native hills." The hospitality of the estatesman to the wayfarer and traveller is touchingly illustrated by the same writer. "Go," said an estatesman, to a person whom he had entertained for some days in his house, "go to the vale on the other side of the mountain, to the house of ——— (naming the party,) and tell him you came from me. I know him not, but he will receive you kindly, for *our sheep mingle upon the mountains.*"

LILBURN TOWER,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lilburn Tower "bosomed high in tufted trees," is a grey old ruin, in the township of West Lilburn, standing on the north side of a brook of the same name, and near to it are the remains of a chapel. It was the seat of John Lilburn, in 1234, from whom descended Colonel John Lilburn, a turbulent enthusiast, who obtained the familiar appellation of "*Free-born John,*" on account of his bold, intrepid, and assiduous labours during the Commonwealth. He defended the rights and liberties of the people both with his sword and his pen; and was frequently tried, imprisoned, and punished for his offences against the ruling powers.

East and West Lilburn are separated by the rivulet of that name, which rises near Hause Crag, and, after skirting the eastern side of the township, continues its course eastward to the river Till.

On the west side of East Lilburn township was formerly a large heap of stones, called the "*Apron-full of Stones,*" and as tradition could not fix the origin of their erection, superstition, as a matter of course, was called upon to solve the problem. The credulity of a dark age was easily persuaded to believe that the prince of darkness had hallowed the spot with his own handiwork. If olden legends may be credited, this unmentionable personage was at one time a notable architect: several remains of his skill in this department of human art have been pointed out by the finger of credulity; and even to this day, so great is the impression produced on uneducated minds by marvellous narrations, that persons may be found wanting mental courage to deny their truth. Tradition further states, for our edification, that these piles of stones, similar to the one at Lilburn, are aprons-full dropped by the demon builder in his flight, when the grey dawn interrupted his avocations. In 1768, the stones were removed for the reparation of a road, and were found to cover the base and fragments of a cross, with four rows of steps.

The township of West Lilburn anciently belonged to the barony of Wark, but was forfeited by Robert de Ros, in consequence of his revolting to the Scots. Afterwards it was for many years held by the family who assumed the name of Lilburn. The estate of West Lilburn is now the property of Henry John William Collingwood, Esq., who resides at the tower, a handsome modern structure, erected within a short distance from the ancient remains.

WARKWORTH HERMITAGE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Warkworth Hermitage is situated about half a mile above the castle, on the brink of the Coquet river. This venerable retreat is probably the best preserved and the most entire work of its kind now remaining in the kingdom. It contains three apartments, all of them formed by excavation of the solid rock, and impends over the river clothed in a rich mantle of ancient trees, remains of the venerable woods which in olden times sheltered the inmates of this romantic solitude. Mr. Grose, in his Antiquities, "ventures to call the three apartments, by way of distinction, the chapel, the sacristy, and antechapel." The former of these still exists in great perfection; but the other two are dilapidated.

The chapel is eighteen feet in length, by about seven and a half in width and height; and is beautifully modelled in the Gothic style of architecture. The sides are adorned with neat octagon pillars, branching off to the ceiling, and terminating in small pointed arches at the groins. At the east end is a plain altar, ascended by two steps; and behind is a little niche, in which was probably placed the crucifix. The north side of the chapel is ornamented with a Gothic window, cut in the rock; and from this the light passed into the sacristy.

The sacristy is a plain oblong apartment running parallel with the chapel. The remains of an altar may still be seen at the east end, at which mass was occasionally performed. Between this room and the chapel is a small opening, whence the hermit might make confession, and behold the elevation of the host. Near this opening is a door leading into the chapel, and over it a small escutcheon with all the emblems of the Passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear, and the sponge. On the south side of the altar is a cenotaph supporting three figures; the principal one being that of a female, over whom an angel is hovering; the remaining figure is a warrior, in an erect position at the lady's feet.

A door opens from the sacristy into the vestibule or antechapel, containing two square niches, in which the lonely inhabitant of this secluded dwelling sat to contemplate. Hence he looked down upon the beautiful river which washed his hermitage, and glided away in never-ceasing murmurs. Over the inner door of the vestibule is placed another escutcheon, bearing a sculpture, intended probably for the representation of a gauntlet, which might be the arms or crest of the founder. On the outside of the rock, near the antechapel, is a winding staircase, hewn out of the living stone, which leads through an arched doorway up to the top of the cliff that joins the level of the old park, and where was planted the orchard of the hermit. Time has destroyed all vestiges of the original cultivation; but cherry-trees, propagated from the cuttings of the anchorite's plantation, are still dispersed over the neighbouring thicket. Below the orchard, at the foot of a hill, is said to have

been the garden of the recluse; and a few straggling flowers and shrubs still remain to confirm the tradition.

The domestic retreat of the hermit was a small square building, erected at the foot of the cliff in which the chapel is hewn; and consisted of one dwelling room, with a bed-chamber over it, and a small kitchen adjoining. This structure having been built of ordinary materials, and not scooped out of the rock, it has long since gone to ruin; but the hermitage itself will probably remain for the inspection and admiration of the latest posterity. The interest which attaches to it is much increased by its connexion with "The Hermit of Warkworth," a fine imitation of the old Border minstrelsy, by Dr. Percy, sometime bishop of Dromore.

In the reign of Henry the Third this hermitage was a cell for two monks of the Benedictine order, to whose maintenance the church at Branliston was appropriated.

STY HEAD TARN,—CUMBERLAND.

Sty Head Tarn is a small elevated lake in the neighbourhood of the mountain whence it takes its name. It forms one of the sources of the Derwent river, which is here reduced to an insignificant rivulet. Above the tarn, at a dread elevation, rises the towering acclivity of Great End, one of the summits of Scawfell.

The extreme elevation of Sty Head forms a rocky plain, nearly half a mile in extent, and environed by a circle of steep slaty rocks. From one side of this crag, the eye looks down with terror; much of the scenery around the place being calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful description. On the opposite side, a pleasing prospect unfolds itself, comprising the valley and village of Wastdale, with the lake of Wastwater, and a back ground of stupendous mountains. The pleasure with which the tourist surveys the latter scene, is, however, in a good measure lost in the over-powering sensation of danger, arising from a view of the path by which he must descend. Above him rise tremendous hills, whose bases appear to unite; beneath lies a precipice, which the human eye can scarcely fathom, and along its sides winds the narrow and almost perpendicular path, whence, by one false step, the traveller would be precipitated into the gulf.

The mountain of Scawfell is the highest in England, and ascends in an extensive concave sweep to the elevation of three thousand one hundred and sixty-six feet above the level of the sea. Frightful precipices surround the summits, on the highest of which is a conical pile of stones, thrown together during a trigonometrical survey of the country. The principal summits are called Mickle Door, and Scawfell; the latter is most easily visited from Seathwaite, and the former from Mardale or Eskdale. The ascent of this mountain is more difficult than that of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, the peaks being composed

of vast stones, with scarcely any appearance of vegetation. The persevering *pedestrian* will, however, find himself amply repayed for all his toils, by the rich and diversified prospects which open to his view when he has attained the most elevated points. When the atmosphere is free from vapours, and the hill from mists, the extent of country which the eye can traverse is truly wonderful.

ESKDALE MILL,—CUMBERLAND.

The river Esk enters Cumberland at a place called the Moat, from Scotland; and, flowing through the beautiful valley of Eskdale, continues its course, in a westerly direction, till it at length falls into the Solway Frith.

At the head of Eskdale, some remains of a Roman fortress are still visible. The scenery of the vale comprises some of the most picturesque objects in the lake district, including Birker Force and Stanley Gill. A few dispersed dwellings are scattered in the valley, surrounded by rocky knolls, beautifully enriched with trees, and bordered by uplands, on which large flocks of sheep graze in undisturbed quiet.

The ready and powerful aid constantly afforded by the mountain streams, has naturally led to the erection of many water-mills in this romantic district; one of these forms a prominent object in the present Illustration.

Amongst the choice morceaux provided in this seat of the picturesque for the gratification of the pictorial gourmand, few can be met with more suitable for artistic effect than Eskdale Mill. Free from all stiffness of outline and architectural precision, its rude appearance harmonizes well with the rich accompaniments that nature has cast around it. The wheel and stream, the rocky knolls and clustering foliage, and the glimpse obtained of the upland pasturages, combine together with amazing effect, and produce a picture richer in composition than any that might be wrought from the artist's imagination.

CHIPCHASE CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Chipchase Castle is a large and beautiful structure, standing on the declivity of a hill, above the North Tyne river; and is situated nine miles and a half north by west of Hexham.

The estate of "Chipches," together with that of Withill, was held, in 1272, of the barony of Humfranvill, by Peter de Insula. From him the possession passed to the Lisles, and afterwards to the Herons, of Ford Castle, one of whom, Sir John Heron, enjoyed the demesne in the reign of Henry VIII. After continuing in this family through four descents, the estate passed by purchase to the Allgoods, and from them, in like manner, to the ancient house of Reed, of Troughend in Redesdale. The representatives of this family have conveyed the estate to the guardians of Ralph William Grey, Esq.

Leland makes mention of Chipchase, as "a praty town and castle, hard on the easte parte of the arme of North Tyne." And Sir Ralph Sadler, writing to Secretary Cecil, observes, "the most apte and convenyent places for the keeper of Tindale to reside in, on all the frontiers, are Hawgston, Langley, or *Chipchase*, in one of which iij placis men of service have always been placed, and especially for the well executing of that office of Tindale."

The old Tower of the original edifice still remains. "Its roof is built on corbels, and has openings through which to throw down stones or scalding water upon an enemy. The grooves of the portcullis, the porter's chamber above it, and battered fragments of Gothic paintings on the walls, are exceedingly curious." Considerable additions were made to the structure, in 1621, by Cuthbert Heron, Esq.; and many improvements were afterwards effected by the Reeds. The old chapel of Chipchase, which was given to the church of Hexham in 1172 was entirely rebuilt on the lawn, by John Reed, Esq.; by whom also the gardens were tastefully arranged, and the grounds ornamented with extensive plantations. The neighbourhood of Chipchase includes the most rich and diversified scenery; and its elevated situation renders the castle an imposing and magnificent object to the surrounding country. The interior of the edifice is fitted up in a splendid style; and some of the apartments are ornamented with valuable paintings, by Vandyke, Tintoretto, Rubens, &c. A reminiscence of the past is still preserved in an *heronry* on the north side of the castle.

An anecdote is related of Elizabeth, wife of Sir William Heron, who was residing at Ford Castle when King James of Scotland besieged and took the fortress; Sir William was, at the time, a prisoner in Scotland. The beauty of this lady made so deep an impression on the monarch's heart, at his first introduction, that he neglected his military duties. It is said that the interview was planned by Earl Surrey, (who was well acquainted with the king's amorous disposition,) to arrest his progress until he could come up with him, which he at length did, to the discomfiture of James at Flodden Field.

PERCY CROSS, OR BATTLE STONE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

This monumental erection stands near the village of Otterburn, and is commemorative of a dreadful battle which was fought in that neighbourhood between the English and the Scots. The best topographical authorities concur in noticing the incorrectness of the name "Percy Cross," as applied to this pillar; the error has probably arisen from confounding the present memorial with another at Hedgly Moor, which is properly so called. Be it as it may, "Battle Stone" is a more significant and intelligible appellative.

The village of Otterburn is pleasantly seated on the north side of the Reed river, three miles west of Elsdon, and derives its name from the Otter rivulet, which falls into the Reed at this place. The Manor and Villa of Otterburn were possessed by the Umfravilles, but belonged to the crown, in the tenth year of the reign of Elizabeth. The estate afterwards descended to the Hall family. A descendant of this house suffered as a rebel, in the reign of Queen Anne, and his demesnes were forfeited to the crown. The manorial property was ultimately sold, under a decree of the Court of Chancery, to James Ellis, Esq. who resides at Otterburn Hall, the site of the old castle, which was so gallantly defended against Earl Douglas. The village and part of the lands were purchased by John Davidson, Esq. of Newcastle, from whom they descended to his son, who has a convenient and neat mansion in the neighbourhood. There is a large woollen manufactory in this township.

Froisart, in his description of the memorable battle fought here, August nineteenth, 1388, says of the castle, it was "tolerably strong, and situated among marches, which the Scots attacked so long, and so unsuccessfully, that they were fatigued, and afterwards sounded a retreat." A short time previous to the period just referred to, the Scots had entered Northumberland under the command of earls Douglas, Murray, and March; and after burning the country as far as Brancepeth Castle, they returned northward, laden with plunder. In their way back they lay three days before Newcastle, when much skirmishing ensued between them and the English; and Sir Henry Percy lost his pennon in an encounter with Douglas, who boasted he would fix it upon his castle of Dalkeith. The morning after this occurrence,—

> "The Douglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
> For soth withowghten naye,
> He took his logeynge at Otterborne
> Upon a Wedynsday."

The Scots had laboured hard during the day, to reduce the castle, and while they were at supper, "and some were gone to sleep," the English, advancing from Newcastle, entered their camp with the cry, "Percy! Percy!" "It was moonlight. The assault, by mistake, was made among the huts of the servants, which gave the Scots (who had settled their

plans of defence, in case of attack,) time to wheel along the mountain side, and fall upon the English flank. The battle now raged. Douglas and "Harry Percy" (familiarly named Hotspur) had met, and the Scots were giving way, when Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son came, and renewed the fight. The earl of Douglas, who was of a high spirit, seeing his men repulsed, seized his battle-axe with both his hands, like a gallant knight, and, to rally his men, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows on all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side, until he was met by three spears that pointed at him; one struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, and the third entered his thigh. He could never disengage himself from these spears, but was borne to the ground, fighting desperately. From that moment he never rose again. Some of his knights and esquires had followed him, but not all; for though the moon shone, it was rather dark. When his followers came up, they found him stretched upon the ground, with his valiant chaplain and a wounded knight by his side. "Thanks to God," said he, "I die like my forefathers, in a field of battle, and not in my chamber upon my bed. Raise up my banner, and continue the cry of—Douglas! but tell neither friend nor foe that I am dead. The main force of the English army marched over his body. Sir Ralph Percy, badly wounded, was soon after taken prisoner. The contention still continued fierce; but when the fallen banner again came forward with the cry of 'Douglas! Douglas!' the Scots made a furious attack, and the English, weary with a long day's march, and the fatigue of battle, at last gave way, and were completely overthrown. There were taken, and left dead on the field, on the side of the English, 1040 men of all descriptions; in the pursuit 1840, and more than 1000 wounded. Of the Scots there were about 100 slain, and 200 made prisoners."

Such are the interesting particulars which have descended to us, concerning the famous battle of Otterburn. The fine old English ballad of "Chevy Chase" is generally supposed to refer to this contest; and a further commemoration of the event is preserved in another ballad specially entitled "The Battle of Otterburn." We select two stanzas from the latter:

"The Forest, Fenwich, Collingwood,
The Heron of renown,
High in the ranks of Lord Percy,
The war-axe hewed down.

"The Percies in that vengeful fight
Both, both were prisoners ta'en;
But for the Douglas' dead body
Were yielded up again."

It is recorded, however, that the "valiant Hutspur" undertook, for his own ransom, to built the castle of Penvon in Ayrshire, belonging to the family of Montgomery, now earls of Eglintoun.

The ground on which the engagement took place is still called *Battle-riggs;* some remains of the intrenchments are yet visible, and a number of tumuli, scattered over the

plain, bear corroborative testimony to the records of history. A *cairn*, or tomb, was opened near Otterburn about the year 1729, wherein were found ashes, human bones, and burnt wood; from which it appears that the bodies of the slain were burned before they received sepulture.

So far as space permitted, we have, it is trusted, succeeded in giving an interest to the scene which the artist has placed before us. The illustration itself requires little or no explanation from us; the *allusions* are conceived with great judgment and effect. The hill on the right, partially wooded, is that wherein the Scotch army was encamped. The moon looks silently on the landscape, as in that night when the war-cry of the Douglas and the Percy echoed through the hills. The "Battle-stone" marks the spot where the Scottish chief fell, overpowered by numbers; and two Highlanders are noting the proud memorial, and recounting all the great achievements of the Douglas.

"So sleep the brave, who sleep in death."

HELVELLYN, FROM THE NORTH-WEST,—CUMBERLAND.

The altitude of Helvellyn is stated by Otley, in his "Descriptions of the English Lakes," to be three thousand and seventy feet above the level of the sea. From the different summits of this mountain, comprehensive views are obtained of several of the lakes; and the hills in every direction are thence seen under a more than usually picturesque arrangement.

The illustrative view, taken from the north-west, discovers the "mighty Helvellyn" from its base, which is skirted by the lake of Thirlmere or Wythburn Water, to its highest point. The ascent is frequently commenced at this spot; the facilities for procuring a guide being greater here, and the distance to be traversed much less than from other places. An active pedestrian may easily surmount the difficulties of the journey, though the acclivity is too steep for a horse to keep his footing. The surface of the mountain, in the neighbourhood of its summit, forms a kind of moss-covered plain, inclining towards the west, and terminated eastward by Alpine precipices. Hence, the prospect spreads to an astonishing extent, and embraces great part of the lakes Ullswater, Windermere, Coniston, and Esthwaite, together with a number of tarns which lie in the bosom of the hills. "Red Tarn is seated so deeply below the eye, that, compared with its gigantic accompaniments, it would scarcely be estimated at more than half its actual dimensions. To the right and left of Red Tarn, the two narrow ridges called Striding Edge and Swirrel Edge are stretched out. Beyond the latter lies Keppel Cove Tarn, and at the termination of the ridge rises the peak of Catsty Cam, modernized into Catchedecam. Angle Tarn, and the frothy steam from Hays Water, may be seen among the hills beyond Patterdale; and, more remote, the estuaries of the Kent and Leven, uniting in the Bay of Morecambe, and extending to the distant ocean."

On the western side of Helvellyn, about three hundred yards from the summit, there is a spring called Brownrigg Well, whence the water issues copiously in all seasons: the temperature, during the summer months, varies from forty to forty-two degrees. "Mine host" of the Nag's Head skilfully effects the sale of his brandy, by extolling the virtues of this water when mixed with genuine Cognac.

THE GIANT'S GRAVE, PENRITH,—CUMBERLAND.

In the church-yard of Penrith is preserved a curious antique monument called the Giant's Grave; the singular character of these remains, and the distant period to which they may beyond doubt refer their erection, are most probably the only authority that could be produced for the name bestowed on them. They consist of two large pillars, bearing resemblance in shape to the spears anciently used, and standing at the distance of fifteen feet from each other; the space between them is partly enclosed on either side with four very large stones, thin in substance, and of a semicircular figure. Near to them stands another pillar, called the Giant's Thumb; and if this relic be in anywise typical of the member after which it is named, we may fairly conclude that "there *were* giants in the earth in those days." Several rude and totally unintelligible figures still exist on some of these stones, which, if we may credit the uncertain voice of "dim tradition," were raised in pious memory of one Owen Cæsarius, an ancient hero, celebrated no less for his mighty achievements than for his colossal stature.

THE GALILEE, WEST END OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

St. Cuthbert, the patron saint of the cathedral church at Durham, conceived a great antipathy to females, and forbade them to approach his shrine, in consequence of an unjust charge brought against him, whilst pursuing a solitary life in the country of the Picts, by a daughter of the king of the province. When the followers of the saint had transferred his "incorruptible remains" to Durham, and raised an ecclesiastical structure to his especial honour, they perpetuated the prejudices of their patron by strictly forbidding women to enter the holy sanctuary. In consequence, a structure, named the Galilee, was appended to the west entrance of the building, whither females might repair to their devotions, without incurring the displeasure of the saint.

The following anecdote will suffice to shew how rigidly the prohibition of females to enter the church was enforced.

"In the year 1333, Edward III. arrived at Durham, and lodged in the Priory; a few days after, Queen Philippa came from Knaresborough to meet him, and, being unac-

quainted with the custom of this church, went through the abbey gates to the priory, and, after supping with the king, retired to rest; at which the monks were much alarmed, and one of them went to the king, and told him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of a woman. The king, unwilling to give any offence to the church, immediately ordered his queen to arise, who, in her under garments only, returned by the gate through which she had entered, and went to the castle, after most devoutly praying that St. Cuthbert would not avenge a fault which she had through ignorance committed."

Hugh Pudsey, patriarch of Jerusalem, when he came to be advanced to the prelacy at Durham, considered that his predecessors, in their zeal to do honour to their patron saint, had entirely overlooked the claims of the Virgin Mary to respect and homage; he, therefore, commenced the erection of a chapel at the *east* end of the cathedral, intending to dedicate it especially to her, and to give females free access for their devotional exercises. The work had not, however, proceeded far, when vast clefts were discovered in the building, which appeared to threaten an early demolition. This manifestation, as it was deemed, of the saint's displeasure, determined the bishop to relinquish his purpose. He, notwithstanding, appropriated a portion of the west end, without the interior door of the church, for the Virgin's Chapel, which he named the Galilee, and into this sanctuary females were admitted without offence; but they were on no consideration to be received within the Cathedral.

When the privilege of sanctuary was attached to the church of Durham, those who sought refuge were permitted to enter no farther into the building than the Galilee south door. "Certain men lay in two chambers over the north door, to answer the calls of those who fled hither, that, whenever any offenders came and knocked, they instantly let them in at any hour of the night; and ran quickly to the Galilee bell, and tolled it, that whosoever heard it might know that some one had taken sanctuary."

The original entrance to the Galilee was from a small yard adjoining the church-yard, but is now by two doors from the end of the side aisles of the nave. It is eighty feet in length by fifty in breadth, and is divided into five aisles by four rows of clustered columns with semicircular arches. The singular combination of the Norman and pointed styles of architecture displayed in the building, arose from the repairs, directed by Bishop, subsequently Cardinal, Langley, about the year 1406. The north aisle, which is now walled up, was used as a Register Office, and appropriated to the reception of wills and deeds until 1822, when a more suitable building for the purpose was erected on the west side of the Palace Green. Here were formerly three altars, now entirely removed: the centre one was dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Close beside it is the tomb of Cardinal Langley; and in the adjoining aisle is a large marble stone, covering the remains of the venerable Bede, the most learned man of his time. The southern side of the chapel is now divided by stalls and benches, and used as the consistory court of the diocese.

GROTTO, IN CASTLE EDEN DEAN,—DURHAM.

A view of Castle Eden, the delightful residence of Rowland Burden, Esq., and of the romantic Dean, or Dene, in its immediate neighbourhood, has already been introduced into this work. Some topographical particulars, both of the edifice and glen, accompanied the illustration, and will be found at page 28. The Grotto is an object of great curiosity, well worthy the attention of tourists. It appears to be a natural excavation of the rock, and is approached by a safe and commodious foot-way, formed for the convenience of visitors, by order of the spirited and liberal proprietor of the mansion-house. On one side of the path the excavated rock rises in a semi-arch; and on the other, the opening foliage discovers the rich interior of the wooded valley or dean.

BORROWDALE,—CUMBERLAND.

The scenery of Borrowdale comprises the beautiful and the terrific. In the neighbourhood of Rosthwaite, a varied and pleasing landscape greets the sight; but, as the tourist advances towards Derwentwater, the mountains close upon each other, and present a wild and solitary defile, strown with fragments of rock, and wearing an aspect of utter desolation.

This view of Borrowdale, taken near the village of Grange, shows the commencement of a rugged pass, which continues for several miles through the mountains, with scarcely a single feature to relieve the awful solitude of the place, beyond the Derwent river, whose stream is "distilled to crystal" by its passage through a rocky channel. The immediate vicinity of Grange is not deficient in rich accompaniments of wood; and the scene is here enlivened by the rich foliage of Castle Crag.

The Bowder Stone stands opposite to Castle Crag, on the side of the road leading from Grange to Rosthwaite. This mass of rock measures about twenty yards in length and ten in height, and is rendered an object of great curiosity by the singular manner in which it rests, being poised upon one of its angles, with a trifling additional support towards one end. From the similarity of its veins to those of the adjoining precipice, Bowder Stone appears to have been detached from the latter by lightning, or some violent convulsion of nature. Bowder Stone is visited, in a good measure, on account of the prospect thence obtained of the interior of Borrowdale, extending as far as Rosthwaite.

"Bowder Crag is of very singular conformation, consisting of vast masses of rock, disposed partly in strata, and partly in a columnar order. In various places, on the side of the road are huge crazy fragments, which have been severed from the impending mountains by some concussion of nature: some are lying on the level road, others are apparently suspended from the sides of the mountains, and cause the traveller to feel apprehensions for his personal safety. Several of these are covered with moss, while the crevices of others afford a scanty soil to the hardy trees which grow out of their sides."

CARLISLE CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

The castle at Carlisle is pleasantly situated, at the north-west angle of the city, on the summit of a bold eminence overlooking the Eden river. This structure has been the arena of many important transactions in English history, and still retains much of its original strength and character.

The edifice is said to have been begun under William Rufus, but left by him in an unfinished state. In the reign of Henry III. considerable dilapidations had taken place in consequence of the injuries it sustained during the siege by Alexander of Scotland, in 1216. A commission was appointed in 1256, to report upon the state of the building, when it was found that "the queen's chamber, Maunsell's turret, the turret of William de Ireby, the chapel, great hall, kitchen, and other offices," were in a very ruinous condition, owing to the repeated attacks which they had sustained. An estimate was taken in 1344, for its entire renovation, and considerable repairs were effected; but in the reign of Elizabeth it had again fallen into a ruinous condition, insomuch that "the dungeon tower (which should be the principal defence of the castle) was in a state of great decay, and, although the walls were twelve feet thick, was in daily danger of falling." Orders were therefore issued for its thorough reparation; and, in the following century, it is recorded to have sustained a siege of several months. Within the present century it has undergone much repair, and considerable additions have been made to the original building. The new barracks, built in 1819, with other rooms appropriated to the use of the garrison, are capable of accommodating upwards of two hundred soldiers.

The inner court of the castle contains the great tower, the officers' barracks, the magazine erected in 1827, and the tower in which Mary queen of Scots was confined. This portion of the building is separated from the large area by a wall and tower gate, defended by a half-moon battery, which was formerly mounted with cannon, and strengthened by a wide and deep ditch, with a drawbridge. The great tower, or keep, of the fortress, is a massive and lofty square building, now used as an armoury, and contains an effective supply of warlike weapons. Beneath the armoury are the dungeons—prison-houses of vast extent, and of frowning aspect. Here, also, is an exceedingly deep well, said to have been sunk by the Romans for the purpose of insuring a supply of water to the garrison during a siege. From the battlements of the tower an extensive prospect is obtained, comprising a variety of pleasing features in the mountain and sylvan scenery of the surrounding country.

This castle was repeatedly invested by the Scots, and suffered greatly at their hands. It was seized by the Pretender in the very outset of his rash attempt upon the throne of England, and its spoils furnished his followers with arms and ammunition, of which, till then, they had a very inefficient supply. The visits of majesty, at different periods, and the important consultations held from time to time within its walls, serve also to render this fortress an object of much interest to the historian and the antiquary.

HEXHAM MARKET-PLACE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Market-Hall at Hexham is of an irregular figure, averaging fifty yards in length, by about thirty in breadth. On the south side is the leather and poultry market, with piazzas in front, and behind are stalls for the butchers. A market is held here every Tuesday, when the town is plentifully supplied with corn, provisions, &c., and there is also an inferior market on Saturday. From the end of February to Midsummer, and from October to Christmas, an extensive cattle market is held every alternate Tuesday.

Vast quantities of vegetables are sent from Hexham to the Newcastle markets. This trade has suffered materially from the gardeners who reside near the sea; an injury which would probably be effectually removed by the construction of a rail-road, for the removal of produce from the inland parts of the county. The annual sales in the Hexham market average four thousand quarters of wheat, one thousand quarters of barley, two thousand quarters of oats, and fifteen hundred quarters of rye.

If Hexham enjoyed the benefits of inland navigation, it would be, in many respects, one of the most favourable seats for trade. It has long been famous for its manufacture of leather, particularly gloves, of which about twenty-four thousand dozens of pairs are made and exported annually. This branch of trade gives employment to a great number of persons of both sexes and of all ages. Manufactories for hats and worsted goods are also carried on at Hexham.

The tower and gateway, in the centre of our view, form the Town Hall, where the courts of sessions, &c. are held. This sombre-looking tower is built over a defensible archway, on the east side of the Market Place, where it is supposed to have been erected for the defence of the abbey in times of danger, being situated in the Hall Garth. It was formerly used as the town-gaol.

LYMINGTON IRON WORKS,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lymington, or Lemington, is a populous village, conveniently situated on the north bank of the Tyne, four miles west of Newcastle. The extensive iron works of Messrs. Bulmer and Company give employment to a great number of men, and produce annually, with the iron ore from the collieries in the neighbourhood, not less than thirty thousand tons of metal. Till the year 1787, Lymington was a very inconsiderable village, but since the establishment of a Crown Glass Manufactory, and subsequently of the Iron Works, it has obtained a high commercial character. We shall avail ourselves of the opportunity given by the illustration under review, to offer a brief history of that useful metal, iron, whose value is infinitely greater than that of "fine gold."

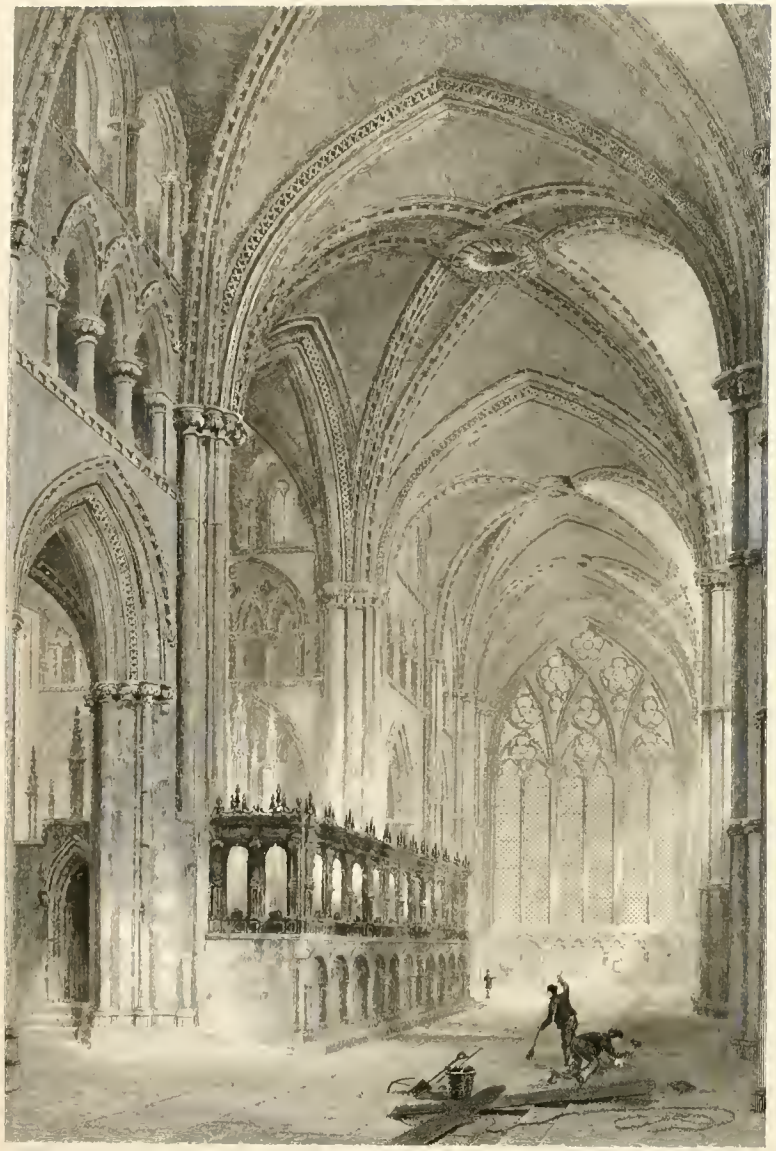
Iron is a malleable and ductile metal, of a blueish white colour, susceptible of a high degree of polish, and found under a variety of combinations, to which we shall presently

refer more particularly. The use of this metal is of very high antiquity; it is mentioned in the Pentateuch, and was, in the time of the writer of that history, employed in the fabrication of swords, knives, and other edged instruments. Some estimate may be formed of the value then attached to the metal, from an expression in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, where Moses eulogizes the Land of Promise, as "a land whose stones are *iron*." About four hundred years subsequent to the era of the Pentateuch, a ball of *iron* was proposed by Achilles as a reward to the victors at the funeral games of Patroclus. The art of working the metal appears, in a few succeeding centuries, to have reached a high state of perfection: Alyattes, king of Lydia, presented to the Delphic Oracle an *iron* vessel, curiously inlaid, "of surprising workmanship, and as worthy of observation as any of the offerings presented at Delphi."

A talented writer has observed, that "without *iron*, agriculture could not have existed, nor could the plough have rendered the earth fertile. The philosopher, while he studies the progress of the human understanding, and compares the fortune and state of the different nations established on various portions of the surface of the globe, will remark, that their iron works seem, in some measure, to be proportioned to their intelligence, to the advancement of reason amongst them, and the degree of perfection to which the arts have arrived. When we consider it in this point of view, as the agent by which men, in the variety of its uses, and the numerous wants it supplies, acquire enjoyments which would be unknown to them if they did not possess these products of their industry, iron must singularly contribute to extend their ideas, to multiply their knowledge, and to conduct their spirit towards that perfectibility, which nature has given no less as the character of the human species, than as the source of all the advantages it can enjoy."

The ores of iron are divided into a number of species, each including several sub-species; but of the latter, it is not possible to make particular mention in this brief sketch. The first species is the *Native Iron*, which is found only in a ramous form, and contains a very great proportion of pure iron, combined with minute quantities of lead and copper. *Iron Pyrites*, (the second species,) appears under various colours; is found both massive and disseminated; and frequently assumes the crystallized form, the crystals of each sub-species varying in figure. It is composed of nearly equal parts of sulphur and iron. *Magnetic Pyrites* is of a copper-red colour, which on exposure to the air changes to brown; is found only in that class of rocks denominated primitive, and is composed of sulphur and iron. *Magnetic Ironstone* is of an iron black colour; is found in the massive, disseminated, and crystallized forms; is attracted by the magnet; and is very abundant in Sweden, where it is used in the manufacture of the iron imported to this country for the supply of the Sheffield market. In addition to these species, are those of the *Iron Stones* and the *Iron Earth;* each of which includes a number of sub-species differing from each other in colour, form, chemical analysis, and specific gravity.

The specific gravity of the iron, in any of the ores, being so much greater than that of



the other ingredients, the weight of the ores will give a tolerable idea of their relative value. Previously to working them, the ores are minutely analyzed, to ascertain what substances should be combined with them in the furnace, to extract the metal, and fuse the earthy parts. In the process of *smelting*, two things are absolutely essential to the separation of the iron. First, the metal itself must be rendered fluid, which will then, by its great specific gravity, descend to the lowest parts of the furnace; and, in the next place, something must be employed to combine with and fuse the substances united to the iron in the ore. The coal employed in the smelting of iron is commonly laid, for the purpose of being coked, in heaps in the open air, and afterwards set on fire. The average charges of coke for the furnace, per *shift*, as it is termed, or in the space of twelve hours, are fifty, of two hundred weight and three-quarters each, amounting together to nearly seven tons. Iron, as obtained from the ores in the furnace, contains a large proportion of *carbon*, which unfits it for *forging* purposes, but renders it highly serviceable to the founder in the manufacture of *cast-iron* productions. To make *pure iron*, the metal undergoes another process in the furnace, by which it is deprived of its carbon, loses its fusibility, and becomes malleable. In this state it is called *wrought iron*. The pure iron is again combined with a certain proportion of carbon, to produce the metallic substance called *steel*.

The management of the smelting and blast furnaces of the Iron Works requires a high degree of scientific knowledge; a successful reduction of the ores depending entirely on a skilful analysis of them, and a judicious choice of substances to assist the fusion. When we consider the immense value of the metal—its manifold uses—and, in the present state of society, the impossibility of dispensing with such a production, or discovering an adequate substitute,—we must view the iron works of this country with deserved admiration, and rank their conductors amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race.

INTERIOR OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NINE ALTARS.

The choir of Durham cathedral is separated from the Feretory and Chapel of the Nine Altars by an elegant stone screen, presented by one of the Neville family, and erected at the cost of four hundred pounds, a vast sum in those times. The work was completed in London, and afterwards sent in detached portions to Durham by sea. Seven expert masons, it is said, were employed to fit the parts together, and place them in their present situation; they were nearly a year completing their undertaking, and during this time the convent allowed them diet and wages. The erection was finished in 1380.

The design of this screen is divided into three tiers or stories. The lowest, or basement story, is solid; the second and third are open, so that the statues which filled the niches, or outer canopies, were seen through in a back view from the east side. The light and airy pinnacles, rising in a pyramidal form, cannot be too much admired. Under

three grand centre canopies on the west side, were originally whole-length statues of our Lady, St. Cuthbert, and St. Oswald; and all the others were likewise ornamented with statues of great and holy personages. The several niches on the east side were also filled with historical statues. This screen has been greatly mutilated at various periods, since its erection; and presents, in the present day, an appearance less splendid than the original design, and in a good measure of different character.

Immediately behind the screen, projecting into the chapel of the Nine Altars, and on a level with the choir, is the chapel called the Feretory, where in ancient times the gorgeous shrine of St. Cuthbert was deposited. Through "the godly devotion of kings, queens, and other estates," this shrine is reported to have become the richest in the kingdom. Its pristine splendour has, however, vanished; and the only reminiscences of its former reputation are to be found in the hollow impressions worn in the stone flooring by the feet of the devotees who flocked hither in the ages of superstition and credulity.

A pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Cuthbert was deemed so meritorious an act, that, in 1284 a remission of forty days' penance was granted to every votary who performed it. The remains of the saint are said to have been deposited here in "a chest well fortified with nayles and leather;" this was afterwards enclosed in a marble sepulchre by John Lord Neville, the same who erected the screen. The commissioners of Henry VIII. plundered and defaced the shrine; and the monarch himself gave orders that the relics of the saint should "be buried in the ground, under the place where his shrine was exalted." A large blue stone, placed in the centre of the floor, is said to indicate the spot where the bones of St. Cuthbert, after many removals, were finally laid at rest.

The commissioners of the king, when examining the shrine, discovered "many worthy and goodly jewels, but especially one precious stone, which, by the estimate of those then visitors, and their skilful lapidaries, was of value sufficient to ransom a prince. After the spoil of his ornaments and jewels, coming near unto the body of the saint, thinking to have found nothing but dust and bones, and finding the chest that he lay in very strongly bound with iron, the goldsmith, taking a great forge hammer of a smith, broke the said chest; and when they had opened it, they found him lying whole uncorrupt, with his face bare, and his beard as it were of a fortnight's growth, and all his vestments about him as he was accustomed to say mass, and his metwand of gold lying by him. When the goldsmith perceived that he had broken one of his legs as he broke open the chest, he was troubled at it; for, contrary to expectation, not only his body was whole and uncorrupted, but also the vestments wherein he lay, and in which he was wont to say mass, were fresh, safe, and unconsumed."

The chapel of the Nine Altars terminates the cathedral of Durham on the east, and is entered from the side-aisles of the choir, by a descent of several steps. Its length is 130 feet, and the breadth 51 feet, measuring from the screen of the high altar. The pilasters of this transept, from which rise the groins of the roof, are of an angular projection, light and elegant; on each side of the great window, the pilasters consist of a cluster of small

circular columns, one of larger dimensions in front, and six on each side to form the projecting angle. "The several columns composing the clusters are beautifully contrived to relieve the eye from the general mass; they standing in part clear of the body of the cluster, but connected with it by their bases, bands, and capitals, which, with the ribs of the groins springing from them, are enriched with foliage and flowers." The columns are alternately of black marble and white freestone, which had a beautiful effect before the mistaken zeal of the reformers led them to destroy the contrast by an uniform wash of ochre. This portion of the chathedral derived its name from the nine altars erected beneath the windows on the east side, and dedicated to various saints. Previous to the Reformation, these altars had their several screens and covers of wainscot overhead; and had likewise, between each, a very fair and large partition of wainscot, all varnished over with fine branches, and flowers, and other imagery work, containing the several lockyers and amberies for the safe-keeping of the vestments and ornaments belonging to the altar. Before the great central window, nine cressets, or lamps, were suspended, whose light was so great as to make every part of the church visible during the time they were kept burning.

HIGH FORCE OF THE TEES,—DURHAM.

The Waterfall of High Force is situated near Middleton, in Teesdale, and about three miles from Winch Bridge. At this place the whole body of the Tees river rushes over a perpendicular rock of black marble sixty-nine feet in height, and precipitates itself into several caverns formed in the solid rock by the continual action of the waters in their descent. Clouds of mist and spray are produced by the violent fall of the torrent; and these, when illuminated by the sunbeams, reflect all the dyes of the rainbow. The concussion of the waters produces a sensible tremor in the earth for some distance; and the noise of the fall is heard for many miles round the country.

GRASMERE, FROM LOUGHRIGG FELL,—WESTMORLAND.

This view of Grasmere, from Loughrigg Fell, an eminence "scarcely one thousand feet above Windermere, and nine hundred above Grasmere," comprehends the whole of the lake, with all the varied sylvan and mountain scenery by which it is surrounded. Having already described this locality, in connexion with a former view of it, it remains only in the present instance to notice the prominent features of the view before us. At the farther end of the lake rises Helm Crag, "distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outlines of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion." Beyond the crag, the hill of Dunmail Raise, and the mountains Helvellyn and Fairfield, rise in magnificent proportions. Sloping wood-covered eminences descend on each side to the margin of the lake, their rich foliage greatly enhancing the beauty of the valley,

wherein is set the goodliest gem of all—the mere, shining "like a burnished silver sea," and reflecting from its motionless surface "all earth and heaven."

The cairn, or monument, called Dunmail Raise, is an object of great interest to the antiquary, on account of the traditions connected with its history. It stands on the side of the road, in the middle of the pass between Cumberland and Westmorland, and is composed of a huge *raise*, or heap of stones, piled on each side of an earthern mound. Its bulk has of late years been lessened, in consequence of stones being taken from it for the repair of the adjoining roads. The generally received tradition concerning this pile is, that it was thrown together for the purpose of commemorating the name and defeat of Dunmail, a petty king of Cumbria, A.D. 945 or 946, by the Saxon monarch, Edmund I., who slew his vanquished enemy; and, in conformity with the cruel usages of that barbarous age, put out the eyes of his two sons. Gilpin, the topographer, conjectures that this heap of stones was intended as a boundary mark between the kingdoms of England and Scotland in ancient times, when the Scottish border extended much farther than it does at the present day. But whatever may have been the design with which this monstrous pile was originally raised, it is, notwithstanding the change it has suffered in its dimensions, one of those monuments of antiquity, which may be characterized by the scriptural phrase of "*remaining to this very day.*"

RYDAL HALL, FROM FOX HOW,—WESTMORLAND.

Rydal Hall is seated in a vale on a slight eminence, not far from the Ambleside road, and is sheltered by fine old timber, of which there is abundance in the grounds, and on the hill-side. The lofty mountain, Fairfield, rises immediately behind the edifice, and the lower part of this steep acclivity has obtained the name of Rydal Head. In the ascent of this hill is Rydal Mount, the residence of William Wordsworth, Esq. "In this place, within view at once of Windermere and Rydal Water, the father of the lake school of poetry has passed a considerable portion of his life; and the scenery around him, scarcely equalled in beauty by any in Westmorland or Cumberland, has probably contributed to enrich his imagination, to refine the natural purity of his feelings, and to produce many of the noble and exquisite descriptions of nature which adorn his poems."

Rydal Hall has been the seat of the Flemings from a remote period. Sir Michael le Fleming, relative to Baldwin Earl of Flanders, brother-in-law of the Conqueror, was sent to the assistance of William, then newly arrived in England, and for his services that monarch gave him large grants of land in Furness. His descendants obtained possession of Rydal, in the reign of Henry VI., by marriage; and it has remained with them ever since. The present owner is Lady le Fleming, relict of Sir Daniel le Fleming, Bart.

The view of the surrounding country, from Rydal Head, is exceedingly picturesque. "The pleasant vales of Grasmere and Rydal, beautifully diversified with wood, rock,

and water, with verdant pastures and cultivated grounds, are extended at your feet. Beyond these, the mountains with verdant sides, and purpled with heath, rise in various forms, and discover a small lake, called Elter water. From this water issues a white silvery stream, which joins the Brathay, and thence flows over a succession of small cascades to mighty Windermere. Not far distant, the majestic lake of Windermere, which gradually unfolds itself during the ascent to the summit of the mountain, now appears in all its grandeur, studded with numerous islands, and nearly intersected by jutting promontories. Over the western margin of Windermere, Esthwaite Water is seen extending to Hawkshead; and on the right of it, Conister Lake stretches among the high and rocky fells of Furness. In the horizon is seen the Irish sea, washing a very indented shore. At another point, mountains extend as far as the eye can reach, declining imperceptibly into distance, and advancing their summits to different heights of elevation: of these the most prominent are Dow Crags, Grisedale Pike, and Helvellyn."

The present view, taken from Fox How, an ascent between the ranges of mountains on both sides of the valley, discovers the verdant beauty of Rydal vale, and the lofty hills which environ it in this quarter.

PRUDHOE CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Prudhoe Castle, so called from its occupying a *proud eminence* on the south bank of the Tyne river, gives name to a township and hamlet situated half a mile south-south-east of Ovingham. The steep promontory on which stand the ruins of this once celebrated fortress, communicates with the circumjacent grounds by a narrow neck of land, stretching towards the south. The site of the castle occupies seven parts of a circle, on an octagonal section. It is guarded on the north by an outward wall, constructed on the brink of the cliffs, which rise to the height of sixty perpendicular feet above the level of the river. The superstructure of the inner gateway is a massive embattled square tower, sixty feet in height, but which is so overmantled with ivy that the windows and loop-holes are scarcely discernible. The keep, or principal tower, measuring seventy-five feet in height, and forming a square of fifty-four feet, overlooks, with sullen and frowning aspect, the extensive and confused heaps of ruins by which it is surrounded. This ruined fortress forms a conspicuous and highly interesting object in the scenery of the vale of Tyne; and from what point soever it is viewed, its amazing extent, dilapidated walls, and time-worn towers, produce an august and imposing appearance.

Prudhoe Castle is considered to owe its original foundation to the Romans; it was a place of considerable note during the Heptarchy, and also at the time of the Conquest. It was the baronial mansion of the Umfranville family; and afterwards, for many ages, a castle of the Northumbrian Percy, in whose posterity it continues. The former house possessed it from the Conquest till about 1381, when it was transferred by marriage to the

Talbois, who forfeited it at the battle of Hexham. By a grant of the crown, it was given to the Duke of Bedford, and subsequently to the Percys. This fortress was several times ineffectually besieged by the Scots; in 1577, it was tenanted; and, in 1596, was reported as "an old ruinous castle." In 1816, Algernon Percy, only brother to the Duke of Northumberland, was created Lord Prudhoe, Baron of Prudhoe castle, in Northumberland.

Camden fixes the site of the Roman station Protolitia, or Prosolitia, at this place.

DILSTON HALL,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Dilston is a small but pleasant village, situated on the south side of the Tyne, and distant three miles east by south from Hexham. The name is a corruption of Devilstone, and is derived from its proximity to the small stony rivulet of Devil Water. Here was the baronial seat of the Devilstones, whose ancient tower is still standing, and near to it was the mansion of the Ratcliffes, subsequently Earls of Derwentwater. This villa was erected in 1616 by Francis Radcliffe, and, after falling into ruins, was completely removed in 1768, excepting the chapel, which is still kept in repair, probably from respect for the unfortunate family, many of whom lie interred within the vault. Though the chapel is not now used, the reading-desk and two pews are still preserved entire. The approach to the ruins of Dilston is of the most romantic description: the little rivulet before mentioned, at its conflux with the Tyne, flows out of a deep dell, which spreads forth a leafy canopy, one hundred feet in height, and shades the lower objects with a solemn gloom.

The last representative and most unfortunate member of the Ratcliffe family, who enjoyed the Dilston estates, was James, third Earl of Derwentwater, whose interference on behalf of the Pretender caused the ruin of his house, and cost him his life. The fate of this young and generous-hearted nobleman, whose only crime consisted in a faithful and enthusiastic attachment to the Stuarts, whose princely favour he had enjoyed, excited very general commiseration. His memory is still cherished and revered in Northumberland, where numerous instances of his affability and beneficence are still related with feelings of sympathy and regret. The Elector of Hanover, who had become lord of the ascendant, sacrificed the faithful subject of a fallen prince; but a living memory of him still existed in the warm hearts of his countrymen,—in that sanctuary whence the monarch could not drag it forth. His large and numerous estates were declared forfeited, and an act was passed to transfer them to the use of Greenwich Hospital, to which institution they still belong. The Derwentwater property produced, in 1717, an annual revenue of £6372; but the yearly value is now not less than £60,000.

The hospitality of Dilston Hall is still proverbial; and to its deserted state after the decapitation of the Earl, in 1716, the following lines refer:—

"The tim rous deer hath left the lawn;
The oak a victim falls;
The gentle traveller sighs, when shewn
These desolated walls."

MILNTHORPE SANDS,—WESTMORLAND.

Milnthorpe is a small but well-built market town, situated on the north side of the river Belo, seven miles and a half south by west of Kendal. It is a dependent sea-port under Lancaster, and has belonging to it vessels of nearly one hundred tons burden each; but they can seldom approach nearer to the town than Arnside or Haverbrack. The Sands here are well adapted for bathing, and many visitors resort hither in the summer for that purpose, though it is only during the highest tides in each fortnight that a sufficiency of water is found. The salubrity of the air, and the beautifully diversified scenery in the neighbourhood, contribute in no small degree to the health and gratification of the company. Several small inns stand on the shore for the accommodation of the bathers and other visitants; and ferry-boats are constantly in readiness, to convey passengers from one side of the Sands to the other. The elegant villas of Beetham House, Elmsfield House, Ash Meadow, and Dallam Tower, lie in the immediate neighbourhood. The plantations about Ash Meadow are in the most thriving condition, and the fruit-trees extremely luxuriant, though many of them stand within a few yards of high-water mark. The extensive coppices, which are chiefly *hazel*, yield vast quantities of nuts.

The town of Milnthorpe consists principally of one long street, the east end of which is the most modern; on the north side is an assemblage of new erections called the New Row. Several extensive flax-mills, together with paper-mills, and a factory for the carding of wool, are met with in the town and neighbourhood. The May fair, of very ancient date, is proclaimed with much ceremony by the steward of the manor lord, attended by a numerous train of gentlemen; and the business of the day is closed with mirth and festivity at Levens Gardens.

INTERIOR OF SIZERGH HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Sizergh Hall, an ancient fortified mansion, situated to the right of the road from Kendal to Milnthorpe, stands in the midst of fertile grounds, beautifully sprinkled with wood, though at the foot of a sterile and rocky hill.

This mansion was erected in those days of suspicion, when feudal discord and northern irruptions required to be met by strength of masonry and a well-appointed garrison; and even to the present day it retains a formidable appearance, reminding us of a remote period, when, without any poetical license, every Englishman's house might be really styled his castle. Many alterations and enlargements have been made in the edifice since its original construction, the exact period of which cannot be ascertained, but these have been

effected with judicious reference to the character of the building, and have therefore renovated without deforming it. The exterior has a grey, venerable appearance, especially the tower at its south-east corner, which is finished with two embattled turrets. One of the turrets, that over the great entrance, is embrasured, and capable of holding twelve men. The winding staircase terminates also in a turret, which served as a defence to the other entrance.

Sizergh Hall is the seat of Thomas Strickland, esquire, whose ancestors derived their name from Strickland, or Stirkland, in Morland parish, and who resided in this vicinity from a early period. William de Strickland, in the time of Henry III., married a daughter of Ralph d'Aincourt, and it is probable that he built the tower of Sizergh; for on the west side is an escutcheon quartering the arms of D'Aincourt and Strickland. In the reign of Edward I. the manor of Sizergh is expressly mentioned as the possession of the latter family. The strength and importance of the lord of Sizergh, in the time of Henry VI., may be gathered from the fact that he could take to the border wars, "bowmen, horsed and harnessed, sixty-nine; billmen, horsed and harnessed, seventy-four; bowmen, without horse and harness, seventy-one; billmen, without horse-harness, seventy-six;" making together a force of two hundred and ninety fighting men.

Ages have pass'd since the vassal horde
Rose at the call of their feudal lord;
Serf and chief, the fettered and free,
Are resting beneath the greenwood tree
And the blazon'd shield, and the badge of shame,
Each is alike an empty name.

The interior of this structure is elegantly furnished, and adorned with good paintings. The dining-room, the ceiling and wainscoting of which are of oak richly carved, is a spacious and lofty apartment. Tradition has conferred on one of the rooms, that forming the subject of our illustration, the name of the Queen's Room: Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry VIII., is said to have occupied this apartment for several nights after the king's death; an interest, in consequence, attaches to it, beyond that derived from its spacious extent and rich adornings. We have but to carry the imagination back three centuries, a mere trifle when one's Pegasus has got the rein, and the present illustration ushers us at once into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of a queen of England. There is the royal couch, its stately pillars and lofty canopy; the richly-disposed toilet, with its massive appendages, royalty assuming her outward adornings, and the lady in waiting disposing draperies according to the most approved mode; the vision *might* lose its illusion by an observation on the want of sables in her majesty's dress, and the extraordinarily youthful appearance and elegant figure of the queen; but, after all, Henry was not a king or husband to be mourned exceedingly, and a lady's age is universally admitted to be a very delicate subject of discussion.

BLACKHALL ROCKS, HARTLEPOOL IN THE DISTANCE—DURHAM.

Blackhall rocks, so named from their sombre and dismal-looking recesses, are situated about five miles north from Hartlepool. This singular and romantic cluster of rocks presents one of the most interesting objects for the tourist's contemplation, to be met with in the north of England. Some of the caverns penetrate to a great extent into the rocks, and recede far beyond the light of day; others are open, and supported by natural pillars. These have been formed by the force and ceaseless action of the waves, which have also separated enormous masses from the coast, washing some away, but leaving others standing like the vast towers of a cathedral: in some places the rock is perforated so as to resemble a finely-pointed arch gateway.

DARLINGTON, FROM THE ROAD TO YARM.

Darlington is a neat and thriving market town and parish, situated eighteen miles south from Durham. This place is of great antiquity, and is said to have derived its name from the lingering stream of the old Dur or Der river. Soon after the episcopal seat was settled at Durham, the town was given with much solemnity to that see. The present church at Darlington owes its origin to Bishop Pudsey; the expense attending its erection must have been immense, the stone of which it is built having been brought a distance of twelve miles, from the quarries of Cockfield fell. Notwithstanding the opulence of this religious foundation, and the extent of the parish, a very small portion only of its revenues were reserved, at the dissolution in the reign of Edward the Sixth, for the maintenance of the minister.

The church, which is dedicated to St. Cuthbert, is in the form of a cross, with a tower and spire rising from the centre. The tower contains a peal of six musical bells; and about the year 1822, a handsome organ was erected by subscription, to assist divine service. The church has frequently undergone repair, and is kept in good order, though the effect of the interior is injured by the disposition of the pews and galleries. It forms the principal ornament of the town, and stands at the south-west angle of the market place. The Grammar School was a chantry in the church, founded and amply endowed by Robert Marshall. The possessions belonging to it remained in the hands of the crown till the time of Elizabeth, when, through the intercession of Henry, Earl of Westmorland, and Bishop Pilkington, the queen was graciously pleased to grant, by her charter, dated the 15th of June, 1567, the foundation of a grammar school, endowing the same with the various possessions formerly belonging to Marshall's chantry.

The Town's House, an elegant structure situated in the market place, was erected in 1808, for the use of the inhabitants; and here all their public meetings are held, and the

town's business is transacted. Petty sessions, over which two or more magistrates preside, are also held here on alternate market days. The Shambles, erected in the year 1815, on the west side of the market place, is a neat building, and well supplied with butchers' meat. The Dispensary for the relief of the sick poor occupies a part of the Town's House, and was established in 1809. A weekly market is held in Darlington on Monday, which is plentifully supplied with the rich agricultural produce of the neighbouring district; and on alternate Mondays there is a large show of cattle; also, at the proper season, a show of sheep and wool, the most abundant in the north of England. Nine annual fairs take place in Darlington. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of Darlington are employed in the manufacture of linen, and in spinning worsted yarn. There are in the immediate neighbourhood of the town a number of water mills, employed in the grinding of corn, fulling and spinning the linen and worsted yarn; and one is used for grinding optical glasses.

A rail-way, or tram-road, passes from Stockton, by way of Darlington, to Witton Park, three miles east of Bishop Auckland.

At the distance of about three miles from Darlington, at Oxenhall, are cavities in the earth, denominated (how shall we mention it to ears polite?) Hell-kettles; to the origin of which are attached many fabulous conjectures. Three of the largest are about thirty-eight yards in diameter, and vary in their depth from seventeen to thirty-seven feet. The chronicles of Tinemouth Priory, and Brompton, inform us, "that A.D. 1179, upon Christmas-day, at Oxenhall, in the outskirts of Darlington, in the bishopric of Durham, the earth raised itself up to a great height in the form of a lofty tower, and remained all that day till evening, (as it were fixed and immoveable,) when it sunk down with such a horrid noise, that it terrified all the vicinity; when the earth absorbed it, and there formed a deep pit." Many conjectures, as to the real origin of these pits, have been formed, but nothing satisfactory has been determined respecting them. The properties ascribed to the water of these pits are similar to those acquired by water standing in hollows whence marl has been obtained, which tastes pungent, and curdles milk and soup.

Hurworth, a pleasant village three miles south of Darlington, is the birth-place of the celebrated mathematician, William Emerson, who was born in May or June, 1701. In his early years he was instructed by his father in the rudiments of education; his fondness for books, however, was by no means conspicuous, and he himself declares, that his attachment to the common amusements of childhood did not subside till he had arrived nearly at the age of twenty years. Subsequently, by the able assistance of masters at Newcastle and York, he pursued his studies with so much success, as to rank himself amongst the greatest mathematicians of this country. Emerson might, perhaps, be indebted for his celebrity, in a great measure, to the chagrin which he felt at the contemptuous treatment he met with from Dr. Johnson, rector of Henworth, whose niece he had married. He, on one occasion of dispute, told the Doctor that he would be revenged, and prove himself *the better man of the two*. Mr. Emerson had the usual attendant of great

BARWICK

genius, a whimsical eccentricity of dress and manner. His singularity in these respects was so conspicuous, that, together with his reputation for profound learning, and knowledge more than human, it occasioned him to be considered by the vulgar as a cunning-man or necromancer. "The last time he made an excursion to Darlington with his wallet, he made a figure truly conspicuous: this was, perhaps, the only time he ever rode thither; he was then mounted on a quadruped, whose intrinsic value, independent of the skin, might be fairly estimated at half-a-crown. Being preceded and led by a boy hired for that purpose, he passed in solemn state, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, till in due time he arrived at Darlington, and was conducted in the same state, to the great entertainment of the spectators, through the streets to the inn, where he wished to refresh himself and his beast. What idea Emerson himself entertained of the velocity with which the animal could move, appears from the following colloquy with a neighbour, who asked him, towards evening, if he was going home. 'What dost thou want with my going home?' said he. 'Only,' replied the man, 'because I should be glad of your company.' 'Thou fool, thou!' rejoined Emerson, 'thou'lt be home long enough before me, man: *thou walks, and I ride.*'"

BOWNESS, FROM BELLE ISLE, WINDERMERE.

Belle Isle, known also by the names of Curwen's Island and Windermere Island, is the largest in the lake of Windermere, containing an area of about thirty acres. "From this fine island, which no tourist ever visited without rapture, or left without regret; every object that gratified the eye from the shore appears in a new and even a more beautiful point of view." The view towards the west is confined to the lake, and the thickly-wooded forest that towers above it; but the eastern prospect is truly enchanting, comprising the bay of Bowness, the village, and the mountain steeps which rise in the rear. Having surveyed the various interesting objects which this island affords a convenient station for beholding, the tourist should cross the lake to the Ferry House. "In crossing the water at the ferry," remarks Mrs. Radcliffe, "the illusions of vision give force to the northern mountains, which, viewed from hence, seem to ascend from its margin, and spread round it in a magnificent amphitheatre. This was to us the most interesting view in Windermere. On our approaching the western shore, the range of rocks that form it, discovered their cliffs, and gradually assumed a consequence which the breadth of the channel had denied them; and their darkness was well opposed by the bright verdure and variegated autumnal tints of the isles at their base."

The surface of Windermere presents, in different parts, clusters of water-lilies of the most dazzling whiteness. A gentleman is shewn in our view gathering them for his fair companions: perhaps a wager is pending between the ladies' hands and the lilies;—the ladies' hands for a ducat!

THE RUSHBEARING AT AMBLESIDE,—WESTMORLAND.

The custom of rush-bearing is of ancient origin, and at a remote period prevailed in most parts of England. Churches, in the olden times, were very rude and uncomfortable structures (excepting, of course, the monasteries, which were the palaces of the ecclesiastical lords, and furnished as well as the resources of the times permitted,) the floors were unpaved, and the only protection to the feet from the damp earth was a covering of rushes. The trampling of the feet, and the humidity of the ground, rendered it necessary to clear away, at intervals, the old covering, and strew fresh rushes in its place. In the course of time, a custom which necessity and prudence had suggested, was converted into a festival: the annual renewal of the rushes was attended with ceremonies and rejoicings, and was marked in the calendar as a holiday. Time, the great improver, improved churches; and the sacred edifices were rendered more comfortable by a paving of flags. Still the covering of rushes was more agreeable to the feet of our grandsires than a slab of naked stone; the ceremonial therefore was continued. The artists of some centuries past bethought themselves, however, of weaving the rushes into mats; and these proving more durable and more convenient than strown rushes, the annual ceremony was superseded, or at least observed only as the reminiscence of a salutary precaution against an attack of catarrh and rheumatism. In some places, to the present day, the church floor is annually strown with rushes; and in several others, as at Ambleside, the ceremonial is still preserved. We have collected, from various sources, the characteristic features of recorded rush-bearings, in which, though the object is the same, the *materiel* of the festivity is somewhat different.

At Rochdale in Lancashire, the rushes are laid transeversely on the rush-cart, and are cut with sharp knives into the desired form. When the cart is finished, the load of rushes is decorated with carnations and other flowers in various devices, and surmounted by branches of oak, and a person rides on the top. The cart is sometimes drawn by horses, but more frequently by men, to the number of twenty or thirty couple, profusely adorned with ribands and finery. They are generally preceded by men with horse-bells about them, grotesquely jumping from side to side, and jingling the bells. After these is a band of music, and sometimes a set of morris-dancers (but without the ancient appendage of bells), followed by young women bearing garlands. Then comes the rush-banner of silk, tastefully adorned with roses, stars, and tinsel; this is generally from four to five yards broad, by six or eight yards long, having on either side, in the centre, a painting of Britannia, the king's arms, or some other device. The whole procession is flanked by men with long cartwhips, which they keep continually cracking, to make a clear path. A spirit of rivalry exists amongst the neighbouring villages as to which shall produce the best cart and banner, and sometimes serious fracas take place between the parties.

At Warton, in Yorkshire they cut hard rushes from the marsh, which they make up into long bundles, and then dress them up in fine linen, silk ribands, flowers, &c. Afterwards the young women of the village, who perform the ceremony for that year, take up the bundles erect, and begin the procession, which is attended with multitudes of people, with music, drums, and ringing of bells. When they arrive at the church, they go in at the *west* door, and, setting down their burdens in the church, strip them of their ornaments, leaving the heads or crowns of them decked with flowers, cut paper, &c. in some part of the church, generally over the cancelli, or chancel. The company, on their return, partake of a plentiful collation, and conclude the day, weather permitting, with a dance round a May-pole tastefully decorated.

The church of St. Oswald, at Grasmere, is annually strown with rushes; and paper garlands, tastefully cut, are deposited in the vestry by the girls of the village.

The custom is still extant of strewing Norwich cathedral, on the mayor's day, when all the corporation attend divine service. The sweet-scented flag was accustomed to be used on this occasion, its roots, when bruised, giving forth a powerful and fragrant odour; but the great consumption of the roots by the brewers (under the name of quassia) has rendered it too valuable, and the yellow water-iris is therefore substituted in its stead. The flags were formerly strewn from the great west door to the entrance of the mayor's seat; but they are now laid no further than the entrance to the choir. Twelve shillings per annum are allowed by the dean and chapter for this service.

The strewing of rushes was not, however, confined to churches; private houses, and even palaces, had no better garniture for the floors in olden times, as we may gather from fragments of history. In "Newton's Herball to the Bible," mention is made of "sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in sommer time to strawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolness as for pleasant smell." Henzner, in his Itinerary, speaking of queen Elizabeth's presence-chamber at Greenwich, says, "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*."

Our artist has portrayed the rush-bearing at Ambleside more effectively than any description could possibly do; so, with a very brief notice of the ceremonial, we shall close this exposition, and extinguish our *rush*-light.

The tasteful and elegant garlands are deposited in the church on Saturday, and remain there during divine service on the Sunday, when each girl takes her respective garland, and all the bearers walk in procession, preceded by a band of music. The children receive a pennyworth of gingerbread, and a small gratuity at the door of the church.

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN,—CUMBERLAND.

St. John's chapelry forms a joint township with Castlerigg and Wythburn, and extends from two to five miles south-east of Keswick. It comprises the two romantic vales of St. John and Wanthwaite, which are divided by the mountain of Naddle-fell, whereon stands the chapel of St. John.

The verdant and peaceful valley of St. John is situate between enormous crags, and discloses through its defile the gigantic mountain of Saddleback or Bleneathara. The name of this mountain appears to have been derived from its peculiarity of shape; "on the south-west side it rises with a regular convex swell from the base nearly to the summit, and, being rounded off on each side, and, covered with verdure, the whole side or *back* of the hill appears like a smooth sloping *saddle* for some Brobdingnagian rider. The summit is craggy; and on the east and south-east the hill is intersected by awful ravines. The base of Saddleback touches that of Skiddaw.

In the midst of St. John's vale stands the Castlerock, a massive crag, so named from its resemblance to the walls and towers of a dilapidated and time-worn fortress. The genius of Sir Walter Scott has hallowed this spot, by selecting it as the principal scene for "The Bridal of Triermain."

. . . "midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose, with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress and rampire's circling bound
And mighty keep and tower;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power."

MILL BECK AND BUTTERMERE CHAPEL,—CUMBERLAND.

The accompanying view is taken from near the Keswick road, close by the picturesque bridge of the Mill Beck stream.

Buttermere is a township and chapelry, deriving its name from the celebrated lake. The hamlet of Buttermere lies between Crummock water and the lake of its own name, in a low, crooked, and deep valley, encompassed with stupendous mountains, and at the distance of eight miles south-west from Keswick. The chapel of ease is a small ancient building, rendered interesting to the tourist by the situation which it occupies in the immediate neighbourhood of the mountain Melbreak.

WHITEHAVEN,—CUMBERLAND.

Whitehaven, a populous sea port and market town in the parish of St. Bees, is situated in a creek of the Irish Sea, at the distance of forty-one miles south-west from Carlisle. This town sends one member to parliament, and in 1831 contained a population of 11,300 souls.

In the monastic ages, Whitehaven belonged to the monks of St. Bees, whose aversion to commerce, and disinclination for the improvements that ever follow in its train, sufficiently explain the circumstance, that in 1566 the town consisted of six fishermen's huts; and one small bark only, of nine tons burden, entered the port, and that for the purpose of supplying the brotherhood with fish, salt, and other necessary articles. At the dissolution of religious houses, an ancestor of the Lowther family purchased the lands in the neighbourhood of Whitehaven; and to his descendants, the town and port are indebted in a good measure for the vast improvements that have been effected in their general appearance and prosperity.

The present town is laid out with much taste and elegance. The streets are broad and straight, intersecting each other at right angles; the houses are, for the most part, constructed of stone, and roofed with blue slate. The churches and other public buildings are handsome and appropriate structures. The extensive harbour is protected by seven stone piers, stretching into the ocean in different directions. From the whiteness of the rocky head-lands, the port is supposed to have received its name of *White-Haven*. The open valley in which the town is situated, is generally supposed to have been anciently occupied by the sea; the appearance of the soil, and the discovery of a ship's anchor at a considerable depth in the ground, seem to favour the opinion.

The coal trade of Whitehaven is very extensive. Several of the *seams* in which this useful mineral is found lie below the bed of the sea, and have been wrought for many years with such persevering enterprise, that the mines present the appearance of a subterranean city. Rail-roads are laid for transporting the coals from the mines to the harbour. Some of the pits are three hundred and twenty yards in depth, extending to a great distance under the ocean: so that ships of large burden sail over the miners' heads.

The fulminating damps engendered in the coal mines, if not conveyed by large pipes into the open air, produce in the pit an effect resembling the eruption of a volcano. The coal itself has been frequently ignited by them, and has continued to burn for many months; while the foul vapour, in its course through the shaft, has carried with it ponderous bodies, and projected them to a great height into the air. Mr. Spedding, formerly engineer of the coalworks in this neighbourhood, having observed that the fire-damp could only be kindled by flame, invented a machine in which a revolving steel wheel elicits from flints properly disposed a continual train of sparks, affording sufficient light for the miner's purpose, and superseding the use of light or candle. This contrivance, however, was not an effectual preservation, for the ingenious contriver lost his life by an explosion of the damps, where

his machine was in operation. The Safety-Lamp, invented by Sir Humphrey Davy, has succeeded better; yet, though it may be demonstrated to be perfect in theory, lamentable accidents have shown that, without great care on the part of the miner, it will fail in practice.

Paul Jones, the notorious pirate, served an apprenticeship to a mariner of Whitehaven. This desperado landed here, early in the morning on the 23rd April, 1778, with about thirty armed men, from on board the American privateer, *Ranger*, which carried eighteen six-pounders and six swivels, and had been fitted out at Nantes for this hostile expedition. After setting fire to three ships, Paul was betrayed by one of his men, and obliged to make a precipitate retreat, leaving the shore in two boats before any force could be brought against him, having taken the precaution to spike all the guns on the nearest battery.

The maritime importance of Whithaven, in the reign of Charles II., led to the establishment of a Custom House. In the year 1811, the present large and convenient edifice was erected, in the West Strand.

The Earl of Lonsdale, who is lord of the manor, and proprietor of the coal mines, has a delightful residence near Whitehaven, called the Castle. This structure appears on the right of our view.

MUNCASTER CASTLE,—CUMBERLAND.

Muncaster Castle, the residence of the Right Honourable Lowther Augustus John Pennington, Lord Muncaster, is a handsome structure, delightfully situated on the north side of the Esk river. A spacious park and beautiful walks and gardens lie in the vicinage of the edifice. It commands an extensive prospect towards the south-west, of land and marine scenery. The predecessor of the noble lord covered the neighbouring hills with forest-trees, and introduced into his pastures a breed of cattle of acknowledged superiority.

The present possessor is a lineal descendant of the family of Pennington, who have enjoyed the Muncaster estate from the period of the Norman conquest. The honour of knighthood was conferred on many of this house for their distinguished valour in the field.

The illustrative view is taken from the *ancient city of Barnscar*, some extensive ruins lying on the south side of the Esk. No historical documents are in existence, to throw a light on the origin of these remains. Tradition ascribes the foundation to the Danes, who are said to have gathered for its inhabitants the men of Drig, and the women of Beckermont; and the old popular saying, "*Let us go together like lads of Drig and lasses of Beckermont,*" is gravely urged in confirmation of the tale. "This place is about three hundred yards long, from east to west; and one hundred broad, from north to south; it is walled round, save at the east end, nearly three feet in height. There appears to have been a long street, with several cross ones: the remains of house-steads within the walls are not very numerous; but on the outside they are innumerable, especially at the south side and west end. About the year 1730, a considerable quantity of silver coin was discovered in the ruins of one of the houses, concealed in a cavity formed in a beam."

THE TYNE FROM SOUTH SHIELDS,—DURHAM.

South Shields is of small extent, being, as its name imports, merely the land by the water's side, formerly inhabited by a few fishermen, whose hovels were provincially called *Shiels*. Great part of it is now occupied with ship yards, manufactories, &c., and the town, like its twin relative on the opposite side of the Tyne, has rapidly increased in opulence, buildings and population, since the restrictive charters were removed. This town contained, at the census 1831, a population of 9070; and it sends one member to parliament.

There are in South Shields eight large manufactories for all kinds of glass; but the salt trade is now considerably less than it was formerly. However, the great increase of shipping indicates that the trade of this port is in a high state of prosperity.

Our illustration refers more particularly to the Tyne and its craft; we therefore waive further allusion to the site whence it is taken, having on a former occasion detailed, in brief, the history of North and South Shields.

The Tyne is at this point near its confluence with the German Ocean, and presents a noble expanse of water, rendered picturesque by the objects on either shore, and the shipping lying in masses on its surface. The maritime importance of our country, particularly when brought so immediately under review, is a kindling theme; and much might be said in praise of our ships and their crews: *we*, however, are not orators, as Brutus was; despairing therefore of saying much to the purpose in prose, we have few apprehensions of doing less in rhyme.

Success unto the goodly Tyne!
For 'tis a noble river:
Now listen to a song of mine;
Which I'll to you deliver.

Her sailors are a jolly crew,
Stout-hearted, active, brave;
Their jackets of Old England's blue,—
They laugh at wind and wave.

On top-mast, and on deck the same,
A bold, undaunted band;
And well 'tis known from whence they came,
Wherever they may land.

To reef a sail, to clue a line,
There's none like them beside;
They hold their course, and track the brine,
Despite of wind and tide.

Now tell me, after what I've said
Concerning of this hale crew,
For what was boundless ocean made?
Why,—made for them to sail through!

MARSDEN ROCKS,—COAST OF NORTH DURHAM.

Marsden, or Marston Rocks, are enormous craggy masses which have been detached from the coast by the violence of the sea. One of them, situated about a mile from the Suter Point, and called, *par eminence*, the Marston Rock, is, at high water, about fifty or sixty yards from the land, though within memory it was so near as to have been reached by a plank. All the intermediate part has been washed away, and even a large aperture formed by the force of the waves in the body of the rock, through which sailing boats have frequently passed at convenient stages of the tide. Adjacent to *the* Rock are other large and irregular masses, that have been separated from the land, and which rear their gigantic forms with considerable majesty.

In the vicinity of these rocks is a much frequented place, called *Velvet Bed.* This is a small island covered with smooth grass, and is frequently the scene of festivity and amusement during the bathing season, when the visitors to Tynemouth and its neighbourhood resort hither in *pic-nic* parties. Within a short distance of this island, there is a singular excavation in the rocks, called *Fairies' Kettle*, one hundred yards in length, and thirty in breadth.

DERWENT AND BASSENTHWAITE LAKES, KESWICK AND SKIDDAW IN THE DISTANCE;—CUMBERLAND.

(The Drawing is taken from the Road to Watendleth.)

The usual size of our engravings has been departed from in this instance, to enable the artist to comprise with distinctness, in one view, the rich and extensive scenery surrounding Derwent and Bassenthwaite Lakes. It is hoped that this engraving will be deemed a pleasing variety in our Illustrations, and an evidence of the solicitude with which the publishers regard the management of a work that has long since established itself in popular favour.

The view is taken from the road to Watendleth, from a point whence the eye surveys the whole extent of the two lakes before-named. The town of Keswick lies in the vale on the right; the lofty Saddleback, easily distinguishable from its form, rises "into the clear blue heaven;" and, more remote, "in all the majesty of distance," stands Skiddaw. The leading features of Derwentwater have been described in connexion with previous and detached views of the lake; to avoid repetition, therefore, we shall confine ourselves at present to such interesting incidents and particulars as are not included in our former notes.

The beautiful isles of the Derwent claim particular regard; and of these, the one named St. Herbert's Island deserves a more than ordinary notice. This insulated paradise includes an extent of about four acres, and is situated near the centre of the lake.

It obtained its name from St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who, about the middle of the seventh century, made it his lonely abode. He was particularly distinguished for his friendship to St. Cuthbert; and, according to a legendary tale, at the intercession of St. Herbert, they both expired on the same day, and in the same hour and minute.

At Lindisfarne, expecting death,
The good St. Cuthbert lay,
With wasted frame and feeble breath;
And monks were there to pray.

The brotherhood had gather'd round,
His parting words to hear,
To see his saintly labours crown'd,
And stretch him on the bier.

His eyes grew dim; his voice sunk low;
The choral song arose;
And ere its sounds had ceas'd to flow,
His spirit found repose.

At that same hour, a holy man,
St. Herbert, well renown'd,
Gave token that his earthly span
Had reach'd its utmost bound.

St. Cuthbert, in his early years,
Had led him on his way:
When the tree falls, the fruit it bears
Will surely too decay.

The monks of Lindisfarne meanwhile
Were gazing on their dead:
At that same hour, in Derwent isle,
A kindred soul had fled.

The remains of St. Herbert's hermitage are still visible; and near to these hallowed ruins stands a small octagonal cottage, of unhewn stone, erected some years ago by Sir Wilfred Lawson, to whose representative the island at present belongs. The dwelling of the anchorite consisted of two apartments, one of which, about twenty feet in length by sixteen in width, appears to have been his chapel; the other, whose dimensions are considerably less, was his cell.

The surface of Derwent-water is frequently in a state of agitation, when not a breath of air is stirring; and the motionless quietude of the foliage on its borders, contrasts singularly with its tumultuous and ruffled waves. This remarkable phenomenon lasts sometimes for an hour or two, at others for a whole day; and it is usually during its continuance that the *floating island* is visible on the surface of the lake.

Skiddaw forms a distinguishing feature in the mountain scenery of Derwent-water. The most accurate surveys determine its altitude to be three thousand and twenty-two feet above the level of the sea, and about two thousand eight hundred feet above lake Derwent. As a tour to the lakes would be considered incomplete if the visitor did not gratify himself with a view of the country from at least *one* of the lofty elevations in the district, Skiddaw is generally selected for the purpose; it is nearest to Keswick, the principal station, is easy of access, and is ascended with less difficulty than others by ladies, who can ride on horseback to the very summit; and, in addition, the view from it is little intercepted by other mountains. Sometimes, indeed, the visitor has the mortification, after having reached the highest point, to find himself enveloped in a cloud, which, though constantly passing, is never dispelled during his stay. "Those however, who are fortunate enough to be upon the summit at the very time of the cloud's departure, will experience a gratification of no common kind; when, like the rising of the curtain in a theatre, the country in a moment bursts upon the eye."

The lake of Bassenthwaite is of greater length than Derwent-water, but does not equal it in breadth. Lying as it does at some distance from the mountain range, it is usually viewed with less interest than other lakes. Its western side is richly wooded; and, towards the east, it displays a fine breadth of cultivation, indented with bays and promontories.

"On the verdant tops of some of the hills in the neighbourhood of this lake, may be discovered traces of the plough, for which it is difficult to assign a satisfactory reason. Tradition says, that the Pope, in the reign of King John, cursed all the lower grounds, which obliged the inhabitants to cultivate the hills." Mr. Pennant, however, observes—"I rather think that John himself drove them to this cruel necessity; for, out of resentment for their declining to follow his standard to the borders of Scotland, he cut down their hedges, levelled their ditches, and gave all the cultivated tracts of the north to the beasts of the chase, on his return from his expedition.

MILL BECK, GREAT LANGDALE,—WESTMORLAND.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Mill Beck, in Great Langdale, is of the most interesting kind; and includes many of the picturesque objects so eagerly sought after by the visitor to the Lakes. The road, in the foreground of the view, is that usually taken from Ambleside to Langdale Pikes. At its extremity stands a mill, giving name to the beck or stream, which descends in a beautiful cascade from the mountains, and continues its course till, with other tributary rivulets, it reaches the tarn of Elterwater. The loftiest elevation in the view, is that of Harrison Stickle; and on the right is seen the hill of Pavey Ark; between these two mountains Stickle Tarn is situated.

Colwith Force, Blea Tarn, and Dungeon Gill are comprised in the scenery of Langdale.

STYBARROW CRAG,—WESTMORLAND.

Stybarrow Crag is a lofty promontory, deeply scarred by winds and torrents, terminating a mountainous ridge that descends from Helvellyn. A road winds beneath this crag, commanding a fine view of Ullswater. The situation of this pass, with its steep acclivity on the one hand, and the waters of the lake on the other, might have suggested to Sir Walter Scott the following graphic description, which occurs in the "Lady of the Lake"—

"At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hills sink down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows;
There ridge on ridge Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threat'ning stone;
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry."

Leaving the scene before us, we now briefly refer to the tales of other times, in order to illustrate an incident which the artist has skilfully introduced into the view.

In olden time, when the contiguous countries of England and Scotland held no amicable relation to each other, it may well be supposed that the mountain ridges, forming the line of demarcation between the two territories, would frequently be the scene of fierce contention between a rival people. The proximity of the English and Scots in the neighbourhood of the border line, and the inoperative character of the laws, arising from the disorders of the feudal system, which filled both countries with chiefs and petty governors, eager, and sufficiently powerful, to make aggressions and reprisals on each other,—are of themselves a sufficient explanation of the causes which led to those continued strifes called the border warfare. The deep enmity of the hostile parties towards each other, overthrew in a good measure all moral obligation and honourable feeling: incursions were frequently made from the north, less for the purpose of contention in arms, than for committing depredations on cattle and property. Hence the name of freebooters came to be applied to the border clans, and ultimately with much justice; for in course of time it was deemed matter of indifference by either party whether they

preyed on their rival neighbours or on their own countrymen. Instances are, however, on record, in which the border feuds were distinguished by a romantic and chivalrous feeling, that may well be supposed to have animated great and noble minds, in an age when the most powerful sceptre was the sword, and martial prowess the most estimable quality of manhood.

" Those were the days, the olden days,
When border feuds ran high,
And the men of the north oft times sallied forth
On deeds of chivalry.

On baith sides of the river Tweed
The rival clans wad meet,
And the bluid o' the foe, like a streamlet flow,
O'er the heather aneath their feet.

The clan was summon'd, the dogs were loos'd,
The gallant stag to chase;
But mony were they, wha at close of day
Na returned to their dwelling place.

As o'er the Cheviot hills they pass'd,
(Blithe hunters all were they,)
The slughorn's deep sound told the north countrie round,
The Scots were abroad that day.

Then rose up England's merry men,
They rose up ane and all;
Hark, forward, hark, hark! Hark, follow, hark!
Did ilk to ither call.

They met thegither in Tiviotdale,
Nae word of parley said;
And 'was a sair sight to look on the fight,
And see the warm bluid shed.

Now heaven gie rest to the souls of a'
Wha liv'd in those times o'disorder;
There were guide men and bra' in the olden day,
On baith sides o' the border."

The illustration under review embodies an incident touching the border warfare, connected with the history of the Mounsey family. We cannot hope to impart any novel interest to " a thrice-told tale;" and therefore briefly state the particulars as tradition has conveyed them. A band of the Scots having entered Westmorland on a predatory expedition, a chief was wanting to lead the peasantry to battle with the intruders. A rustic, named Mounsey, offered his services; and proceeding with a few trusty shepherds to the pass of Stybarrow Crag, there met the Scots and defeated them. For this important service he was proclaimed king of Patterdale, a title that he enjoyed during his life, and which continued with his descendants for many years after his death.

EAGLE CRAG FROM ROSTHWAITE, BORROWDALE.

Eagle Crag is a tremendous rock, at the head of Borrowdale to the east, where eagles have commonly fixed their habitation. The young eagles are occasionally caught by the adventurous inhabitants of the valley, who, when standing underneath, observe the place where the nest is seated, and afterwards, from the summit of some cliff, let down by ropes one of the most hardy of their companions, to secure the nest while the old eagles are abroad.

The present view includes a branch of the Derwent river, the hamlet of Stonethwaite, the lofty acclivity of Eagle Crag, and a distant glimpse of "the mighty Helvellyn."

CASTLE ROCK, VALE OF ST. JOHN,—CUMBERLAND.

Have the days of the wizard returned again?
Hath a deep spell been uttered o'er hill and plain?
And fairy forms on their gossamer wings,
Thrown round us a veil of rich shadowings?

Where are the days when the wand of the seer
Wrought its fabrics of beauty o'er earth and in air;
When mystical forms on the mountains were cast,
While it wav'd o'er the forests that moan'd as it pass'd?

Invisible melodists hung o'er each vale,
And fill'd with rich music the leaf-stirring gale;
It pour'd, like a rush of the waters, along,
And the rocks echoed back the sweet notes of the song.

From mists, as they curl'd on the brow of the hill,
The enchanter could weave his bright visions at will;
From cloud and from vapour the picture was made,
That call'd back the past, and the future displayed.

The enchantment is broken, the spell that could bind
In its magical fetters the rovings of mind,
Hath slept through long ages; Tradition, alone,
Remains, to discourse of the things that are gone.

Hutchinson, in his "Excursion to the Lakes," has described this singular scene so happily, and with such poetic feeling, that we cannot do better than give the account in his own words.

"An ancient ruined castle seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements: we traced the galleries, the bending arches, and the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert that it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii, who govern the place by virtue of their supernatural arts and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by enchantment transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like the haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in this report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."

There could scarcely be found, in the whole range of mythological fable, any thing more beautiful than the popular superstition which ascribes the disappearance of "the castle," on a near approach, to supernatural agency. Frigid philosophy would say, these fragments of rock, when viewed from afar, bear strong resemblance to an old fortress; but as one approaches nearer, the illusion vanishes, and they are found to be shapeless masses of stone. Poetry clothes this fact in beautiful imagery: she warns the intruder to survey the structure at a distance; for should he have the temerity to advance upon it, the incensed genii of the place will, by spells "of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion," transform its fair proportions into a mis-shapen pile of rocks. This pleasing fiction emanated from the same poetical spirit that wrought, in the elder days of Greece, the splendid fable of Aurora in her saffron-coloured robe opening the gates of the morning to the chariot of the sun.

The present illustration, by the introduction of two equestrian figures, is made to refer directly to that scene in the "Bridal of Triermain," where the castle is said to have opened its gates to King Arthur and his companion De Vaux.

"With toil the king his way pursued,
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of St. John,
Piled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dell lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed."

The eight lines following those we have quoted, are illustrative of the principal object in our view; but as we introduced them in page 172, we forbear a repetition.

The Vale of St. John was the scene of a dreadful inundation, on the 22nd August, 1749, occasioned by the discharge of a waterspout. A little school, where the children of the neighbourhood were instructed, was crowded with infantile occupants at the very time that the swollen torrents were bearing down all obstacles that lay in their course. The hand of Providence stayed a rolling rock in its descent, in such a position that the overwhelming stream was divided, and passed on either side of the school-house, leaving its terrified inmates spectators of the havoc that was raging without.

FEATHERSTONE CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Featherstone, or Featherstonehaugh Castle, signifies, by the etymology of its name, "the castle in the meadow where the stones are stratified featherwise, as in the bed of the Tyne at Hartleyburne foot." This edifice is included in the township of Featherstone, and stands in a spacious lawn, on the east side of the south Tyne, in a fine rural and picturesque situation.

Featherstone was the seat of Thomas de Featherstonehaugh, in the time of Henry III. and held by him of the barony of Tindale, by the yearly payment of six shillings and eight pence. The estate continued, with some little interruption, in this family till it was sold by Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh, of Up Park, in Sussex, to the father of the present noble proprietor, the Right Honourable Thomas Wallace, Baron Knaresdale. During the civil wars, in the time of Charles I., Timothy Featherstonehaugh espoused the royal cause; he raised a troop of horse at his own expense, and for his services was knighted under the king's banner; but being afterwards taken prisoner at the fatal battle of Worcester, in 1651, he was beheaded at Bolton in Lancashire, and his manorial estates were sold by the parliament to the earl of Carlisle. Subsequently the castle and demesnes reverted to the original family, and remained in their possession till sold as before mentioned.

The castle, like most of the border structures, was surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, crossed by a drawbridge, and consisted of a strong tower, built upon arches, and furnished with turrets. By the present noble proprietor, very considerable alterations and improvements have been made in the edifice. Three smaller towers have been added, and a suit of offices, which, with the garden-wall, are executed in the castellated style, conformably to the character of the original building; the appearance it presents is in consequence bold and interesting, and entirely free from incongruity. It fronts the narrow valley of Hartley-

burne, through which, and over the rocky and finely wooded banks of the Tyne, are seen the high and heathy summits of Tindale and Byres Fell. The meadows around it are uncommonly rich ; the trees in the hedge-rows and the lawn, large and luxuriant ; and the plantations throughout the whole estate remarkably healthy, thick, and picturesque.

The noble proprietor of Featherstone castle displayed the most profound and enlightened views on all matters relating to the commerce, trade, and navigation of this kingdom ; and when he retired from the vice-presidency of the Board of Trade, the leading members on both sides of the House pronounced the highest eulogiums on his transcendent talents ; and the merchants of the city of London presented him with a piece of plate of the value of five hundred pounds. In 1828 he was raised to the peerage by the style and title of *Baron Knaresdale, of Knaresdale in Northumberland.* His lordship's possessions in this neighbourhood are very extensive.

ROYAL ARCADE,—NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

An interior view of this arcade, accompanied with an interesting description, kindly furnished by Mr. Grainger, the proprietor and architect of the building, appears at page 70 of this work. The detailed account alluded to, so perfectly describes the structure, that we can do little more, in the present instance, than refer the reader to its lucid statements. We may however be allowed, in connexion with the present view, to direct attention to the exquisite architectural arrangement displayed in the front of the edifice. "The manly Doric" of the basement story is exceedingly chaste and massive ; while the rich and graceful Corinthian columns, with their superb capitals, frieze, and entablature, afford a beautiful contrast, that renders the general coup d'œil still more effective.

As some small stream by dripping fountains fed,
Through narrow channels first obscurely led,
Claims in its course the tributary rills
That trickle slowly from the neighbouring hills,
Till, with increasing strength, on every side
It bursts the narrow bounds that hold its tide,
Pours its swoln wave, expanding by degrees
A goodly river, rippling in the breeze.

Like to that river in its infant flow,
The streams of Trade, at first confin'd and slow,
Increase in volume by the lapse of time,
Till their full waves have reached each distant clime,
Uniting many lands in one vast whole,
E'en from the northern to the southern pole.

The rude barbarian brings his trifling store,
And waits impatient on the ocean shore,
Till from the distant country strangers come,
Laden with comforts for his savage home.
Eager for traffic, he presents his wares,
And *barters* with the strangers, his for theirs
The vessel spreads her wings, and tracks her way
Back to the clime where *Commerce* holds her sway,
In *splendid marts* her curious wares are brought,
The novel wonders are exposed and bought,
In fancy cabinets securely placed,
As things of curious worth, virtu, or taste

THE DRUIDS' STONES, NEAR KESWICK,—CUMBERLAND.

In a field adjoining the old road to Penrith, and at the distance of one mile and a half east-by-north from Keswick, are the remains of a Druidical temple, popularly named the *Druids' stones*. These interesting memorials of the primeval age of Britain consist of forty-eight rude, unhewn blocks of granite; thirty-eight of which are disposed in an oval figure, whose diameters are thirty-four yards from north to south, and nearly thirty from east to west; the remaining ten stones form an oblong square, on the eastern side of the oval area. The latter inclosure is supposed to have been the sacred place, exclusively appropriated to the Druidical order, where the priests assembled to perform their mystical rites, and to determine on matters of government and judicature: the largest of the stones is not more than seven feet in height, and the greater number measure only three or four feet; they all stand in an erect position.

The situation of this temple was well chosen, when considered with reference to the idolatrous superstitions of the Druids, the objects of which were, to subdue the mind with appalling images, and to extort obedience through the agency of terror. Seated in the neighbourhood of the highest mountains, whose clouded summits impended over the sacrificial altar, and cast obscure shadows through its precincts; hither the trembling worshippers repaired, to hear and to acknowledge the teachings and denunciations of their potent masters. In the eyes of the barbarian Britons, alike ignorant, credulous, and superstitious, the place would appear to be the very sanctuary of Omnipotence, and the Druid ministers themselves an impersonation of their gods. Wind and cloud, storm and tempest, wrought powerfully in the abstruse mysteries and terrific incantations constituting the Druidical worship; and the mind was prostrated, with terrific awe, at the shrine where natural sublimity combined with human cunning to thrill its scarcely awakened faculties. "Here, at midnight, every Druid, summoned by the terrible horn, never sounded but upon high occasions, and descending from his mountain or secret cave, might assemble, without intrusion from one sacrilegious footstep, and celebrate a festival,

> By rites of such strange potency,
> As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
> Though enthroned in noon-tide brightness."

The tourist will tread this once hallowed circle, where the Druids offered their adorations to deity, and sat in judgment on their fellow-men, with a mixture of awe and veneration, so well expressed by the poet—

> "Skirted with unhewn stone, it awes my soul
> As if the very genius of the place
> Himself appeared, and with terrific tread
> Stalk'd through this drear domain."

Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lord of the Isles," makes beautiful allusion to the Druidical remains in the lake district:

> "He cross'd his brow beside the stone,
> Where Druids erst heard victims groan;
> And at the cairns upon the wild,
> O'er many a heathen hero piled,
> He breath'd a timid prayer for those
> Who died ere Shiloh's sun arose."

HOLME HALL, NEAR RAVENGLASS,—CUMBERLAND.

Holme Hall, the residence of major Lutwich, is situated on a rising ground, in the neighbourhood of the Irt river, and within a short distance from Ravenglass. It commands extensive and pleasing prospects of marine and picturesque scenery, and, from its proximity to the sea, enjoys a highly salubrious air.

The village of Holm Rook, in the vicinity of the Hall, stands on the banks of the river Irt, and the Egremont road, at the distance of two miles and a half, north, from Ravenglass. This village obtained a celebrity, from its having been the residence of an eccentric woman, called Jane Roger, who subsisted on the bounty of the neighbourhood, but never would take money. Her whole apparel, hats and shoes excepted, she knitted on wooden pins, from wool she had gathered on the common, and spun herself. She had constantly a pipe in her mouth, a large knotty stick in her hand, and a bag upon her back; and when she could find nothing of value to inclose in the latter, rather than be deprived of her accustomed burden, she would fill it with loose earth or sand. When age prevented her from continuing to perambulate the country, she repaired to the house of a friend at Whitehaven, and there died.

AYDEN CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ayden Castle is situated in the parish of Corbridge, at the distance of one mile and a half north-east from the town of that name. This structure stands on the west side of a precipice overhanging a deep dell, and having a small rivulet meandering at its foot. The edifice, to all appearance, must have been a fortress of considerable strength, at a remote period in our history; it is encompassed by an outer wall, in which the loop-holes still remain. In the immediate vicinity of the august ruins of the castle, is a large stable with an arched roof of stone, and without any timber in its structure. The extreme edge of the precipice has obtained the name of "Jack's Leap," owing, so tradition reports, to a frantic lover ending his troubles by casting himself from its summit into the dell beneath. Another chronicle, probably as veracious as the former one, supposes the appellation to have been derived from a Scotch soldier, called Jack, who, during the civil wars, (by a singular piece of good luck, we should say,) was the only individual that escaped death, out of a numerous host, defeated by Sir Robert Clavering, and precipitated from this lofty rock into the abyss at its foot. The reader can adopt which legend he pleases, or discard both, and join opinion with us, that a love for the marvellous in this, as in a variety of other instances, conferred the name, and, as time progressed, currency was given to a wild and vague narrative, to account for its original application.

Ayden was anciently part of the barony of Hugh de Baliol, a descendant of Guido Baliol, who came into England with the Conqueror, and received very considerable and valuable grants from William Rufus. This Hugh de Baliol married Agnes de Valentia, niece to king Henry III. John Baliol, a descendant of this family, was confirmed in the kingdom of Scotland by Edward I.

In 1272, this castle was the seat and property of Emma de Ayden, a rich heiress; and subsequently the estates passed through a number of families to the Blackets of Matfen.

Several remains of Roman antiquity have been found in the neighbourhood of the castle, amongst which are two urns, and an effigy of a man.

In 1742, a countryman, whilst ploughing, drove his share into a vein of lead, and an attempt was made by William Errington, esq., and a Mr. Sopwith of Corbridge, to establish a lead mine: the undertaking, however, proved entirely fruitless; neither lead nor coal was found in quantities sufficient to reimburse the projectors for the outlay attending the experiment.

In troublous times, when nothing short of walled towers, encircled by moats, or protected by inaccessible heights, could secure property and persons from depredations and violence, Ayden Castle must have been a place of enviable security; its situation and martial aspect would enable its inmates to smile at the futility of an assault, attended on the one hand by such perilous difficulties for the assailants, and on the other by so many advantages and facilities for disconcerting the attacks.

BYWELL HALL,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bywell Hall, the magnificent villa of Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, esq., stands near the village of Bywell, and is distant four miles, south-east, from Corbridge. The structure is seated on a beautiful lawn, adorned by forest trees, and having on its south side the river Tyne, in which there is a picturesque islet, and, on the opposite bank, an extensive plantation, and the ruins of a domestic chapel. In the neighbourhood of the Hall are the remains of an old baronial castle, which appears to have been, at some distant period, a fortress of considerable strength.

Bywell Hall is built in the Ionic style; the basement story is rusticated, and the front, facing the lawn, adorned with pilasters, supporting an architrave and pediment. The architectural design displays throughout a high degree of chastity and elegance.

The parish church of Bywell St. Peter, dedicated to the patron saint, forms a pleasing object in the present view. This ancient edifice is of considerable magnitude, and has a square tower; near to it stands the church of St. Andrew, a smaller building, with a lofty steeple. Between the structures is an ancient stone cross.

JARROW ON THE TYNE,—DURHAM.

The village of Jarrow, giving name to a populous and extensive parish, is pleasantly situated on the south side of the Tyne, at the point where the river expands, and forms the Slake of Jarrow, and is distant six miles east from Newcastle. This place was anciently called *Gyrvy*, the Saxon name for a marsh or fen; and the inhabitants were known by the appellation of *Gyrvii*, or Fen-men.

For some time prior to the evacuation of Britain by the Romans, Jarrow had been a place of considerable importance, and so continued for several centuries afterwards, till the dissolution of its celebrated monastery, when it gradually fell into decay. Hutchinson says, "little more remained of this once famous town, when we visited it in 1782, than two or three mean cottages, the distracted ruins of the old monastery; the church, a venerable pile, then patched up so as to retain few traces of its original figure, and the capacious haven, now called the *Slake*, washed full of sand, and left dry by the river Tyne at ebb of tide."

Jarrow was anciently in the occupation of the Romans, as is evidenced by two inscriptions discovered during the rebuilding of the church; from one of these we gather, that "the army erected this, on the extension of the Roman dominion in Britain from the western to the eastern sea;" the other is on the fragment of an altar, and supposed to have been "erected *pro salute*, of all the adopted sons of Adrian." Roman pavements have also been discovered in the immediate neighbourhood; and the foundations of buildings, distinctly referring to Imperial era, have been found in the fields on the north side of the church.

The monastic edifice at Jarrow was founded by the Saxons; who, according to their usual policy, in availing themselves of the sites of Roman stations, commenced an ecclesiastical structure, in honour of St. Paul, on the 23d of April, A.D. 685. This foundation was consolidated with the monastery of Monkwearmouth, dedicated to St. Peter, which had been established a few years before; and the joint institution is named in records as "the monastery of St. Peter and St Paul." The two buildings were erected and endowed by the same founder and patron, St. Benedict and King Egfrid; the latter of whom set apart for its use forty hides of land. The first abbot at Jarrow was Ceolfrid, who obtained for his church, from King Alfred, an additional grant of eight hides of land, afterwards exchanged for twenty, lying contiguous to the monastery in the village of Sambuce. Under the government of St. Benedict and Ceolfrid, nearly six hundred monks were gathered in the united houses. St. Bede, better known in history as the Venerable Bede, is said to have been born at Monkton in the parish of Jarrow, about the year 672. After receiving the rudiments of education here and at Hexham, he took the tonsure, "and spent the remainder of his life in great piety, and unwearied application to letters, in the monastery

at Monkwearmouth and at Jarrow, at which latter place he died May 26th, 735, and was buried in a porch, built to his honour on the north side of the church; where, to this day is shown a little stone mansion, in which he was wont to sit and meditate." Nearly three centuries after this event, Elfred, a priest, and a famous collector of saintly remains, removed the body of St. Bede to Durham, where it was honourably deposited in the same coffin with St. Cuthbert. The genius and acquirements of this great man, viewing them in connexion with the then limited extension of knowledge, must have rendered him a person of great weight and authority with his contemporaries; and, indeed, we find that all ranks of people united to do him honour:—the poor implored his blessing, and the rich made offerings of their wealth under his direction; the weak sought and ever found his protection, and the most powerful potentates of the age took counsel of his wisdom. Near Monkton there still exists a "holy well" bearing his name; and till very lately it was resorted to as a Bethesda of healing power.

The monastery of Jarrow could scarcely hope to escape the ravages and fury of the Danes, who in all their incursions seem to have levelled their strength more especially against the monastic structures. It was several times plundered, and partially burnt; yet, phœnix-like, it still preserved the principle of existence, till at the dissolution it shared the common fate of all those ancient institutions, whose wealth, rather than their irregularities, had become an inexpiable crime in the eyes of Henry VIII. The church, (properly so called, independent of the general range of monastic offices) was rebuilt in 1783, except the chancel and tower, which remain in the same state as at the dissolution. In the vestry may still be seen the chair of St. Bede, rudely formed of oak; to this relic many virtues are ascribed, but as they refer entirely to the gentler sex, we make no other mention of them than this:—"Many a fair pilgrim has borne away pieces of this wonder-working relic, to place them under her pillow, confident that the man she dreams of, under so powerful a charm, is destined to be her husband."

The monks of Jarrow belonged to the order of St. Benedict. The habit of these monks was a black loose coat, or gown of stuff, reaching down to their heels, with a cowl or hood of the same, and a scapulary; and under that a white habit, nearly as large as the former, made of flannel; these, with a pair of boots, completed their costume. From the sombre tinct of their garments they obtained the name of "Black Monks." The course of devotions included "the *nocturnal*, at two in the morning; the *matins*, at six; the *tierce*, at nine; the *sexte*, at twelve; the *none*, at three in the afternoon; the *vespers*, at six in the evening; and the *compline*, at seven."

The remains of the monastery have suffered greatly, not only from the usual ravages of time, but also from a rapacity of spirit which little respects what the lapse of ages and the records of history have hallowed. Still, however, some interesting fragments of the edifice are scattered over its site, and identify a spot where Christianity (veiled, we admit, by idle superstitions) rooted itself, and spread forth branches, whence has been cultivated the fruitful Lebanon of succeeding ages.

STANHOPE CASTLE.—DURHAM.

Stanhope is an ancient market town and parish, pleasantly situated in Weardale, at the distance of twenty miles west from Durham. The neighbourhood comprises an extensive mountainous district, abounding with lead ore; and a great portion of the population are employed in working the mines. Within a short distance from the western extremity of the town stands Stanhope Castle, a large structure, guarded with a curtain wall, and overlooking the river Wear. This mansion was formerly the family residence of the Featherstonehaughs, the last male descendant of which house perished in the civil wars; the castle and estates were then sold. It is now the seat of Cuthbert Rippon, esq. M. P.

The original part of the edifice was erected by the late Cuthbert Rippon, esq. and is a square pile of building, fronting the south, with two semicircular projections on each side. To the east the present proprietor has added an elegant conservatory, connecting the main building with a lofty square tower, which is occupied by an extensive museum, and lighted by large and elegant windows, divided into Gothic compartments, as displayed in the annexed view. The entrance to this tower, in consequence of the declivity on which it and the conservatory stand, is in the second story, around the interior of which is a beautiful gallery of brass, whence a geometrical staircase descends to the depository of mineral curiosities. The upper walls are covered with splendid specimens of ornithology, and other varieties; and the whole reflects credit on the taste of the spirited proprietor. All the towers and walls of the castle are embattled; and the garden and pleasure-grounds are laid out to great advantage.

"Stanhope," says a late tourist, "derives great beauty from the broad foliage which here adorns the vale. The opposite bank is studded over with trees, which give it a chequered and beautiful appearance. Some of them are ranged in hedge-rows, which have a formal appearance, while others are less regularly arranged, in masses, of breadth and variety much more interesting than the other portion. Their contrast affords a simple but useful lesson in ornamental planting, which the improved taste of the present day has discovered to be much more dependent on the freedom and simplicity of nature than the formal rules of art."

As the ground rises from the river, the sylvan beauties of the vale gradually disappear; and the bleak and lofty hills in the distance present a striking contrast to the scene above described. It is in the bowels of the earth, however, and not upon its surface, that the industry of man has been here most successfully applied; and the riches of the lead-mines in this district have well repaid his exertions.*

* The rectory of Stanhope, the principal emoluments of which are derived from the lead-mines, is one of the richest in the kingdom; and several of the incumbents have stepped from it into the episcopal dignity. The late rector, Henry Phillpotts, D.D. is now bishop of Exeter.

The talents and public spirit of Cuthbert Rippon, esq. having rendered him highly popular in the borough of Gateshead, he was elected its representative in parliament on the 12th of December, 1832; being the first member ever returned for that place.

The name of Stanhope is derived by Hutchinson from *Stone-hope,* the fortified hill, or *Stand-hope,* the hill where the inhabitants made their chief resistance against an enemy; an idea which is furnished by a remarkable eminence at the west end of the town, one hundred and eight feet high, and called the *Castle Hill,* or the *Castle Heugh.* At a short distance to the west is the ancient park of the bishop of Durham, in which these "mitred princes" formerly held their great Chace, attended by their vassals, and displaying all the pomp of feudal chiefs. In 1327, this park was the scene of a campaign between a marauding army of Scots, under Randolf and Douglas, and an English force of forty thousand men, led by the youthful and impetuous Edward III. The Scots occupied a lofty hill on the south of the river Wear, defying the English to drive them from it; and several days were occupied in fruitless endeavours to draw them from their advantageous post. On one occasion, a party of them, during the night burst into the English camp, cut the cords of the king's tent, killed about three hundred men, and then retired with some loss. On the following evening they lighted fires along the heights, and, under cover of the night, escaped into Cumberland with their booty. When Edward was informed of the deception in the morning, he lamented with tears the escape of his enemies.

Historians have described the army of the Scots as peculiarly adapted for predatory excursions. It consisted entirely of cavalry, some idea of which may be formed from Scott's "Watt Tynlynn," who

> ——— "Led a small and shaggy nag,
> That through a bog from hag to hag
> Could bound like any Bilhope stag."

This bounding from hag to hag was exactly what the Scottish horse had to perform in their retreat over the western fells. The troops were unencumbered with provision or baggage. Their drink was the water of the river or brook; their meat the cattle of the country, which they slaughtered, and then boiled in the skins; and they carried with them a scanty supply of oatmeal in a bag, which each horseman attached to his saddle. The velocity with which they advanced, or retreated, was such as to make it difficult either to discover or pursue them.

During the confusion which prevailed on the rebellion of the Earls of Westmorland and Northumberland, Weardale was harassed by a troop of Border plunderers. This event is commemorated in a ballad called "The Raid of Rookhope," inserted in Scott's Border Minstrelsy. The homely bard very naturally exlaims,

> "Lord God! is not this a pitiful case,
> That men dare not drive their goods to t'fell,
> But limmer thieves drives them away
> That fears neither heauen nor hell?"

In the neighbourhood of Stanhope, on the north, are several natural caves, called *Hetherburn Caves*, which are open for nearly a mile in length, "and wherein nature, in all her gloomy sport of subterranean magnificence, displays wonders similar to those of the "Peak," and other celebrated caverns.

RYDAL WATER AND GRASMERE, FROM RYDAL PARK,—WESTMORLAND.

A comprehensive view is here submitted to the patrons of the "Lake Scenery," including the lakes of Rydal Water and Grasmere, in connection with all the noble and picturesque objects in their vicinity. It were idle to insist on the advantage which the reader must derive from a general delineation. The detached views render him familiar with the prominent beauties of this romantic neighbourhood, while the present design exhibits an orderly arrangement of the whole, and exposes, much more effectually than any description could do, the relative position of places and objects. With reference to the size and style of the engraving, we may be permitted to suggest the consideration,—what would, a few years since, have been the cost of this impression, here included in a work of British art for *less* than sixpence?

The village of Rydal, situated on the north side of the lake, is supposed to have derived its name from *Rothay-dale*,—the river Rothay flowing from Langdale Pikes, through the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal to Windermere. This village has long enjoyed the munificent bounty of the Le Fleming family, whose hall stands adjacent, embosomed in a beautiful park, on a gently rising eminence near the foot of Rydal Water. In the rear of the Hall rise the mountains of Fairfield and Rydal Head; from the latter of which the extensive prospect delineated in our view is obtained. "In the woods and in the disposition of the ground round Rydal Hall, there is a charming wildness that suits the character of the scene; and wherever art appears, it is with graceful plainness, and meek subjection to nature. The taste by which a cascade in the pleasure-grounds, pouring under the arch of a rude rock amidst the green tint of woods, is shown through a darkened garden-house, and therefore with all the effect which the opposition of light and shade can give, is even not too artificial, so admirably is the intent accomplished of making all the light that is admitted fall upon the objects which are chiefly meant to be observed." A little above the Hall is Rydal Mount, the residence of William Wordsworth, esq. Such universal tribute is paid to the genius of this great man, that it is needless to multiply examples; a native poet, "a lowly child of song," has, however, in a brief effusion, added his mite of admiration:—*

> "Pilgrims will here resort in after days,
> And glowing kneel before thy rocky shrine,
> In honour of thy poet's deathless lays."

It cannot be considered irrelevant to the purposes of this work, if we direct attention to the comparatively unknown, and self-instructed writer, from whom we have just quoted.

* Mr. George Bell, of Penrith.

His poems, of which we have been favoured with a copy, certainly betray faults which more extensive reading and a more judicious selection of images and modes of expression alone can correct; but they also contain beautiful thoughts happily expressed, and this opinion will be justified by the following extract from "The Dark Cloud," the only specimen that space permits us at present to offer.

"Serenely from the west, a dark cloud sailed
Along the waveless ocean of the sky,
Halo'd with a gorgeous fringe of golden dye;
I saw the heavenly vessel when it hail'd
The bright full moon, obscured its majesty,
Then voyaged away with wonted dignity."

Returning to our view: the eye traverses the beautiful demesnes of Rydal Hall, and is thence led to the lake, on one side of which a few ancient trees decorate the banks, and, on the other, hoary rocks present themselves, with woods vegetating from the clefts and fissures in their sides. The lake itself, with a calm surface, ornamented by two small islands, "Lies like a sleeping child, too blest to wake."

The projecting eminences form a strait connecting Rydal Water with the lake of Grasmere, lying in the vale of that name, amidst beautiful meadows and enclosures, and sheltered by surrounding mountains. Near the centre of this lake rises a small green island with an out-house or barn upon it, to which Mr. Wordsworth poetically alludes:—

"Thou seest a homely pile, yet to these walls
The heifer comes in the snow storm, and here
The new-dropp'd lamb finds shelter from the wind;
And hither does *one poet* sometimes row
His pinnace."

The mountains of Silver How and Langdale Pikes are included in the range forming the back ground of the view.

WASDALE HALL,—CUMBERLAND,

THE SEAT OF STANSFELD RAWSON, ESQ.

Wasdale Hall, the beautiful rural seat of Stansfeld Rawson, Esq., is situated at the foot of Wastwater, in a delightfully picturesque and romantic situation. Having referred to this unique erection at page 134, we have little to add in the way of description, that is not superseded by the view herewith given. The artist has chosen his point with much judgment, and connected with the building the most beautiful features in the scenery of the neighbourhood. Here we may be allowed to remark on the good taste which induced the proprietor to adopt so unpretending and unobtrusive a character in the erection; it harmonizes well with surrounding objects, and imparts an additional beauty to the scene; while itself derives an interest from the assemblage of picturesque magnificence in its vicinity.

WASTWATER,—CUMBERLAND.

The most picturesque route to the lake of Wastwater is that from Borrowdale. As the tourist advances, the valley becomes more contracted, and the way is progressively more rugged. Ascending to the head of Borrowdale, he continues his journey through narrow winding paths, between rocks and precipices, down which pours a roaring torrent, that, after flowing for some miles, passes through the village of Grange, and becomes the main feeder of Lake Derwent. Crossing an alpine bridge of one arch, the tourist addresses himself to the laborious ascent of Sty Head, a steep and precipitous crag, from which the eye looks down with terror, and whence is discovered a grand view of Skiddaw and Saddleback. The scenery in this neighbourhood is calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful kind; but, after reaching the brow on the opposite side of Sty Head, a most delightful prospect is opened to the eye. The river Wasdale is seen falling from the adjacent mountains; at the bottom are the dale and village of Wasdale, and on every side rise mountains of stupendous height. The mind revels in the beautiful and extensive scenery here displayed; but every other feeling is nearly lost in an overpowering sensation of danger, on beholding the path by which a descent must be made into the vale. Above appear tremendous mountains, whose bases seem almost to meet; and below is a precipice, nearly interminable to the eye, along which winds the narrow and steep path whence a single false step would precipitate the traveller into the fearful chasm beneath. On approaching the vale, the road becomes wider and less perpendicular.

The illustrative view supposes the tourist to have visited Wasdale by the route above described, and to have reached a point in the lake overlooking Nether or Lower Wasdale, and commanding an impressive view of the mountains at the foot of Wastwater. On the left, in the engraving, is seen the *debris* of the Screes, a very high ridge of mountains extending along the southern shore of the lake; the loose rocks on which are in almost constant motion, falling in showers into the water.

HULNE ABBEY, ALNWICK PARK—NORTHUMBERLAND.

Hulne Abbey stands in a woody and delightful solitude, at the distance of about three miles from Alnwick. This structure, now an assemblage of venerable ivy-clad ruins, was the first monastery of Carmelite friars established in England. The following particulars are recorded of its foundation.

Amongst the English barons who went to the holy wars, in the reign of Henry III., were William de Vesey, Lord Alnwick, and Richard Grey, two eminent chieftains in the Christian army. Attracted by curiosity, or devotional feeling, they visited the monks of mount Carmel, and there unexpectedly found a countryman of their own, named Ralph Fresborn,

a Northumbrian gentleman, who had signalized himself in a former crusade, and, in consequence of a vow, had taken upon him the monastic profession in that solitude. Vesey and Grey, when about to return to England, importuned the superior of the Carmelites to permit their countryman to accompany them; which request was at length granted, on condition that they would found a Carmelite monastery in their own country. Fresborn, mindful of the engagement he had made with his superior, began to look out for a convenient spot whereon to erect the new convent, and ultimately fixed upon the site of the present ruined Abbey, induced, it is said, by the great resemblance which the adjoining hill bore to mount Carmel in Palestine. Vesey granted thirteen acres of land in his "park of Hulne," for the building and its demesnes; but the structure was erected at the sole expense of Fresborn, who completed the work in 1240, and became the first abbot.

This religious foundation was warmly supported by the Percy family; and at the dissolution, the annual revenues of the establishment were valued at £194. 7s., an income which in those days was equal to meet a princely expenditure. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, the building and grounds were purchased by Thomas, seventh earl of Northumland.

Some of the Abbey buildings are now the residence of persons intrusted with the care of the duke of Northumberland's aviary; other parts are decorated with plantations which render the ruins exceedingly picturesque in appearance. John Bale, the biographer, was a member of the Carmelite order, and lived in the solitude of Hulne Abbey.

ENTRANCE TO ALNWICK CASTLE,—NORTHUMBERLAND.

The approach to Alnwick castle retains much of the solemn grandeur of feudal times. The precaution of letting down the draw-bridges is no longer observed, and the once wide and deep moat is diverted from its bed; but the walls continue to wear that aspect of strength and defiance which identifies the structure with a period far remote, and with manners and usages now obsolete. A striking effect is produced on entering through the dark and frowning gateway that leads from the town into the interior of the castle. The eye suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined, and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded with noble semicircular towers, adorned with figures, pinnacles, and battlements. The impression increases as the visitor proceeds successively through the large and massive towers leading to the second and third courts. The numerous figures distributed round the battlements represent men in the attitude of defence, armed with weapons peculiar to the age when they were executed.

LONG SLEDDALE SLATE QUARRY,—WESTMORLAND

Long Sleddale township and chapelry extends over a mountainous and picturesque district, six miles in length by three miles in breadth, and reaches southward from the lofty Harter Fell to Potter Fell, within a few miles north of Kendal. This vale is intersected by the Sprint rivulet, which runs parallel with the road by which tourists from Kendal approach the sublime mountain scenery round Hawes Water. On each side of the rivulet verdant fields rise in irregular swells, till the rocky declivities of the mountains preclude all cultivation except brushwood and coppices, which climb the steep banks, and in some places find support even in the craggy precipices, which here present their lofty and rugged fronts with much grandeur, having, in many places, beautiful cascades spouting and tumbling from their summits, and sometimes broken by gusts of wind into clouds of spray.

The extensive slate quarries are situated at Rangle Gill, near the head of the dale, and are famous both for the quality and quantity of fine blue slate which they yield. The slabs are conveyed from the quarries on the backs of ponies and asses, the roads being inaccessible to carts. In the description of Thrang Crag Slate Quarry, at page 78, the reader will find some geological particulars applicable to the present subject.

It is an object of no slight interest to the tourist, in these picturesque regions, to behold in the secret retirements of nature, where solitude would seem to rule with despotic sway, the hand of human industry labouring with patient toil, and the great work of civilization aided and accelerated.

What vast intricacies of human art
Are daily trodden by laborious man!
In ocean, earth, or air, there's not a thing
On which the eye of Genius hath not glanced,—
On which the hand of Science hath not wrought
Change beautiful or useful. From the caves
Where Amphitrite and her nymphs have dwelt,
In song and fable, from the first of days,
The fearless diver plucks a roseate branch,
Of bright vermilion tinge—pearls of rare worth—
And richest gems, that long had lain conceal'd
In that wide treasure-house, the boundless sea:
Thence brought, the lapidary's skilful hand
Forms of them ornaments to grace the fair.

In subterranean chambers, far beneath
The surface of this earth, where never comes
At morn, or eve, or at the noon-tide hour,
One ray of sun-light,—but eternal gloom,
More desolate, and yet more awful made,
By the red torch that feebly flickers there.—
The anxious miner wears his life away
In constant searchings for the precious ore.
Various are earth's treasures,—all amassed
By Wisdom infinite, and nothing vain!
In all the secret paths and hidden ways
Of nature, man hath walked; with curious eye
Beheld her workings great and manifold;
And, led by Science to the ample stores
Profusely gathered in the earth's rich womb,
He rends with powerful arm the products forth,
For various purpose fitted and designed.

BLEY-WATER TARN, FROM HIGH STREET MOUNTAIN,—WESTMORLAND.

Bley-Water Tarn lies beneath a lofty crag of the same name, forming part of the Mountain High Street. In its approach to the valley of Mardale, the stream from this tarn unites with that of Small Water Tarn, and both flow together northward to the lake of Haweswater.

The artist has alluded in this view to the annual festivities which take place on the broad top of High Street. Horse-racing forms the principal feature in the sports, which derive no little additional zest from a copious supply of cakes and ale from the neighbouring villages.

Ulverstone lies in the distance.

WINDERMERE, ESTHWAITE WATER, AND AMBLESIDE, FROM RYDAL PARK,—WESTMORLAND.

The present view, looking southward, exhibits a picturesque valley, lying between Rydal Park and the head of Windermere, and includes the whole extent of the lake last mentioned, with its mountain scenery, also a glance at Esthwaite Water.

Ambleside is situated on the left side of the valley; having Wansfell Pike at a short distance on the east, and Loughrigg Fell a little to the west. The neat gothic chapel, erected here by public subscription in year 1812, forms a distinct but pleasing object in the engraving.

Esthwaite Water, though lying beyond the prescribed boundaries of this publication—in Lancashire—is connected with Windermere, and consequently forms a portion of its picturesque scenery. Esthwaite Lake is situated about two miles west from Windermere Ferry, and has near its head the ancient little town of Hawkshead. It does not exceed two miles in length, by about half a mile in width; and is much shallower than most other lakes. The margins are broken and relieved by projecting peninsulas, fringed with trees and coppice wood, and cultivated at the summits. Near the head of the lake is an island, containing about two perches of land, said to have been separated from the banks, and formerly to have floated about the surface of the water; but for some years past it has remained stationary, and is now covered with shrubs.

Tourists universally acknowledge the beauty of "the vale of Windermere," as seen from Rydal Park; particularly "when, in a serene evening, the charms of this spot are rendered yet more delightful by the softened noises of distant waterfalls, which are reverberated by the echoes in great variety."

AMBLESIDE,—WESTMORLAND.

The town of Ambleside stands on the side of a steep hill, and near the opening of a narrow glen whence rushes the torrent of Stockgill Force. The craggy heights of Loughrigg Fell, the lower parts of which are covered with wood, and the extensive range of Fairfield, form a mountain fastness round this picturesque station. At page 85, the reader will find a topographical description of Ambleside.

In the remote periods of our history, the mountain districts were the last refuge of freedom,—the strong-hold whither the aboriginal possessors of the country retired, to avoid the yoke of the invader. In the present day, "the hill countrie" and the plain, the desart solitude and the crowded city—of this favoured land, are alike unawed by despotism and tyranny; still, the stern magnificence of the scenery, associated with records of the past, compels us to view "the patriarchal hills" as the sacred haunts of liberty.

O Liberty! the hills are thine! thy mountain homes are free!
There is no abject bondsmen here, to cringe and bow the knee;
A power, that mocks at human strength, wrought here when time began;
And Echo still doth laugh to scorn the impotence of man.
The mountain lifts its hoary head, and on its brow is set,
Form'd from the cloud and wreathing mists, a glistering coronet.
From thunder-splintered crags, behold with what resistless force
The torrent rends its furious way, a giant in its course.

Where is the sceptre that can awe, the look that dares defy
The cataract in its onward path—the rocks that cleave the sky?
Ye purple tyrants! at whose nod the prostrate nations quake,
List the response, ye feeble things, those mountain thrones can make:
We *have* been in the days of old, we *are* before you now;
We *shall* be in the future times that ye can never know:
Thousands of years are on our heads, and thousands yet to come,
Ere in the wreck of Earth we sink, to bide the general doom.

Ye insect rulers of a day! what is your boasted power?
To fill the cup of sensual bliss, and fret your little hour:
The 'scutcheon'd pall, the aisle's deep gloom, and outward signs of wo,
Are the last tribute you can claim, or flattery bestow.
We are Creation's elder-born, coeval with the sun,
His young beams fell upon our heads, when first his course begun;
One hand alone can cast us down, and when the time *has* come,
No thing of earth will live, to scorn or desecrate our tomb.

CALDER ABBEY,—CUMBERLAND.

On the northern banks of the river Calder, in the deeply secluded vale through which its waters flow from the bleak mountains of Cald-fell, stand the beautiful ruins of Calder Abbey, in the immediate vicinity of the stately mansion to which they give name. This monastery was founded in the year 1134, by Randulph de Meschiens, for a colony of Cistercian monks, detached from the Abbey of Furness in Lancashire. It subsequently was enriched with many valuable endowments, and continued to hold a pre-eminent place in ecclesiastical foundations up to the period of the dissolution, when Henry the Eighth by royal grant transferred "to Thomas Leigh and his heirs, the demesne and site of the late Abbey, or manor of Calder, and the church, steeple, and church-yard thereof, and all messuages, lands, houses, gardens, orchards, waters, and mills, as well within as nigh unto the site and precinct of the said monastery; to hold the same of the king *in capite*, by the tenth part of a knight's fee, and a yearly rent of twenty-seven pounds." The estate and magnificent remains ultimately descended to J. T. Senhouse, Esq. who erected an elegant mansion in the neighbourhood of the monastic ruins, which edifice is now the seat of Thomas Hewin, esq.

The ruined Abbey, as well as the modern structure, is sheltered by majestic forest trees, which rise from the skirts of level meadows to the tops of the circumscribing hills that bound the vale of Calder. The most striking object in the ruins is the square tower of the abbey church, supported by pointed arches, sustained on four finely clustered columns of excellent workmanship, about twenty-four feet in height, having the capitals, whence the arches spring, ornamented with a roll. The church was but small, the width of the chancel being only twenty-five feet, and that of the transept no more than twenty-two. The colonnade has five circular arches, supported by clustered pillars, and profusely covered with ivy. The remains of a *fascia* still exist above the arches, and formerly supported the roof of the building. The upper chambers shew a range of eight windows to the west, and seven to the east; and on the ground-floor are the remains of three which have belonged to a small cloister. Against the walls are fragments of various sepulchral figures, which, from the mutilated sculptures and the devices on the shields, would seem to have belonged to the tombs of eminent persons. Hutchinson, in his description of Calder Abbey, says, with much poetical feeling, that these solemn ruins appear "to stand mourning in their sacred solitude, concealing wo in the secluded valley, and bending to the adversity of ages; like the image of Melancholy looking down on the tomb of interred horrors and wasted ornaments."

Spirit of the past, appear!
On the zephyr's unseen wing,
Come to me, aërial thing:
Spirit! who art ling'ring here,
Tales of other times reveal;
Say what does the past conceal?
Approach me near!

Why should'st thou seek from the past to restore
A record of frailty existing no more?
Why look back through time, and more evidence bring
To prove all earth's brightness a perishing thing?

The dew sheds its pearls in the cup of the flower,
Day dawns on its beauty, the bloom of an hour!
Ere the sun goeth down, it declineth its head:
Wouldst thou ask where its colours and perfume have fled?

Then wherefore inquire of the times that are gone,
Ere ruin had chosen this fane for his throne?
Thou seest the desolate temple, and they
Who knelt at the shrine have departed away.

All thou beholdest must come to an end,
The ocean, earth, sky, in wide ruin will blend;
When the morning no longer the sun can restore,
And the paths of his brightness shall know him no more.

EGREMONT FROM THE RAVENGLASS ROAD,—CUMBERLAND.

Egremont is a neat and small market town, principally consisting of one wide street, seated on the banks of the river Ehen, a few miles south-east from Whitehaven, and within two miles and a half west from the Irish sea. Its origin appears to be connected with that of the castle, which was erected here, near the commencement of the twelfth century, by William, brother to Ranulph de Meschiens.

Egremont was anciently a borough, and enjoyed the privilege of returning members to parliament, but was disfranchised on the petition of the burgesses themselves, who deemed their representatives in the senate (and perhaps with much justice) more *costly* than *valuable*. The inhabitants were invested with many privileges, under charters granted by the immediate successors of William de Meschiens, and were also enjoined the performance of many servile duties that distinguished the ages of feudal tyranny. The charter granted by Richard Lucy, who possessed the barony about the time of king John, is still extant, and displays fearfully the abject state of vassalage in which the people then lived. The burgesses were compelled to find armed men for the defence of the castle forty days at their own charge. They were bound to furnish aids for the redemption of the lord and his heir from captivity; for the knighthood of one of his sons; and for the marriage of one daughter. They were to find him twelve men for his military array, to hold watch and ward; and were forbidden to enter the forest of Ennerdale with bow and arrow, or with a dog, unless one foot had been cut off to disable it from pursuing the game. Every burgess who kept a plough was compelled to till the lord's ground one day in the year, and likewise provide a man to reap and mow in autumn. So much for the olden time!

The ancient custom of electing a chief magistrate is preserved here; and the town continues to be governed by a sergeant and a jury. From old records it would appear, that dyers, weavers, and fullers were the only artisans formerly in Egremont; but at the present day, there are manufactories of check, linen, canvas, sail-cloth, and paper, and also for tanning and dressing leather. Extensive *iron-stone* mines exist in the neighbourhood. Amongst the recent improvements, is the erection of a new bridge over the Ehen river. A market is held weekly on Saturday, and there are three annual fairs.

The parish church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a neat structure, with a short tower; presenting in the interior a neat and handsome appearance. A Methodist chapel was erected in 1821. A National School for gratuitous education, has been founded, and continues to be supported by voluntary contributions.

The castle seems to have been of great strength, but not very extensive; its ruins occupy an eminence on the west side of the town. The approach and principal entrance

was from the south, where a draw-bridge secured the passage over a deep moat that surrounded the fortress, and was originally walled on both sides, having a rampart of earth outward. The gate-way is vaulted with semicircular arches, and defended by a strong tower, which appears to be the most ancient part of the fabric. The outward wall formerly enclosed an area of a square form, but is now wholly decayed, and has only a postern on the east side remaining. Westward from the area, is an ascent to three narrow gates, standing in a line, and close together; these appear to have communicated with the outworks, and have each been defended by a portcullis. Beyond the gates is a lofty artificial mount, wherein stood an ancient circular tower, the western side was levelled some years ago: the height of the mount is seventy-eight feet perpendicular above the moat. The construction of some of the walls is singular; they are built with large thin stones, placed in an inclining position, the courses lie different ways, and the whole has been cemented together with lime and pebbles. There is a traditional story current here, of a lady of the Lucy family, who, on an evening walk near the castle, was devoured by a wolf. A similar story is told of the hill of *Wotobank*, a romantic acclivity in the manor of Beckermont, in this neighbourhood. The tale relates, that "a lord of Beckermont, with his lady and servants, was one time hunting the wolf; during the chase, the lady was missing, and, after a long and painful search, her body was found lying on this hill or bank, mangled by a wolf, who was in the very act of ravenously tearing it to pieces, The sorrow of the husband in the first transports of his grief, was expressed by the words—'Wo to this bank!' whence the hill obtained the name of Wotobank. Mrs. Cowley adopted this legend for the subject of her poem, "Edwina."

> "*Wo to thee, bank!* the attendants echoed round,
> And pitying shepherds caught the grief-fraught sound.
> Thus to this hour, through every changing age,
> Through every year's still ever-varying stage,
> The name remains, and *Wo-to-bank* is seen
> From every mountain bleak, and valley green,
> Dim Skiddaw views it from his monstrous height,
> And eagles mark it in their dizzy flight.
>
> "Not rocks, and cataracts, and alps alone,
> Point out the spot, and make its sorrows known;
> For faithful lads ne'er pass, nor tender maid,
> But the soft rite of tears is duly paid:
> Each can the story to the traveller tell,
> And on the sad disaster pitying dwell."

"The castle and town of Egremont, from many points of the river Ehen, and the adjacent lands, display some pleasing assemblages of the picturesque; and the road hence to Ennerdale lake is easy, and beautifully diversified with the bold and chaste features of nature."

WINDERMERE, ESTHWAITE, AND CONISTON LAKES, FROM THE TOP OF LOUGHRIGG FELL,—WESTMORLAND.

This large engraving presents a most interesting and extensive prospect of lake and mountain scenery, including the lakes of Windermere, Esthwaite, and Coniston, seen from the top of Loughrigg Fell. To avoid repetitions in the descriptive portion of our work, we refer the reader, for copious particulars respecting Lake Windermere, to pages 14, 30, and 169.

Coniston Mere, or Thurston Lake, as it is sometimes called, is about six miles in length from north to south, and three-quarters of a mile at its greatest breadth from east to west. Its greatest depth is twenty-seven fathoms. The shores are beautifully indented, and several bays appear in succession. Both sides of the lake are marked with coppices, interspersed with verdant meadows, and with patches of rocky surface; above which, the mountains, clothed with verdure, and rendered picturesque by fragments of rock, gradually elevate themselves.

A pleasant road winds along the side of the lake, sometimes through thick groves and low woods, which scarcely admit a sight of the water; at other times, over naked tracts, commanding a full prospect of the lake. At the foot of a mountain, on the west side of the water, stands the village of Coniston, pleasantly situated; and in its vicinity are the delightful residences of Waterhead and Coniston Hall. Above the verdant banks, which are sparingly studded with villages, seats, and cottages, the dark and rocky steeps ascend to an alpine height, and encircle the head of the lake.

Mrs. Ratcliffe describes, in very glowing terms, the beauties of Coniston Water:—

"This lake appeared to us one of the most charming we had seen. From the sublime mountains which bend round its head, the heights on either side decline towards the south into waving hills, that form its shores, and often stretch in long sweeping points into the water, generally covered with tufted wood, but sometimes with the tender verdure of pasturage. The tops of these woods were just embrowned with autumn, and contrasted well with other slopes, rough and heathy, that rose above, or fell beside them to the water's brink, and added force to the colouring which the reddish tints of decaying fern, the purple bloom of heath, and the bright golden gleams of broom, spread over these elegant banks. Their hues, the graceful undulation of the marginal hills and bays, the richness of the woods, the solemnity of the northern fells, and the deep repose that pervades the scene, where only now and then a white cottage or a farm lurks among the trees, are circumstances which render Thurston Lake one of the most interesting, and perhaps the most beautiful, of any in the country."

We have alluded to Esthwaite Water in a preceding description.

HAYSWATER, FROM THE TOP OF HIGH STREET MOUNTAIN, WESTMORLAND.

Hayswater Tarn, in the environs of lake Ullswater, is more extensive than most of the other tarns, and is much frequented by trout anglers. It lies under the north-west side of High Street. The stream from this elevated lake passes Low Hartshope, and, uniting with the waters from the diminutive Brother Water, discharges itself into lake Ullswater.

This mountain retirement is illustrative of a passage in the "Excursion :"—

"Many are the notes
Which in his tuneful course the wind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, and dashing shores ;
And well those lofty brethren bear their part
In the wild concert—chiefly when the storm
Rides high ; then all the upper air they fill
With roaring sound, that ceases not to flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blast
In mighty current ; theirs, too, is the song
Of stream and headlong flood that seldom fails ;
And, in the grim and breathless hour of noon,
Methinks that I have heard them echo back
The thunder's greeting ; nor have nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of finer frame ; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the land
Of silence, though there be no voice : the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither, touch,
And have an answer—thither come, and shape,
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits ; there the sun himself,
At the calm hour of summer's longest day,
Rests his substantial orb ; between those heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night's blue vault,
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud.
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute agents stirring there."

GRISDALE, NEAR ULLSWATER,—WESTMORLAND.

Grisdale is a portion of the valley of Patterdale, lying about half-a-mile north of the chapel, and extends westward three miles to the confines of Cumberland. Grisdale tarn, which takes its name from the dale, is situate at the junction of the three mountains, Helvellyn, Seatsandal, and Fairfield. Grisdale Pike is a lofty mountain, rising to an apex, or point, two thousand five hundred and eighty feet in height. From this elevation fine prospects are obtained of the vale of Keswick to the east; and over a considerable part of Cumberland, with the sea, the Isle of Man, and the mountains of Galloway to the west and north. Grisdale is enclosed, at the upper end, by the mountains Helvellyn and Fairfield.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, FROM MIDDLE STREET, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

The church of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle, is an ancient and beautiful edifice, situated in the parish to which it gives name; and was founded in the year 1091 by Osmund, bishop of Salisbury and earl of Dorset, a follower of William the Conqueror. This ecclesiastical structure was given by the first Henry to the church of Carlisle, and it still remains in the patronage of that see. The privileges of the church were greatly abridged during the prelacy of bishop Farnham. Henry the Eighth granted a moiety of the rectory of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to the dean and chapter of Carlisle, enjoining the payment of eight pounds per annum to the bishop of Durham.

The original edifice was destroyed by fire in 1216, and a new erection completed in 1359, since which period considerable alterations have been made, and frequent reparations been effected. It is now a magnificent and imposing structure, situated on the top of a commanding eminence, which rises somewhat precipitately from the river nearly to the centre of the town. In 1783, a subscription was opened for the purpose of effecting such alterations in the plan of the building as should give it the air and character of a cathedral church. The design succeeded: and the chancel was thrown open, the communion table removed under the great east window, all the erections at the west end of the church cleared away, and the space devoted to the purposes of sepulture. A wooden screen was also placed at the entrance to the choir.

The steeple of this church, which is considered by architects and men of taste to be its most admirable feature, is a very ingenious and elegant specimen of art. It rises to the height of sixty-four yards ; and consists of thirteen richly ornamented pinnacles, and two massive stone-arches, supporting a large and beautiful lantern surmounted with a tall spire. This magnificent piece of architecture is constructed upon the original tower, which appears to have formerly been terminated by a battlement of open stone-work. Its erection is ascribed by some authors to David king of Scotland, but the character of the structure refers to the period of Henry the Sixth. Frequent repairs have been effected by the corporation, who have from time immemorial been charged with this expense. The tower contains a peal of eight musical bells, and an excellent clock ; the latter, which has chimes connected with it, was completed by Mr. Walker in 1761.

" May ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
That can perceive, not less than heretofore
Our ancestors did feelingly perceive,
What in these holy structures doth exist
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces unopposed ;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions ; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn."

There is a tradition, that during the siege of Newcastle in the year 1644, the Scottish general threatened to demolish the steeple of this church, unless the keys of the town were immediately surrendered to him. The mayor, on hearing this, immediately ordered the most distinguished individuals amongst the Scottish prisoners to be taken to the top of the tower, and then replied to the threat of the besieger, " Our enemies shall either preserve the steeple, or be buried in its ruins." This reply had the desired effect.

A valuable library is attached to the church of St. Nicholas, and occupies a handsome fabric over the vestry built for the purpose, by Sir William Blackett, in 1734.

Middle-street is a narrow but picturesque avenue, which unites with the Old Butchers' Market, and at this point of junction it takes the name of Union-street.

THE BLACK GATE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Black Gate, at Newcastle, is the only remains of the outer line of circumvallation to the castle. For a general history and description of the building, the reader is referred back to page 31.

This gate was erected by the government in the year 1248, and during the reign of Henry III., at the cost of five hundred and fifteen pounds. Its arch, extending to the gloomy length of thirty-six feet, is low and narrow, and flanked by two circular towers. Besides its iron doors, it formerly had two portcullises and a drawbridge within and without. The eastern tower is still very perfect towards its base; but the rest of the structure is enclosed within masses of building, and its original character disguised by conversion into dwelling-houses. The inner wall of the castle extended from the Black Gate round the great tower, and again joined the outer wall north of Bailey Gate.

The strength of the outer works of the castle is evidenced by the resistance it offered to the entrance of the Scotch army in 1644. By effecting some few repairs, and by planting ordnance on the top of the tower, it was enabled, under the gallant Sir John Marley, then mayor of Newcastle, to hold out several days after the town had surrendered to the Scots.

AXWELL PARK,—DURHAM.

Axwell Park, in the township of Winlaton, six miles west by south of Newcastle, is the seat of Sir T. Clavering, baronet. Serlo de Burgh, the ancestor of the Claverings, came into England with the Conqueror; and Edward I. conferred upon his descendants the name of Clavering, from their barony in Essex. They were first seated here in Queen Elizabeth's reign; and their old mansion, called *White House*, stood half a mile west of the present residence.

This mansion is an elegant modern building, occupying a pleasant and elevated site, and surrounded by grounds beautifully diversified by irregular swells, and judiciously embellished with plantations of forest trees. The east front commands a rich prospect of the Tyne, and the busy towns of Newcastle and Gateshead: the view from the south front of the woodlands of Gibside and the adjacent country, is also exceedingly beautiful.

GIBSIDE, THE SEAT OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER STRATHMORE, DURHAM.

Gibside, an extensive domain, the seat of the Countess Dowager of Strathmore, and of her son, John Bowes, esq., member of parliament for the south division of the county of Durham, is situated in the midst of a delightful park, five miles and a half south-west of Newcastle.

The mansion occupies a sequestered site on the southern bank of the Derwent, and is approached through a wood of venerable oaks. It is an ancient structure, in the style that prevailed in the seventeenth century. At the end of a most beautiful terrace, nearly in front of the house, stands an elegant chapel, which was built in 1812 by the late Earl Strathmore, and ornamented with a portico and highly-embellished dome. At the other extremity of the terrace rises a fine Ionic column of stone, one hundred and forty feet in height, surmounted by a colossal figure of Liberty, and embosomed in an extensive wood. In another part of the grounds, the banqueting-house, a gothic structure ornamented with pinnacles, terminates a spacious avenue.

Although nature, with a lavish and luxuriant hand, has adorned this scene with some of her richest gifts, yet art has bestowed a number of embellishments; and, besides the buildings already mentioned, the green-house, bath, and other edifices, are finished with great taste, and the sylvan beauties that surround them are not surpassed in any part of the country. The interior of the building is ornamented with numerous family portraits and some good paintings. Of the latter, the principal one is a fine picture of Rubens' wife.

Various beautiful views occur in different parts of the grounds, and particularly from a walk near the back of the house, on the brink of a steep descent, whence the Derwent is seen flowing through a deep vale, enclosed on the north by hanging woods; but on the south bounded by cultivated lands, rising from the river in irregular swells. The Park is about four miles in circumference. The approach to the house is by a serpentine road, nearly a mile in length, winding through the oak forest, sometimes extending along the brink of a deep valley, at others descending on the easy inclination of an eminence.

In 1385, Gibside was the estate of the Merleys; and in the reign of Henry VIII. Roger Blackiston, esq. and his wife Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Richard Merley, had livery of it: about the end of the seventeenth century, Sir William Bowes acquired it by marriage with the heiress of Sir William Blackiston, and from him it descended to John Lyon, Earl of Strathmore, who took the name of Bowes.

BASSENTHWAITE LAKE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SOUTH, CUMBERLAND.

Bassenthwaite Lake, or, as it is sometimes called, Broad Water, is nearly four miles north of Derwent-Water, and is formed by the river Derwent, which flows in a serpentine form through a fine extensive vale.

> "The river nobly foams and flows,
> The charm of this enchanted ground,
> And all its thousand turns disclose
> Some fresher beauty varying round;
> The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,
> Through life to dwell delighted here."

This lake is said to be four miles and a half in length; at its northern extremity it is nearly a mile in breadth; but, lower down, it decreases to little more than a quarter of a mile. On the east side is the beautiful and extensive vale of Bassenthwaite, deeply indented with three bays, behind which the mighty Skiddaw rears its lofty head. Opposite, on the west, is a range of high mountains, which fall abruptly to the water's edge, leaving only two or three small spots on which cultivation can prevail. These declivities are called Withop Brows, and are partly rocky, and partly covered with thick woods which consist chiefly of young oaks growing out of old stems.

To view the beauties of the lake, the tourist should proceed along the eastern margin to Armathwaite. A road to the left leads to Bradness, a round verdant hill, which projects considerably into the water, and, with the assistance of two other promontories, forms a spacious bay, having Bowness on the south and Scarness on the north. From the summit of this hill, you have a good general view of the lake, and of the three beautiful bays which indent its eastern shore, forming a fine contrast with the lofty hills and hanging woods on the opposite side.

After regaining the road, you recede rather farther from the water, and proceed towards Ousebridge, by way of Bassenthwaite Hall. On an elevated part of this road, to the north of the village, is another fine view of the lake, the north side of Skiddaw, the opposite shore, and the vales of Embleton and Isel. Farther on, you reach Armathwaite, a small but finely-situated seat, at the head of a gentle slope, and commanding, through a grove of trees, a grand view of the lake. Here you see the lowest bay in all its beauty: the lake of Bassenthwaite seems to retire beyond the promontory of Scarness, and the hanging woods of Withop on the opposite side add considerably to the scene. A pleasant road leads to Ousebridge, where is a good inn, fronting the lake, and commanding some variegated prospects. Here the lake, without any previous contraction, or the least appearance of an outlet, pours forth its waters beneath a stone bridge of three arches;

and, resuming once more the name of a river, the Derwent, after a winding course through several verdant valleys, at length falls into the sea near Workington.

Returning to Keswick, along the western shores, the ride is delightful; especially in the evening, and whilst the water is still gilded by the radiance of the sun. At such a time, when the lake is one vast expanse of crystall mirror, the mountain shadows are softened into a mild blue tint, which sweeps over the half surface, and the other half receives the impression of every radiant form that glows around. At Berk Withop the view of the lake is full and pleasing, the water beautifully expands to the eye, having its outlet concealed by Castle How, a circular peninsula crowned with wood, on which appear the vestiges of a castle or fortress.

Lord Byron makes beautiful allusion, in his Childe Harold, to the dilapidated remains of castellated structures:

"They stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow."

On the Berk Withop side of the castle, the shore is lined with a range of rocks, half concealed in low wood, over which rise Withop Brows. The opposite shore is indented with beautiful bays, formed by the promontories of Scarness, Bowness, and Bradness. Hence is seen, in a pleasing point of view, a part of the vale of Bassenthwaite, interspersed with its church and two or three white houses. Ullock, a gloomy mountain covered with heath, forms the back-ground of this picture; and Skiddaw appears in all its preeminence, towering above the neighbouring hills in majestic grandeur, and lifts its summit to the skies. On all sides the scenery is various, and the whole of it beautifully picturesque. As you approach Keswick, Skiddaw appears to great advantage; Crosthwaite church and vicarage are successively seen; and between these and the town, on the left, is the villa Lucretilis of the Poet Laureat.

The vale of Bassenthwaite extends from the foot of Skiddaw to Ousebridge; it is variegated with many beautiful objects, both of art and nature, and, in general, is a rich and fertile tract of land. The lake, which adds so much to its beauty, is nearly as transparent as that of Derwent, and abounds with a great variety of fish and water-fowl.

KESWICK, AND DERWENTWATER AND BASSENTHWAITE LAKES, FROM THE KENDAL ROAD,—CUMBERLAND.

This view of Keswick, taken from the Kendal Road, presents a striking assemblage of picturesque objects, including the lakes of Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Water, with the mountainous acclivities of Withop Brows in the back-ground.

"The lofty rocks
At night's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
To rest upon their circumambient walls;
A temple framing of dimensions vast
And yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems,—choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here, if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
His vespers; Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights
And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks.
The little rills and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams; and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard
Within the circuit of yon fabric huge,
One voice, the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above the power of sight—
An iron knell! with echoes from afar,
Faint—and still fainter—as the cry with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire."

CLARE-MOSS,—WESTMORLAND.

This romantic locality is situate at the extreme end of Little Langdale; and the present view looks in the direction of Bley Tarn and Langdale Pikes. The spot is surrounded by lofty mountains and crags; that on the left hand, assuming a prominent character in the engraving, is called Blackrigg. At the proper season of the year, the mountain shepherds bring hither their fleecy charge to wash them, a customary prelude to the shearing.

"In one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
Forms the deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair swelling in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labour to the farthest shore:
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping to the breezy brow,
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill: and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills."

Blackrigg is a place of much danger both to the sheep and the shepherds, when, as is frequently the case, the straying herd wander beyond the possibility of retreat or farther

advance. They are then said to be "crag-fast;" and inthis situation they are often starved to death before the herdsman discovers them, or are dashed to pieces in a desperate effort to escape. Sometimes the shepherds venture on a perilous attempt to effect their rescue: they suffer themselves to be lowered by ropes from the summit of the crags, into the rocky cavern wherein the sheep have strayed or fallen; and occasionally have to *swing* themselves into the crevices of the rocks. If they are fortunate enough to obtain a hold of the wanderer, they have then to combat its struggles, while they return with it in their arms by the same dangerous route.

Wordsworth has introduced into the "Excursion" an incidental allusion to the casualty just mentioned.

"List!—I heard,
From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat;
Sent forth as if it were the mountain's voice,
As if the visible mountain made the cry.
Again!—the effect upon the soul was such
As now expressed; for, from the mountain's heart
The solemn bleat appeared to come; there was
No other—and the region all around
Stood silent, empty of all shape of life.
—It was a lamb—left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

BURNSHEAD HALL,—WESTMORLAND.

Burnshead, more usually called Burneside, is a village standing on both sides of the Kent river, at the distance of two miles, north by west, from Kendal. The chapel is a handsome gothic structure, on the west side of the river, and was rebuilt in the year 1823, at a cost of £1,300.

The manor formerly belonged to the ancient family of Burnshead, with whose heiress it passed to the Bellinghams, and thence to the Braithwaites, who sold it out of their possession. The hall, which is a fine old ruin, is occupied by a farmer. In 1692, this structure consisted of "a court with a lodge and battlements, through which was the ascent into the hall." Before the court was a large pond on each side of the passage to the gate; and on either side a small island, with a tree planted in the midst; and in the windows of the gallery and dining-room were the Braithwaites' arms, with impalings of the several families to which they were related."

VIEW FROM LANGDALE PIKES, LOOKING EAST,—WESTMORLAND.

An extensive and astonishing view of mountain scenery is obtained from the summit of the Pikes, looking in an easterly direction. The mountains of Fairfield, High Street, Hill Bell, Harter Fell, Potter Fell, and others, are here brought into view together, and form, with the lakes and tarns which diversify the scene, the most magnificent prospect on which the eye can rest.

Language is unequal to the task of describing the extensive scope of vision enjoyed from the summit of a mountain, or the splendid combination of sublime and pleasing objects at once presented to the eye. The following poetical extract embodies more of the *spirituel*, than, perhaps, any other we could have selected.

"O 'tis an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapp'd
Right in the midst where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe."

When the mind has in some degree regained its composure, and is enabled to arrange and discriminate objects, the mountain vision will disclose an appearance—

"As of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour, without end!
Fabric it seems of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires;
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted: here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bear stars—illumination of all gems."

VIEW FROM LANGDALE PIKES, LOOKING TOWARDS BOWFELL WESTMORLAND.

The present view is more circumscribed than the last, but is scarcely less striking in its character. The broad side of Bowfell confines the eye within a mountain fastness, of much grandeur and sublimity. Utter desolation appears to characterize the spot.

"He who ascends to mountain-tops shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below:
Tho' high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led."

Thus sings the muse of Byron: the reflection contains much of truth; yet is written in gloominess of spirit. Another brief extract from the same poet is in keeping with the present scene.

"The sky is chang'd!—and such a change! O night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue."

The clouds that hang on the summit of Bowfell remind us of a phenomenon connected with the mountain districts, called the Helm Wind, and to which we are not aware of having before adverted.

The coming of the Helm Wind is indicated by the appearance of the Helm, a white cloud, resting on the summits of the hills, (most usually Cross Fell, and the neighbouring elevations;) this cloud wears a bold, broad front, not dissimilar to a vast float of ice standing on edge. Immediately on its appearance, there issues from it a prodigious noise exceeding in grandeur and awfulness the roaring of the ocean. Occasionally is seen what is called the *Helm Bar*, from an idea that it controls the fury of the storm; this consists of a white cloud arranged opposite to the *Helm*, and holding a station various in its distances, sometimes not more than half-a-mile from the mountain, at others three or four miles. It continues in a tremulous motion till it disperses; and then the hurricane issues forth, roaring along the sides of the hills, and frequently extending two or three miles from their sides. The sky is generally visible between the *Helm* and the *Bar*; and frequently small specks of clouds, and loose vapours, are separated from them, and fly across in contrary directions, both east and west, with amazing velocity. The violence of the wind is usually greatest when the Helm is highest above the mountains. The cold air rushes down the hills with astonishing force, so as to make it both difficult and dangerous for the adventurer to attempt an ascent. It mostly comes in gusts, but sometimes blows with unabated fury for twenty-four hours, and continues at intervals for from three to six weeks.

Whilst digressing to introduce notices of remarkable phenomena observable in these mountainous regions, we may be permitted to allude to a singular appearance witnessed in the vicinity of Souter Fell; and we are the more led to do so, from having read a well-authenticated statement of a similar phenomenon very recently witnessed on the Mendip Hills.

On a summer's evening, in the year 1743, the servant of Mr. Wren of Wilton Hall was sitting at the door with his master, when they *both* saw the figure of a man with a dog pursuing some horses along Souter Fell side, a place so steep that a horse could scarcely keep his footing on it. These visionary forms appeared to run at an amazing pace, till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell. Mr. Wren and his servant next morning ascended the steep of the mountain, expecting to find the man dead; but they found no vestige whatever of man, dog, or horse.

The following year, 1744, on the twenty-third of June, the same servant, then in the employ of Mr. Lancaster of Blakehills, saw a troop of horsemen riding along Souter Fell, in close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Having been much ridiculed the previous year for his report, he determined to observe rigidly and with caution; after assuring himself that he was not deceived as to the actual *appearances*, he went and informed his master of what he had seen, and both returned to the place together. Before their arrival, however, the son of Mr. Lancaster had discovered the mountain phantoms; and the three witnessed the phenomenon. Afterwards all the members of the family were summoned to see and bear testimony to the existence of the fact. In all, it appeared, there were twenty-six persons who had ocular proof of the occurrence.

The phenomena above described assimilate to that, well known as the Spectre of the Broken, in the Hartz Mountains; and may be rationally explained on the principles of refraction and reflection, the shadowy forms being no other than the images of realities, favourably posited with relation to the refracting medium and the observer's eye.

GOLD RILL BECK AND LAKE ULLSWATER, CUMBERLAND.

Gold Rill Beck is in the valley of Patterdale; and unites several streams which pass through it to lake Ullswater. From the bridge, or in its immediate neighbourhood, the tourist discovers a splendid prospect, including the rich meadows that lie on each side of the Beck, the lake before named, and a mountainous range closing the view on the north.

BUTTERMERE LAKE AND VILLAGE,—CUMBERLAND.

This view of Buttermere lake and village is taken from the road, leading from Crummock Water to Gatesgarth, and which passes through the village and along the banks of the lake. The valley of Buttermere is exceedingly beautiful and picturesque, the air pure and salubrious; and near the bottom of the vale is a very lofty cascade, "bisecting the mountain whence it descends like a white riband," and which, from its constant foaming, has obtained among the country people the name of "Sour Milk Force."

The vale of Buttermere is rather confined in that part which the lake occupies, the mountains shelving down to the water's edge; but, below, it opens, and extends to a considerable distance. The inhabitants of the valley, previous to the neighbourhood becoming a place of fashionable resort, were extremely rustic in character, and their pursuits were confined, on the part of the women, to spinning yarn, and, on that of the men, to working the slate quarries,

Gatesgarth dale, at the head of Buttermere valley, is a tremendous scene: the area is concave, the sides almost perpendicular, and composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, the ruins of which every where strew the valley, and give it a still greater air of

desolation. A river also runs through it, which is the principal feeder of the lake, and not less wild in its appearance than the valley itself. This awful solitude occupies the distance in our illustrative view. On advancing into this mountainous retreat, the spectator notices the clouds hanging gloomily on the sides of the hills, and concealing from his observation more than half their height. "The middle of the valley is adorned, as these valleys in some parts are, by a craggy hill, on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock, that looks, in Ossian's language, like the stone of power, the rude deity of desolation, to which the scene is sacred."

That portion of the vale of Buttermere which, with reference to the present view, lies in the rear of the observer, is a wide variegated scene, full of rising and falling grounds, woody in many parts, well inhabited in some; fruitful and luxuriant in all.

The mountain of High Stile appears on the left in our view, and Honister Crag in the distance.

SKELWITH BRIDGE,—WESTMORLAND.

Skelwith Bridge is a hamlet in the township of Loughrigg, on the river Brathay, two miles and a half west-south-west of Ambleside. The view is taken passing down the Brathay from Lake Windermere. Proceeding on, the tourist reaches the cataract of Skelwith Force, which is less remarkable for its height than for the body of water it contains. The passage of the river is much contracted for some distance above the torrent, within a chasm formed in a vast bed of rocks; and after rushing down this confined channel, the waters are discharged with amazing force into an abyss beneath. Colwith Force, of which a view and description have been given, is in this neighbourhood.

SCOUT SCAR, NEAR KENDAL,—WESTMORLAND.

Scout Scar is a mountainous elevation in the vicinity of Kendal, situate eastward of the town, and overlooking the vale of the Kent river. Hence is obtained a delightful prospect, extending to the Irish sea, and diversified with a great variety of pleasing and picturesque objects: hill and plain; the meandering stream, and the wide expanse of the distant ocean; the rich verdure of the valley, and the bleak shattered precipices; all these combine with astonishing effect:—

> "Each gives each a double charm,
> Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm."

The Scars in the neighbourhood of Kendal yield a stone of the most durable quality, which is so compact in its formation, as to receive a polish equal to that of marble.

The modern buildings in the town are mostly constructed of this beautiful material; and the appearance they present, so elegant in itself, is rendered yet more striking by contrast with the tall Lombardy poplars which rise above them, and by the long range of hanging gardens to the west of the town.

The Kent river, after washing the skirts of Kendal, flows southward to the vicinity of Milnthorpe, where it receives the Belo into its noble estuary, and thence proceeds to the ocean over the sands of Morecambe Bay.

Milnthorpe, the only sea-port of Westmorland, is seated on the north side of the Belo, near the mouth of the Kent, and sends vessels to the port of Liverpool, also to Glasgow and Annan in Scotland, laden with the manufactures of Kendal, and the natural products of the neighbourhood.

The Kent sands present at different times a widely different appearance: during the flow of the tide, they lie many feet under water, and are covered with shipping; but at the sea ebb they become a lively promenade of carriages and pedestrians.

GLOSSARY OF PROVINCIAL TERMS.

Barrow. A hill.

Beck. A rivulet to which the gills are tributary.

Fell. A mountain.

Force, or Forse. A term sufficiently significant for a cataract or waterfall.

Gill. A stream descending from the mountains; also, the valley or dell into which it falls.

Grange. A dwelling near the water.

Haughs. Flat grounds lying on the water's side.

Hause. A narrow passage over an acclivity between two mountains.

How. A hill rising in the midst of a valley.

Scar. A range of rocks.

Screes. A quantity of loose stones, separated from the rocks, and resting upon a steep declivity, whence they are dislodged by the slightest motion.

Slack. A kind of defile between two mountains; or a depression in the bosom of a hill.

Thwaite. Frequently terminates the names of localities, and probably signifies an inclosure of land.

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ADDRESS.

The present day may justly be considered the Augustine age of Pictorial art. During the last few years, the most energetic and successful efforts have been made by Publishers and British Painters to create a refined taste throughout the nation for faithful and vivid delineations of native scenery. With true patriot feeling, they have sought out the charming picturesque of their own country; and revealed, with Claude-like grace and effect (the, might we not say) unequalled beauty of a British Landscape. The introduction of steel-plate engraving also lent powerful co-operation to their labours, and contributed in no small degree to produce a new era in the empire of taste. The Painter's single copy could be possessed but by one,—be seen, comparatively, by few; but when transferred by a skilful Engraver to a plate of steel, so great a number of fine impressions can be taken, that the treasures of art are sold at a price so trifling, as to place these beautiful productions within the reach of all who take interest in them,—and who does not?

Amidst the laudable efforts which are being made in the present day, to render each cherished spot of earth "the mind's familiar image," it might well excite surprise if the pencil and burin sought not employment in delineating the Lake and Mountain Scenery of "our native land." With what success the attempt has been attended, let the numerous specimens of art contained in this Work declare. The sublime and beautiful in nature—all that renders earth "an Eden scarce defaced"—are here reflected in a mirror more potent than the wizard's glass. This collection of native scenery should kindle love of country in the hearts of all: it is a faithful transcript of "father-land," on which an Englishman may look with pride. Admit it—a cheerful visitant—to the domestic hearth. It will speak to you of your country; and in the festive seasons of mirth and gaiety, no less than in the hour of calm reflection, it will remind you "'tis your country still."

To give an idea of the magnitude of this undertaking, and the fearless enterprise with which the Proprietors engaged in it, a statement is subjoined, shewing the extent of capital employed in the Work. It is pleasing to add, that whilst its thousands of Subscribers are unanimous in expressing satisfaction and delight, the Publishers, and all who, under their direction, aided the progress of the Work, have no reason to adopt the language of complaint.

For Paintings, Drawings, and Engravings, ...				5,000	0	0
Printing Steel Plates, ...				2,750	0	0
Paper, ...	2,062	10	0			
Revenue Duty on Ditto, . .	687	10	0	2,750	0	0
Letter-press Printing, &c.				500	0	0
Total for "The Lakes"				£11,000	0	0

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